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PLAYS

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME THE NINETEENTH

THE
PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE NINETEENTH.

THE

P. J. A. Y. S.

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME THE NINETEENTH

THE
PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE NINETEENTH.

CONTAINING

CYMBELINE.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

BASIL:

Printed and fold by J. J. TOURNEISEN.

M. DCCC. I.



C Y M B E L I N E.*

VOL. XIX.

B

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* CYMBELINE.] Mr. Pope supposed the story of this play to have been borrowed from a novel of Boccace; but he was mistaken, as an imitation of it is found in an old story-book entitled *Westward for Smelts*. This imitation differs in as many particulars from the Italian novelist, as from Shakspeare, though they concur in some material parts of the fable. It was published in a quarto pamphlet 1603. This is the only copy of it which I have hitherto seen.

There is a late entry of it in the books of the Stationers' Company, Jan. 1619, where it is said to have been written by *Kitt of Kingston*. STEEVENS.

The tale in *Westward for Smelts*, which I published some years ago, I shall subjoin to this play. The only part of the fable, however, which can be pronounced with certainty to be drawn from thence, is, Imogen's wandering about after Pisanio has left her in the forest; her being almost famished; and being taken, at a subsequent period, into the service of the Roman General as a *page*. The general scheme of *Cymbeline* is, in my opinion, formed on Boccace's novel (Day 2, Nov. 9.) and Shakspeare has taken a circumstance from it, that is not mentioned in the other tale. See p. —, n. —.† It appears from the preface to the old translation of the *Decamerone*, printed in 1620, that many of the novels had before received an English dress, and had been printed separately: "I know, most worthy lord, (says the printer in his Epistle Dedicatory,) that many of them [the novels of Boccace] have long since been published before, as stolen from the original author, and yet not beautified with his sweet style and elocution of phrase, neither favouring of his singular morall applications."

Cymbeline, I imagine, was written in the year 1605. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. II. The king from whom the play takes its title began his reign, according to Holinshed, in the 19th year of the reign of Augustus Cæsar; and the play commences in or about the twenty-fourth year of Cymbeline's reign, which was the forty-second year of the reign of Augustus, and the 16th of the Christian æra: notwithstanding which, Shakspeare has peopled Rome with modern Italians; *Philario*, *Iachimo*, &c. Cymbeline is said to have reigned thirty-five years, leaving at his death two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus. MALONE.

† I am unable to ascertain this reference, no circumstance attached to the novel of Boccace being discoverable in p. 364, n. 6, the place to which we are directed by Mr. Malone, in his edition of our author's works, Vol. VIII. p. 309. STEEVENS.



PERSONS represented.

Cymbeline, King of Britain.

Cloten, son to the Queen by a former husband.

Leonatus Posthumus, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.

Belarius, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.

*Guiderius, \ disguised under the names of Polydore
Arviragus, / and Cadwal, supposed sons to Belarius.*

*Philario, friend to Posthumus, *
Iachimo, friend to Philario, / *Italians.*

A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.

Caius Lucius, General of the Roman forces.

A Roman Captain. Two British Captains.

Pisanio, servant to Posthumus.

Cornelius, a Physician.

Two Gentlemen.

Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.

Imogen, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.

Helen, woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.

C Y M B E L I N E.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Britain. *The Garden behind Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. GENT. You do not meet a man, but frowns:
our bloods.

No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;
Still seem, as does the king's.²

² *You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods*

No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;

Still seem, as does the king's.] The thought is this: we are not now (as we were wont) influenced by the weather, but by the king's looks. *We no more obey the heavens [the sky] than our courtiers obey the heavens [God].* By which it appears that the reading — *our bloods*, is wrong. For though the *blood* may be affected with the weather, yet that affection is discovered not by change of colour, but by change of countenance. And it is the outward not the inward change that is here talked of, as appears from the word *seem*. We should read therefore:

————— *our brows*

No more obey the heavens, &c.

which is evident from the precedent words:

You do not meet a man but frowns.

And from the following:

“ ————— But not a courtier:

“ Altho' they wear their *faces* to the bent

“ Of the king's *look*, but hath a heart that is

“ Glad at the thing they *scowl* at.”

The Oxford editor improves upon this emendation, and reads:

————— *our looks*

No more obey the heart, ev'n than our courtiers.

But by venturing too far, at a second emendation, he has stript it of all thought and sentiment. WARBURTON.

2. GENT. But what's the matter?

1. GENT. His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom

This passage is so difficult, that commentators may differ concerning it without animosity or shame. Of the two emendations proposed, Sir Thomas Hanmer's is the more licentious; but he makes the sense clear, and leaves the reader an easy passage. Dr. Warburton has corrected with more caution, but less improvement: his reasoning upon his own reading is so obscure and perplexed, that I suspect some injury of the press. — I am now to tell my opinion, which is, that the lines stand as they were originally written, and that a paraphrase, such as the licentious and abrupt expressions of our author too frequently require, will make emendation unnecessary. *We do not meet a man but frowns; our bloods — our countenances, which, in popular speech, are said to be regulated by the temper of the blood, — no more obey the laws of heaven, — which direct us to appear what we really are, — than our courtiers: — that is, than the bloods of our courtiers; but our bloods, like theirs, — still seem, as doth the king's.* JOHNSON.

In *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608, which has been attributed to Shakspeare, *blood* appears to be used for *inclination*:

“ For 'tis our *blood* to love what we are forbidden. ”

Again, in *King Lear*, A& IV. sc. ii:

“ ————— Were it my fitness

“ To let these hands obey my *blood*. ”

In *King Henry VIII.* A& III. sc. iv. is the same thought:

“ ——— subject to your countenance, glad, or sorry,

“ As I saw it inclin'd. ” STEEVENS.

I would propose to make this passage clear by a very slight alteration, only leaving out the last letter:

You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods

No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers

Still seem, as does the king.

That is, *Still look as the king does; or, as he expresses it a little differently afterwards:*

“ ————— wear their faces to the bent

“ Of the king's look. ” TYRWHITT.

The only error that I find in this passage is, the mark of the genitive case annexed to the word *courtiers*, which appears to be a modern innovation, and ought to be corrected. The meaning of it is this: — “ Our dispositions no more obey the heavens than our

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,
That late he married) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor, but worthy, gentleman: She's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow;³ though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2. GENT. None but the king?

1. GENT. He, that hath lost her, too: so is the
queen,
That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier,

courtiers do; they still seem as the king's does." The obscurity arises from the omission of the pronoun *they*, by a common poetical licence. M. MASON.

Blood is so frequently used by Shakspeare for *natural disposition*, that there can be no doubt concerning the meaning here. So, in *All's well that ends well*:

"Now his important *blood* will nought deny

"That she'll demand."

See also *Timon of Athens*, Vol. XVII. p. 120, n. 5.

I have followed the regulation of the old copy, in separating the word *courtiers* from what follows, by placing a semicolon after it. "Still seem" — for "*they* still seem," or "*our bloods* still seem," is common in Shakspeare. The mark of the genitive case, which has been affixed in the late editions to the word *courtiers*, does not appear to me necessary, as the poet might intend to say — "than our courtiers obey the heavens:" though, it must be owned, the modern regulation derives some support from what follows:

"—— but not a courtier,

"Although they wear *their faces to the bent*

"Of the king's looks, ——."

We have again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, a sentiment similar to that before us:

"—— for he would shine on those

"That made their looks by his." MALONE.

³ ———— She's wedded;

Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd; all

Is outward sorrow; &c.] I would reform the metre as follows:

She's wed; her husband banish'd; she imprison'd:

All's outward sorrow; &c.

Wed is used for *wedded*, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"In Syracuse was I born, and wed, ——." STEEVENS.

Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2. GENT.

And why so?

1. GENT. He that hath mis'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean, that married her, — alack, good man! —
And therefore banish'd,) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2. GENT.

You speak him far.⁴

1. GENT. I do extend him, sir, within himself;⁵
Crush him⁶ together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

⁴ *You speak him far.*] i. e. you praise him extensively. STEEVENS.
You are lavish in your encomiums on him: your elogium has a
wide compass. MALONE.

⁵ *I do extend him, sir, within himself;*] I extend him within
himself: my praise, however extensive, is within his merit.

JOHNSON.

My elogium, however extended it may seem, is short of his real
excellence: it is rather abbreviated than expanded. — We have again
the same expression in a subsequent scene: "The approbation of
those that weep this lamentable divorce, are wonderfully to extend
him." Again, in *The Winter's Tale*: "The report of her is ex-
tended more than can be thought." MALONE.

Perhaps this passage may be somewhat illustrated by the following
lines in *Troilus and Cressida*, A& III. sc. iii:

" ————— no man is the lord of any thing,
" 'Till he communicate his parts to others:
" Nor doth he of himself know them for aught,
" 'Till he behold them form'd in the applause
" Where they are extended," &c. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Crush him*] So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

" Crowd us and crush us in this monstrous form."

STEEVENS.

2. GENT. What's his name, and birth?

1. GENT. I cannot delve him to the root: His
father

Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius,⁷ whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons; who, in the wars o'the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which, their
father

(Then old and fond of issue,) took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus;⁸

⁷ ——— *Tenantius*,] was the father of Cymbeline, and nephew of Cassibelan, being the younger son of his elder brother Lud, king of the southern part of Britain; on whose death Cassibelan was admitted king. Cassibelan repulsed the Romans on their first attack, but being vanquished by Julius Cæsar on his second invasion of Britain, he agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his death, Tenantius, Lud's younger son, (his elder brother Androgeus having fled to Rome) was established on the throne, of which they had been unjustly deprived by their uncle. According to some authorities, Tenantius quietly payed the tribute stipulated by Cassibelan; according to others, he refused to pay it, and warred with the Romans. Shakspeare supposes the latter to be the truth. Holinshed, who furnished our poet with these facts, furnished him also with the name of *Sicilius*, who was admitted king of Britain, A. M. 3659. The name of *Leonatus* he found in Sidney's *Arcadia*. Leonatus is there the legitimate son of the blind king of Paphlagonia, on whose story the episode of Gloster, Edgar, and Edmund, is formed in *King Lear*. See *Arcadia*, p. 69, edit. 1593. MALONE.

Shakspeare, having already introduced Leonato among the characters in *Much Ado about Nothing*, had not far to go for Leonatus.

STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— *Posthumus*;] Old copy—*Posthumus Leonatus*. REED.

Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
 Puts to him all the learnings that his time
 Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
 As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
 In his spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court,
 (Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd:⁷
 A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,
 A glass that feated them;⁸ and to the graver,

⁷ ————— Liv'd in court,

(Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd:] This encomium is high and artful. To be at once in any great degree loved and praised, is truly rare. JOHNSON.

⁸ A glass that feated them;] A glass that formed them; a model, by the contemplation and inspection of which they formed their manners. JOHNSON.

This passage may be well explained by another in the first part of *King Henry IV*:

" ————— He was indeed the glass

" Wherein the noble youths did dress themselves."

Again, Ophelia describes Hamlet, as

" The glass of fashion, and the mould of form."

To dress themselves therefore may be to form themselves.

Dresser, in French, is to form. To dress a spaniel is to break him in.

Feat is nice, exact. So, in *The Tempest*:

" ——— look, how well my garments fit upon me,

" Much feater than before."

To feat, therefore may be a verb meaning—to render nice, exact. By the dress of Posthumus, even the more mature courtiers condescended to regulate their external appearance. STEEVENS.

Feat Minshew interprets, fine, neat, brave. See also Barret's *Alvearie*, 1580: "*Feat* and pleasant, *concinne & venustæ sententiæ*."

The poet does not, I think, mean to say merely, that the more mature regulated their dress by that of Posthumus. A glass that feated them, is a model, by viewing which their form became more elegant, and their manners more polished.

We have nearly the same image in *The Winter's Tale*:

" ————— I should blush

" To see you so attir'd; sworn, I think,

" To shew my self a glass."

Again, more appositely in *Hamlet*:

" He was the mark and glass, copy and book,

" That fashion'd others." MALONE.

A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
 For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
 Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
 By her election may be truly read,
 What kind of man he is.

2. GENT. I honour him
 Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
 Is she sole child to the king?

1. GENT. His only child.
 He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
 Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,
 I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
 Were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in know-
 ledge

Which way they went.

2. GENT. How long is this ago?

1. GENT. Some twenty years.

2. GENT. That a king's children should be so
 convey'd!

So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
 That could not trace them!

1. GENT. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
 Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
 Yet is it true, sir.

2. GENT. I do well believe you.

1. GENT. We must forbear: Here comes the
 gentleman,

The queen, and princess.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.*⁹

QUEEN. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,
daughter,

After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

POST. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

QUEEN. You know the peril: —
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

[Exit Queen.

IMO.

O

Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! — My dearest husband,

⁹ — *Imogen,*] Holinshed's Chronicle furnished Shakspeare with this name, which in the old black letter is scarcely distinguishable from *Innogen*, the wife of *Brute*, king of Britain. There too he found the name of *Cloten*, who, when the line of *Brute* was at an end, was one of the five kings that governed Britain. *Cloten*, or *Cloton*, was king of Cornwall. MALONE.

I something fear my father's wrath ; but nothing,
 (Always reserv'd my holy duty,)² what
 His rage can do on me : You must be gone ;
 And I shall here abide the hourly shot
 Of angry eyes ; not comforted to live,
 But that there is this jewel in the world,
 That I may see again.

POST. My queen ! my mistress !
 O, lady, weep no more ; lest I give cause
 To be suspected of more tenderness
 Than doth become a man ! I will remain
 The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
 My residence in Rome, at one Philario's ;
 Who to my father was a friend, to me
 Known but by letter : thither write, my queen,
 And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
 Though ink be made of gall.³

Re-enter Queen.

QUEEN. Be brief, I pray you :
 If the king come, I shall incur I know not
 How much of his displeasure ;—Yet I'll move him
 [*Aside.*
 To walk this way : I never do him wrong,
 But he does buy my injuries, to be friends ;
 Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

² (*Always reserv'd my holy duty,*)] I say I do not fear my father, so far as I may say it without breach of duty. JOHNSON.

³ *Though ink be made of gall.*] Shakspeare, even in this poor conceit, has confounded the vegetable galls used in ink, with the animal gall, supposed to be bitter. JOHNSON.

The poet might mean either the *vegetable* or the *animal galls* with equal propriety, as the *vegetable* gall is bitter ; and I have seen an ancient receipt for making ink, beginning, " Take of the black juice of the gall of oxen two ounces," &c. STEEVENS.

POST. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow: Adieu!

IMO. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

POST. How! how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And fear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!⁴—Remain, remain thou here
[Putting on the ring.
While sense can keep it on!⁵ And sweetest, fairest,

⁴ *And fear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!*] Shakspeare may poetically call the
cere-cloths in which the dead are wrapp'd, *the bonds of death*. If so,
we should read *cere* instead of *fear*:

“Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death,
“Have burst their *cerements*?”

To *fear up*, is properly to *close up by burning*; but in this passage
the poet may have dropp'd that idea, and used the word simply for
to *close up*. STEEVENS.

May not *fear up*, here mean *solder up*, and the reference be to a
lead coffin? Perhaps *cerements* in Hamlet's address to the Ghost,
was used for *fearments* in the same sense. HENLEY.

I believe nothing more than *close up* was intended. In the spel-
ling of the last age, however, no distinction was made between
cere-cloth and *fear-cloth*. Cole in his Latin dictionary, 1679, explains
the word *cerot* by *fear-cloth*. Shakspeare therefore certainly might
have had that practice in his thoughts. MALONE.

⁵ *While sense can keep it on!*] This expression, I suppose, means,
*while sense can maintain its operations; while sense continues to have
its usual power*. That to *keep on* signifies to continue in a state of
action, is evident from the following passage in *Othello*:

“———— keeps due on

“To the Propontick” &c.

The general sense of Posthumus's declaration, is equivalent to
the Roman phrase,—*dum spiritus hos regit artus*. STEEVENS.

As I my poor self did exchange for you,
 To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
 I still win of you: For my sake, wear this;
 It is a manacle⁶ of love; I'll place it
 Upon this fairest prisoner.

[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*

IMO.

O, the gods!

When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE, and Lords.

POST.

Alack, the king!

CYM. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my
 sight!

The poet [if it refers to the ring] ought to have written—can keep *thee* on, as Mr. Pope and the three subsequent editors read. But Shakspeare has many similar inaccuracies. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“Cæsa, you are the first that rears *your* hand.”

instead of—*his* hand. Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“Time’s office is to calm contending kings,

“To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,—

“To ruinate proud buildings with *thy* hours,——.”

instead of—*his* hours. Again, in the third act of the play before us:

“—— Euriphile,

“Thou wast their nurse; they took *thee* for their mother,

“And every day do honour to *her* grave.” MALONE.

As none of our author’s productions were revised by himself as they passed from the theatre through the press; and as *Julius Cæsar* and *Cymbeline* are among the plays which originally appeared in the blundering first folio; it is hardly fair to charge those irregularities on the poet, of which his publishers alone might have been guilty. I must therefore take leave to set down the present, and many similar offences against the established rules of language, under the article of Hemingisms and Condelisms; and, as such, in my opinion, they ought, without ceremony, to be corrected.

The instance brought from *The Rape of Lucrece* might only have been a compositorial inaccuracy, like those which occasionally have happened in the course of our present republication. STEEVENS.

⁶ —— a manacle —] A *manacle* properly means what we now call a *hand-cuff*. STEEVENS.

If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthinefs, thou dieft : Away!
Thou art poifon to my blood.

POST. The gods protect you!
And blefs the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [Exit.

IMO. There cannot be a pinch in death
More fharp than this is.⁷

CYM. O difloyal thing,
That fhould'ft repair my youth;⁸ thou heapeft
A year's age on me!⁹

IMO. I befeech you, fir,
Harm not yourfelf with your vexation; I

⁷ *There cannot be a pinch in death
More fharp than this is.*] So, in *King Henry VIII*:

" ——— it is a fufferance, panging

" As foul and body's parting." MALONE.

⁸ *That fhould'ft repair my youth;*] i. e. renovate my youth; make me young again. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609: " — as for him, he brought his difeafe hither: here he doth but *repair* it." Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

" ——— it much repairs me,

" To talk of your good father." MALONE.

⁹ ——— thou heapeft

A year's age on me!] The obvious fenfe of this paffage, on which feveral experiments have been made, is in fome degree countenanced by what follows in another fcene:

" And every day that comes, comes to decay

" *A day's work in him.*"

Dr. Warburton would read " *A yare* (i. e. a speedy) age;" Sir T. Hanmer would reftore the metre by a supplemental epithet:

——— thou heapeft many

A year's age &c.

and Dr. Johnson would give us:

Years, ages, *on me!*

I prefer the additional word introduced by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to all the other attempts at emendation. " *Many a year's age*," is an idea of fome weight; but if *Cymbeline* meant to fay that his daughter's condu& made him precisely *one* year older, his conceit is unworthy both of himfelf and Shakspeare.—I would read with Sir Thomas Hanmer. STEEVENS.

Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.²

CYM. Past grace? obedience?

IMO. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past
grace.

CYM. That might'st have had the sole son of my
queen!

IMO. O blest'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.³

² ——— a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears,] A touch more rare, may mean a
nobler passion. JOHNSON.

A touch more rare is undoubtedly a more exquisite feeling; a superior sensation. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I. sc. ii:

"The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,

"Do strongly speak to us."

Again, in *The Tempest*:

"Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling

"Of their afflictions?" &c.

A touch is not unfrequently used, by other ancient writers, in this sense. So, in Daniel's *Hymen's Triumph*, a masque, 1623:

"You must not, Phillis, be so sensible

"Of these small touches which your passion makes."

"—— Small touches, Lydia! do you count them small?"

Again:

"When pleasure leaves a touch at last

"To shew that it was ill."

Again, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1599:

"So deep we feel impressed in our blood

"That touch which nature with our breath did give."

Lastly, as Dr. Farmer observes to me, in *Fraunce's Iyrychurch*. He is speaking of Mars and Venus: "When sweet tickling joyes
of tutching came to the highest poynt, when two were one," &c.

STEEVENS.

A passage in *King Lear* will fully illustrate Imogen's meaning:

"—— where the greater malady is fix'd,

"The lesser is scarce felt." MALONE.

³ —— a puttock.] A kite. JOHNSON.

A puttock is a mean degenerate species of hawk, too worthless to
deserve training. STEEVENS.

Out of your best advice.⁵

CYM. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day;⁶ and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [Exit.

Enter PISANIO.

QUEEN. Fie!—you must give way:
Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news?

PIS. My lord your son drew on my master.

QUEEN. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

PIS. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

QUEEN. I am very glad on't.

IMO. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his
part.—

To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Africk both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your master?

PIS. On his command: He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes.

⁵ ——— your best advice.] i. e. consideration, reflection. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“But did repent me after more advice.” STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— let her languish

A drop of blood a day;] We meet with a congenial form of malediction in *Othello*:

“———— may his pernicious soul

Rot half a grain a day!” STEEVENS.

Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

QUEEN. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

PIS. I humbly thank your highness.

QUEEN. Pray, walk a while.

IMO. About some half hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

A publick Place.

Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.

1. LORD. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt;
the violence of action hath made you reek as a sa-
crifice: Where air comes out, air comes in: there's
none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

CLO. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—
Have I hurt him?

2. LORD. No, faith; not so much as his patience.
[*Aside.*]

1. LORD. Hurt him? his body's a passable car-
cass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for
steel, if it be not hurt.

2. LORD. His steel was in debt; it went the
backside the town. [*Aside.*]

CLO. The villain would not stand me.

2. LORD. No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.⁵ [Aside.

1. LORD. Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2. LORD. As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies! [Aside.

CLO. I would, they had not come between us.

2. LORD. So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [Aside.

CLO. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2. LORD. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd. [Aside.

1. LORD. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together:⁶ She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.⁷

⁵ — he fled forward still, toward your face.] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" — thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly

" With his face backward." STEEVENS.

⁶ — her beauty and her brain go not together:] I believe the lord means to speak a sentence, "Sir, as I told you always, beauty and brain go not together." JOHNSON.

That is, are not equal, "ne vont pas de pair." A similar expression occurs in *The Laws of Candy*, where Gonzalo, speaking of Erota, says:

" ————— and walks

" Her tongue the same gait with her wit?" M. MASON.

⁷ She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.] She has a fair outside, a specious appearance, but no wit. *O quanta species, cerebrum non habet!* Phædrus. EDWARDS.

I believe the poet meant nothing by *sign*, but *fair outward show*. JOHNSON.

The same allusion is common to other writers. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*:

2. LORD. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. *[Aside.*

CLO. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2. LORD. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. *[Aside.*

CLO. You'll go with us?

1. LORD. I'll attend your lordship.

CLO. Nay, come, let's go together.

2. LORD. Well, my lord. *[Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

IMO. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o'the haven,

And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is.' What was the last
That he spake to thee?

" ————— a common trull,

" A tempting sign, and curiously set forth

" To draw in riotous guests."

Again, in *The Elder Brother*, by the same authors:

" Stand still, thou sign of man."

To understand the whole force of Shakspeare's idea, it should be remembered, that anciently almost every sign had a motto, or some attempt at a witticism, underneath it. STEEVENS.

In a subsequent scene, Iachimo speaking of Imogen, says:

" All of her, that is out of door, most rich!

" If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,

" She is alone the Arabian bird." MALONE,

2 ————— 'twere a paper lost

As offer'd mercy is.] I believe the poet's meaning is, that the

PIS. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

IMO. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

PIS. And kifs'd it, madam.

IMO. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

PIS. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear^s
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,

loss of that paper would prove as fatal to her, as the loss of a pardon to a condemn'd criminal.

A thought resembling this, occurs in *All's well that ends well*:

"Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried." STEEVENS.

^s ——— with this eye or ear —] [Old copy—*his eye, &c.*] But how could Posthumus make himself distinguished by his ear to Pisanio? By his tongue he might to the other's ear, and this was certainly Shakspeare's intention. We must therefore read:

*As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
Distinguish him from others, ———.*

The expression is *δεικτικῶς*, as the Greeks term it: the party speaking points to that part spoken of. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer alters it thus:

————— for so long
*As he could mark me with his eye, or I
Distinguish ———.*

The reason of Sir T. Hanmer's reading was, that Pisanio describes no address made to the ear. JOHNSON.

This description, and what follows it, seem imitated from the eleventh Book of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*. See Golding's translation, p. 146, b. &c.

"She lifting up hir watrie eies beheld hir husband stand
"Upon the hatches making signes by becking with his
hand;
"And she made signes to him againe. And after that
the land
"Was farre remooved from the ship, and that the sight began
"To be unable to discerne the face of any man,
"As long as ere she could she lookt upon the rowing keele.
"And when she could no longer time for distance ken it
weele,

Still waving, as the fits and starts of his mind
 Could best express how slow his foul sail'd on,
 How swift his ship.

IMO. Thou should'st have made him
 As little as a crow, or less,⁹ ere left
 To after-eye him.

PIS. Madam, so I did.

IMO. I would have broke mine eye-strings;
 crack'd them, but
 To look upon him; till the diminution
 Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:²
 Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
 The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
 Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pi-
 fanio,
 When shall we hear from him?

PIS. Be assur'd madam,
 With his next vantage.³

IMO. I did not take my leave of him, but had
 Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,

“ Shee looked still upon the sailes that flaked with the wind
 “ Upon the mast. And when she could the sailes no longer
 find,
 “ She gate hir to hir emptie bed with sad and forie hart, &c.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ *As little as a crow, or less,*] This comparison may be illustrated
 by the following in *King Lear*:

“ — the crows, that wing the midway air,
 “ Show scarce so gross as beetles.” STEEVENS.

² — till the diminution

*Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:] The diminution
 of space, is the diminution of which space is the cause. Trees are
 killed by a blast of lightning, that is, by blasting, not blasted
 lightning. JOHNSON.*

³ — next vantage.] Next opportunity. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“ And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,” &c.

STEEVENS.

How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him
swear

The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd
him,

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons,⁴ for then
I am in heaven for him;⁵ or ere I could
Give him that parting kifs, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words,⁶ comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.⁷

⁴ — encounter me with orisons,] i. e. meet me with reciprocal prayer. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ *I am in heaven for him;*] My solicitations ascend to heaven on his behalf. STEEVENS.

⁶ — or ere I could

Give him that parting kifs, which I had set

Betwixt two charming words,] Dr. Warburton pronounces as absolutely as if he had been present at their parting, that these two charming words were—*adieu Posthumus*; but as Mr. Edwards has observed, “ she must have understood the language of love very little, if she could find no tenderer expression of it, than the name by which every one called her husband.” STEEVENS.

⁷ — like the tyrannous breathing of the north,

Shakes all our buds from growing.] i. e. our buds of love, as our author has elsewhere expressed it. Dr. Warburton, because the buds of flowers are here alluded to, very idly reads—*Shakes all our buds from blowing*.

The buds of *flowers* undoubtedly are meant, and Shakspeare himself has told us in *Romeo and Juliet* that they grow:

“ This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath

“ May prove a beauteous flower, when next we meet.

MALONE.

A *bud*, without any distinct idea, whether of flower or fruit, is a natural representation of any thing incipient or immature; and

Enter a Lady.

LADY. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

IMO. Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd.—

I will attend the queen.

PIS. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

the buds of flowers, if flowers are meant, *grow* to flowers, as the buds of fruits *grow* to fruits. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton's emendation may in some measure be confirmed by those beautiful lines in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, which I have no doubt were written by Shakspeare. Emilia is speaking of a *rose*:

"It is the very emblem of a maid,
"For when the *west* wind courts her gently,
"How modestly she blows, and paints the sun
"With her chaste blushes?—when the *north* comes near her
"Rude and impatient, then like chastity,
"She locks her beauties in her *bud* again,
"And leaves him to base briars." FARMER.

I think the old reading may be sufficiently supported by the following passage in the 18th Sonnet of our author:

"Rough winds do *shake* the darling *buds* of May."

Again, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:

"Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds *shake* fair *buds*."

Lyly in his *Euphues*, 1581, as Mr. Holt White observes, has a similar expression. "The winds *shaketh* of the *blossome*, as well as the fruit." STEEVENS.

SCENE V.

Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO,⁵ *a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*⁶

IACH. Believe it, fir: I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

PHI. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with that which makes him⁷ both without and within.

FRENCH. I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

IACH. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her

⁵ — Iachimo,] The name of *Giacomo* occurs in *The Two Gentlemen of Venice*, a novel which immediately follows that of *Romeo and Julietta* in the second tome of *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*. MALONE.

⁶ — a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.] Thus the old copy; but *Mynheer*, and the *Don*, are mute characters. STEEVENS.

⁷ — makes him —] In the sense in which we say, This will *make* or *mar* you. JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello*:

“ ——— This is the night

“ That either *makes* me, or *fordoes* me quite.”

STEEVENS.

Makes him, in the text, means *forms* him. M. MASON.

value, than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.⁸

FRENCH. And then his banishment:——

IACH. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours,⁹ are wonderfully to extend him; ² be it but to fortify her judgement, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality.³ But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

⁸ —— words him,——a great deal from the matter.] Makes the description of him very distant from the truth. JOHNSON.

⁹ —— under her colours,] Under her banner; by her influence. JOHNSON.

² —— and the approbation of those,—— are wonderfully to extend him;] This grammatical inaccuracy is common in Shakspeare's plays. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ The posture of your blows are yet unknown.”

[See Vol. XVIII. p. 138, n. 5.] The modern editors, however, read—*approbations*.

Extend has here the same meaning as in a former scene. See p. 8, n. 5. MALONE.

I perceive no inaccuracy on the present occasion. “ This matter of his marrying his king's daughter,”——“ and then his banishment;”——“ and the approbation of those,” &c. “ are (i. e. all these circumstances united) wonderfully to extend him.”

STEEVENS.

³ —— without more quality.] The folio reads *less* quality. Mr. Rowe first made the alteration. STEEVENS.

Whenever *less* or *more* is to be joined with a verb denoting want, or a preposition of a similar import, Shakspeare never fails to be entangled in a grammatical inaccuracy, or rather, to use words that express the very contrary of what he means. In a note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, I have proved this incontestably, by comparing a passage similar to that in the text with the words of Plutarch on which it is formed. The passage is:

“ —— I—condemn myself to *lack*

“ The courage of a woman, *less* noble mind

“ Than she——.”

PHI. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:——

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

FRENCH. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

POST. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.⁴

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ ————— I ne'er heard yet
 “ That any of these bolder vices *wanted*
 “ *Less* impudence, to gainsay what they did,
 “ Than to perform it first.”

Again, in *King Lear*:

“ ————— I have hope
 “ You *less* know how to value her deserts
 “ Than she to *scant* her duty.”

See note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, A& IV. sc. xii. Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors read—without *more* quality, and so undoubtedly Shakspeare *ought* to have written. On the stage, an actor may rectify such petty errors; but it is the duty of an editor to exhibit what his author wrote. MALONE.

As on this occasion, and several others, we can only tell what Hemings and Condell printed, instead of knowing, with any degree of certainty, what Shakspeare wrote, I have not disturbed Mr. Rowe's emendation, which leaves a clear passage to the reader, if he happens to prefer an obvious sense to no sense at all.

STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.] So, in *All's well that ends well*:

FRENCH. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; ⁵ it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature. ⁶

POST. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others', experiences: ⁷ but, upon my mended judgement, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

FRENCH. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitre-

" Which I will ever pay, and pay again,

" When I have found it."

Again, in our author's 30th Sonnet:

" Which I new pay, as if not pay'd before." MALONE.

⁵ — *I did atone &c.*] To *atone* signifies in this place to *reconcile*. So, Ben Jonson, in *The Silent Woman*:

" There had been some hope to *atone* you."

Again, in Heywood's *English Traveller*, 1633:

" The constable is call'd to *atone* the broil."

See Vol. XVII. p. 391, n. 6. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.*] *Importance* is here as elsewhere in Shakspeare, importunity, instigation. See Vol. V. p. 386, n. 5. MALONE.

So, in *Twelfth Night*: " Maria wrote the letter at Sir Toby's great importance." Again, in *King John*: " At our importance hither is he come." MALONE.

⁷ — *rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, &c.*] This is expressed with a kind of fantastical perplexity. He means, I was then willing to take for my direction the experience of others, more than such intelligence as I had gathered myself.

JOHNSON.

This passage cannot bear the meaning that Johnson contends for. Posthumus is describing a presumptuous young man, as he acknowledges himself to have been at that time; and means to say, that *he rather studied to avoid conducting himself by the opinions of other people, than to be guided by their experience.*—To take for direction the experience of others, would be a proof of wisdom, not of presumption. M. MASON.

ment of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other,⁸ or have fallen both.

IACH. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

FRENCH, Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in publick, which may, without contradiction,⁹ suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

IACH. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

POST. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

IACH. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

POST. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.²

⁸ ——— confounded one the other,] To confound, in our author's time, signified—to destroy. See Vol. XIII. p. 351, n. 8. MALONE.

⁹ ——— which may, without contradiction,] Which, undoubtedly, may be publicly told. JOHNSON.

² ——— though I profess &c.] Though I have not the common obligations of a lover to his mistress, and regard her not with the fondness of a friend, but the reverence of an adorer. JOHNSON.

The sense seems to require a transposition of these words, and that we should read:

Though I profess myself her friend, not her adorer.

meaning thereby the praises he bestowed on her arose from his knowledge of her virtues, not from a superstitious reverence only. If Posthumus wished to be believed, as he surely did, the declaring that his praises proceeded from adoration, would lessen the credit of them, and counteract his purpose. In confirmation of this con-

IACH. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparifon,) had been fomething too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If fhe went before others I have feen, as that diamond of yours outluftres many I have beheld, I could not but be-

jefture, we find that in the next page he acknowledges her to be his wife.—Iachimo afterwards fays in the fame fenfe:

“ You are a *friend*, and therein the wifer.”

Which would alfo ferve to confirm my amendment, if it were the right reading; but I do not think it is. M. MASON.

I am not certain that the foregoing paffages have been completely underftood by either commentator, for want of acquaintance with the peculiar fenfe in which the word *friend* may have been employed.

A *friend*, in ancient colloquial language, is occasionally fynonymous to a *paramour* or *inamorato* of either fex, in both the favourable and unfavourable fenfe of that word. “ Save you *friend* Caffio!” fays Bianca in *Othello*; and Lucio, in *Measure for Measure*, informs Ifabella that her brother Claudio “ hath got his *friend* [Julietta] with child.” *Friend*, in fhort, is one of thofe “ *fond adoptious chriftendoms that blinking Cupid goffips*,” many of which are catalogued by Helen in *All’s well that ends well*, and *friend* is one of the number:

“ A mother, and a miftrefs, and a *friend*,

“ A phoenix, captain, and an enemy.”

This word, though with fome degradation, is ftill current among the harlotry of London, (who like Macheath’s doxies) as often as they have occafion to talk about their abfent *keepers*, invariably call them their *friends*. In this fenfe the word is alfo ufed by Iago, in *Othello*, A& IV. fc. i:

“ Or to be uaked with her *friend* abed.”

Posthumus means to beftow the moft exalted praife on Imogen, a praife the more valuable as it was the refult of reafon, not of amorous dotage. I make my avowal, fays he, in the character of her adorer, not of her poffeffor.—I fpeak of her as a being I reverence, not as a beauty whom I enjoy.—I rather profefs to describe her with the devotion of a worhipper, than the raptures of a lover. This fenfe of the word alfo appears to be confirmed by a fubfequent remark of Iachimo:

“ You are a *friend*, and therein the wifer.”

i. e. you are a *lover*, and therefore fhew your wifdom in oppofing all experiments that may bring your lady’s chafity into queftion.

STEEVENS.

lieve she excell'd many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.²

POST. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

IACH. What do you esteem it at?

POST. More than the world enjoys.

IACH. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

POST. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were³ wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

IACH. Which the gods have given you?

POST. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

IACH. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and

² *If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excell'd many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.]* The old copy reads—I could not believe she excell'd many; but it is on all hands allowed that the reasoning of Iachimo, as it stands there, is inconclusive.

On this account, Dr. Warburton reads, omitting the word—not, “I could believe she excelled many.”

Mr. Heath proposes to read, “I could but believe” &c.

Mr. Malone, whom I have followed, exhibits the passage as it appears in the present text.

The reader who wishes to know more on this subject, may consult a note in Mr. Malone's edit. Vol. VIII. p. 327, 328, and 329.

STEEVENS.

³ ——— *if there were—*] Old copy—or if—for the purchases, &c. the compositor having inadvertently repeated the word—or, which has just occurred. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

POST. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier, to convince the honour of my mistress;⁴ if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

PHI. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

POST. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

IACH. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

POST. No, no.

IACH. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

POST. You are a great deal abused⁵ in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

⁴ ——— to convince the honour of my mistress;] Convince for overcome. WARBURTON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——— their malady convinces

" The great essay of art." JOHNSON.

⁵ ——— abused—] Deceiv'd. JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello*:

" The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave."

STEVENS.

IACH. What's that?

POST. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

PHI. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

IACH. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's on the approbation⁶ of what I have spoke.

POST. What lady would you choose to assail?

IACH. Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

POST. I will wage against your gold, gold to it; my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

IACH. You are a friend, and therein the wiser,⁷

⁶ ——— approbation —] Proof. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry V*:

“ ——— how many, now in health,

“ Shall drop their blood in *approbation*

“ Of what your reverence shall incite us to.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *You are a friend, and therein the wiser.*] I correct it:

You are afraid, and therein the wiser.

What Iachimo says, in the close of his speech, determines this to have been our poet's reading:

“ ——— But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.”
WARBURTON.

You are a friend to the lady, and therein the wiser, as you will not expose her to hazard; and that you fear, is a proof of your religious fidelity. JOHNSON.

Though Dr. Warburton affixed his name to the preceding note,

If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

IACH. I am the master of my speeches;⁷ and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the

it is *verbatim* taken from one written by Mr. Theobald on this passage.

[But let it be remembered, that Dr. Warburton communicated many notes to Theobald before he published his own edition, and complains that he was not fairly dealt with concerning them.

REED.]

A *friend* in our author's time often signified a *lover*. Iachimo therefore might mean that Posthumus was wise in being only the *lover* of Imogen, and not having bound himself to her by the indissoluble ties of marriage. But unluckily Posthumus has already said he is *not* her *friend*, but her adorer: this therefore could hardly love been Iachimo's meaning.

I cannot say that I am entirely satisfied with Dr. Johnson's interpretation; yet I have nothing better to propose. "You are a friend to the lady, and therefore will not expose her to hazard." This surely is not warranted by what Posthumus has just said. He is ready enough to expose her to hazard. He has actually exposed her to hazard by accepting the wager. He will not indeed risk his *diamond*, but has offered to lay a sum of money, that Iachimo, "with all appliances and means to boot," will not be able to corrupt her. I do not therefore see the force of Iachimo's observation. It would have been more "german to the matter" to have said in allusion to the former words of Posthumus—You are *not* a friend, i. e. a lover, and therein the wiser: for all women are corruptible. MALONE.

See p. 31, and 32, n. 2. Though the reply of Iachimo may not have been warranted by the preceding words of Posthumus, it was certainly meant by the speaker as a provoking circumstance, a circumstance of incitation to the wager. STEEVENS.

⁷ *I am the master of my speeches;*] i. e. I know what I have said; I said no more than I meant. STEEVENS.

hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

PHI. I will have it no lay.

IACH. By the gods it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours:—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

POST. I embrace these conditions;⁸ let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd,

⁸ Iach. — *If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours, &c.*

Post. *I embrace these conditions, &c.*] This was a wager between the two speakers. Iachimo declares the conditions of it; and Posthumus embraces them, as well he might; for Iachimo mentions only *that* of the two conditions which was favourable to Posthumus, namely, that if his wife preserved her honour he should win: concerning the other, in case she preserved it not, Iachimo, the accurate expounder of the wager, is silent. To make him talk more in character, for we find him sharp enough in the prosecution of his bet, we should strike out the negative, and read the rest thus: *If I bring you sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd, &c. my ten thousand ducats are mine; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour, &c. she your jewel, &c. and my gold are yours.* WARBURTON.

I once thought this emendation right, but am now of opinion, that Shakspeare intended that Iachimo having gained his purpose, should designedly drop the invidious and offensive part of the wager, and to flatter posthumus, dwell long upon the more pleasing part of the representation. One condition of a wager implies the other, and there is no need to mention both. JOHNSON.

I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, (you not making it^{*} appear otherwise) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

IACH. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

POST. Agreed.

[*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO.]

FRENCH. Will this hold, think you?

PHI. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Britain. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

QUEEN. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers:

Make haste: Who has the note of them?

1. LADY.

I madam.

QUEEN. Despatch.—

[*Exeunt* Ladies.]

Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?

COR. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: [*Presenting a small box.*]

But I beseech your grace, (without offence;

My conscience bids me ask;) wherefore you have Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,

Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly.

QUEEN. I do wonder, doctor;⁸
Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distill? preserve? yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgement in
Other conclusions?⁹ I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.

COR. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:²

⁸ *I do wonder, doctor,*] I have supplied the verb *do* for the sake of measure, and in compliance with our author's practice when he designs any of his characters to speak emphatically: Thus, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool" &c. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Other conclusions?*] Other experiments. I commend, says Walton, an angler that trieth conclusions, and improves his art. JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"She hath pursued conclusions infinite

"Of easy ways to die." MALONE.

² *Your highness*

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:] There is in this passage nothing that much requires a note, yet I cannot forbear to push it forward into observation. The thought would probably have been more amplified, had our author lived to be shocked with such experiments as have been published in later times, by a race of men who have practised tortures without pity, and related them without shame, and are yet suffered to erect their heads among human beings.

Cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor. JOHNSON.

Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

QUEEN.

O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*Aside*,
Will I first work: ³ he's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

COR.

I do suspect you, madam;

But you shall do no harm.

[*Aside*.

QUEEN.

Hark thee, a word.—

[*To* PISANIO,

COR. [*Aside*.] I do not like her. ⁴ She doth think,
she has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature: Those, she has,
Will stupify and dull the sense a while:
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and
dogs;

Then afterward up higher: but there is

³ *Will I first work:*] She means, I believe, that on him first she will try the efficacy of her poison. MALONE.

What else can she mean? REED.

⁴ *I do not like her.*] This soliloquy is very inartificial. The speaker is under no strong pressure of thought; he is neither resolving, repenting, suspecting, nor deliberating, and yet makes a long speech to tell himself what himself knows. JOHNSON.

This soliloquy, however inartificial in respect of the speaker, is yet necessary to prevent that uneasiness which would naturally arise in the mind of an audience on recollection that the Queen had mischievous ingredients in her possession, unless they were undeceived as to the quality of them; and it is no less useful to prepare us for the return of Imogen to life. STEEVENS.

No danger in what show of death it makes,
 More than the locking up the spirits a time,⁴
 To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
 With a most false effect; and I the truer,
 So to be false with her.⁶

QUEEN. No further service, doctor,
 Until I send for thee.

COR. I humbly take my leave.
[Exit.

QUEEN. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou
 think, in time
 She will not quench;⁷ and let instructions enter
 Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
 When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
 I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
 As great as is thy master: greater; for
 His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
 Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor
 Continue where he is: to shift his being,⁸
 Is to exchange one misery with another;
 And every day, that comes, comes to decay
 A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,
 To be depend on a thing that leans?⁹
 Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,
[The Queen drops a box: PISANIO takes it up.
 So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up

⁴ — a time,] So the old copy. All the modern editions—for a time. MALONE.

⁶ So to be false with her.] The two last words may be fairly considered as an interpolation, for they hurt the metre, without enforcement of the sense.

For thee, in the next line but one, might on the same account be omitted. STEEVENS.

⁷ — quench;] i. e. grow cool. STEEVENS.

⁸ — to shift his being,] To change his abode. JOHNSON.

⁹ — that leans?] That inclines towards its fall, JOHNSON.

Thou know'st not what ; but take it for thy labour :
 It is a thing I made, which hath the king
 Five times redeem'd from death : I do not know
 What is more cordial :—Nay, I pry'thee, take it ;
 It is an earnest of a further good
 That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
 The case stands with her ; do't, as from thyself.
 Think what a chance thou changest on ;⁸ but think
 Thou hast thy mistress still ; to boot, my son,
 Who shall take notice of thee : I'll move the king
 To any shape of thy preferment, such
 As thou'lt desire ; and then myself, I chiefly,
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women :
 Think on my words. [*Exit PISA.*]—A fly and con-
 stant knave ;

Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master;
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold
 The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of leigers for her sweet;⁹ and which she, after,
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

⁸ *Think what a chance thou changest on;*] Such is the reading
 of the old copy, which by succeeding editors has been altered into,
Think what a chance thou chancest on; —

And

Think what a change thou chancest on; —
 but unnecessarily. The meaning is: “ Think with what a fair
 prospect of mending your fortunes you now change your present
 service.” STEEVENS.

A line in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* adds some support to the
 reading—*thou chancest on*, which is much in Shakspeare's manner:

“ Let there *bechance* him pitiful mis-chances.” MALONE.

⁹ *Of leigers for her sweet;*] A *leiger* ambassador is one that resides
 in a foreign court to promote his master's interest. JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,

“ Intends you for his swift ambassador,

“ Where you shall be an everlasting *leiger*.” STEEVENS.

Re-enter PISANIO, *and* Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so ;—well done, well done :
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet:—Fare thee well, Pisanio ;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt* Queen, *and* Ladies.

Pis. And shall do :²

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E VII.

Another Room in the same.

Enter IMOGEN.

IMO. A father cruel, and a step-dame false ;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd ;—O, that husband !
My supreme crown of grief!³ and those repeated

² *And shall do :*] Some words, which rendered this sentence less abrupt, and perfected the metre of it, appear to have been omitted in the old copies. STEEVENS.

³ — *O, that husband!*

My supreme crown of grief!] Imogen means to say, that her separation from her husband is the completion of her distress. So, in *King Lear* :

“ This would have seem'd a period
“ To such as love not sorrow ; but another,
“ To amplify too much, would make much more,
“ And *top* extremity.”

Again, in *Coriolanus* :

“ — the spire and *top* of praise.”

Again, more appositely, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ Make Cressid's name the very *crown* of falsehood.”

Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
 As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
 Is the desire that's glorious:³ Blessed be those,
 How mean foe'er, that have their honest wills,
 Which seasons comfort,⁴—Who may this be? Fie!

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
 “I do give lost.” MALONE.

³ ——— but most miserable

Is the desire that's glorious:] Her husband, she says, proves her supreme grief. She had been happy had she been stolen as her brothers were, but now she is miserable, as all those are who have a sense of worth and honour superior to the vulgar, which occasions them infinite vexations from the envious and worthless part of mankind. Had she not so refined a taste as to be content only with the superior merit of Posthumus, but could have taken up with Cloten, she might have escaped these persecutions. This elegance of taste, which always discovers an excellence and chooses it, she calls with great sublimity of expression, *The desire that's glorious*; which the Oxford editor not understanding, alters to—*The degree that's glorious*. WARBURTON.

⁴ ——— Blessed be those,

How mean foe'er, that have their honest wills,

Which seasons comfort.] The last words are equivocal; but the meaning is this: Who are beholden only to the seasons for their support and nourishment; so that, if those be kindly, such have no more to care for, or desire. WARBURTON.

I am willing to comply with any meaning that can be extorted from the present text, rather than change it, yet will propose, but with great diffidence, a slight alteration:

——— Bless'd be those,

How mean foe'er that have their honest wills,

With reason's comfort.——

Who gratify their innocent wishes with reasonable enjoyments.

JOHNSON.

I shall venture at another explanation, which, as the last words are admitted to be equivocal, may be proposed. “To be able to refine on calamity (says she) is the miserable privilege of those who are educated with aspiring thoughts and elegant desires. Blessed are they, however mean their condition, who have the power of gratifying their honest inclination, which circumstance bestows an additional relish on comfort itself.”

“You lack the season of all natures, sleep.”

Macbeth.

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

PIS. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome;
Comes from my lord with letters.

IACH. Change you, madam?

Again, in *Albumazar*, 1615:

“ — the memory of misfortunes past
“ *Seasons* the welcome.” STEEVENS.

I agree with Steevens that the word *seasons*, in this place is used as a verb, but not in his interpretation of the former part of this passage. Imogen's reflection is merely this: “ That those are happy who have their honest wills, which gives a relish to comfort; but that those are miserable who set their affections on objects of superior excellence, which are of course, difficult to obtain.” The word *honest* means *plain* or *humble*, and is opposed to *glorious*.

M. MASON.

In my apprehension, Imogen's sentiment, is simply this: *Had I been stolen by thieves in my infancy, (or, as she says in another place, born a neat-herd's daughter,) I had been happy. But instead of that, I am in a high, and, what is called, a glorious station; and most miserable in such a situation! Pregnant with calamity are those desires, which aspire to glory; to splendid titles, or elevation of rank! Happier far are those, how low soever their rank in life, who have it in their power to gratify their virtuous inclinations: a circumstance that gives an additional zest to comfort itself, and renders it something more; or, (to borrow our author's words in another place) which keeps comfort always fresh and lasting.*

A line in *Timon of Athens* may perhaps prove the best comment on the former part of this passage:

“ O the fierce wretchedness that glory brings!”

In *King Henry VIII.* also, Anna Bullen utters a sentiment that bears a strong resemblance to that before us:

“ — I swear 'tis better
“ To dwell with humble livers in content,
“ Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
“ And wear a golden sorrow.”

Of the verb *to season*, (of which the true explanation was originally given by Mr. Steevens,) so many instances occur as fully to justify this interpretation. It is used in the same metaphorical sense in Daniel's *Gleopatra*, a tragedy, 1594:

“ This that did *season* all my four of life,—”

The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a letter.*

IMO.

Thanks, good sir;

You are kindly welcome.

IACH. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!

[*Aside.*

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

IMO. [*Reads.*]—*He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truest*

LEONATUS.⁵

Again, in our author's *Romeo and Juliet*:

"How much salt water thrown away in haste,

"To season love, that of it doth not taste!"

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"—— All this to season

"A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh

"And lasting in her sad remembrance." MALONE.

⁶ Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truest

LEONATUS.]

[Old copy—your trust. LEONATUS.] Were Leonatus writing to his steward, this style might be proper; but it is so strange a conclusion of a letter to a princess, and a beloved wife, that it cannot be right. I have no doubt therefore that we ought to read:

—— as you value your truest

LEONATUS.

M. MASON.

This emendation is at once so neat and elegant, that I cannot refuse it a place in the text; and especially as it returns an echo to the words of Posthumus when he parted from Imogen, and dwelt so much on his own conjugal fidelity:

"—— I will remain

"The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth."

STEEVENS.

So far I read aloud :

But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy fir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

IACH.

Thanks, fairest lady.—

What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land,⁶ which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach?⁷ and can we not

Mr. M. Mason's conjecture would have more weight, if it were certain that these were intended as the concluding words of the letter. It is more probable that what *warm'd the very middle of the heart of Imogen*, formed the *conclusion* of Posthumus's letter; and the words—*so far*, and *by the rest*, support that supposition. Though Imogen reads the name of her husband, she might suppress somewhat that intervened. Nor, indeed, is the adjuration of light import, or unsuitable to a fond husband, supposing it to be the conclusion of the letter. Respect my friend, says Leonatus, as you value the confidence reposed in you by him to whom you have plighted your troth. MALONE.

It is certain, I think, from the break—"He is one" &c. that the omitted part of the letter was at the beginning of it; and that what follows (all indeed that was necessary for the audience to hear,) was its regular and decided termination.—Was it not natural, that a young and affectionate husband, writing to a wife whom he adored, should express the feelings of his love, before he proceeded to the detail of his colder business? STEEVENS.

⁶ — and the rich crop

Of sea and land,] He is here speaking of the *covering* of sea and land. Shakspeare therefore wrote:

— and the rich cope. WARBURTON.

Surely no emendation is necessary. The *vaulted arch* is alike the *cope* or covering of *sea and land*. When the poet had spoken of it once, could he have thought this second introduction of it necessary? The *crop of sea and land* means only the productions of either element. STEEVENS.

⁷ — and the twinn'd stones

Upon the number'd beach?] I have no idea in what sense the

Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

beach, or shore, should be called *number'd*. I have ventured, against all the copies, to substitute:

Upon th' unnumber'd beach?—

i. e. the infinite extensive beach, if we are to understand the epithet as coupled to the word. But, I rather think, the poet intended an *hypallage*, like that in the beginning of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*:

“(In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas

“Corpora.)” —

And then we are to understand the passage thus: *and the infinite number of twinn'd stones upon the beach.* THEOBALD.

Sense and the antithesis oblige us to read this nonsense thus:

Upon the humbled beach;—

i. e. because daily insulted with the flow of the tide.

WARBURTON.

I know not well how to regulate this passage. *Number'd* is perhaps *numerous*. *Twinn'd stones* I do not understand. *Twinn'd shells*, or *pairs of shells*, are very common. For *twinn'd* we might read *twin'd*; that is, *twisted*, *convolved*: but this sense is more applicable to shells than to stones. JOHNSON.

The pebbles on the sea shore are so much of the same size and shape, that *twinn'd* may mean as like as *twins*. So, in *The Maid of the Mill*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“But is it possible that two faces

“Should be so *twinn'd* in form, complexion,” &c.

Again, in our author's *Coriolanus*, Act IV. sc. iv:

“Are still together, who *twin* as 'twere in love.”

Mr. Heath conjectures the poet might have written—*spurn'd* stones. He might possibly have written that or any other word.—In *Coriolanus* a different epithet is bestowed on the beach:

“Then let the pebbles on the *hungry* beach

“Fillop the stars.—”

Dr. Warburton's conjecture may be countenanced by the following passage in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, Book VI. c. vii:

“But as he lay upon the *humbled* grass.” STEEVENS.

I think we may read the *umbered*, the *shaded* beach. This word is met with in other places. FARMER.

Farmer's amendment is ill-imagined. There is no place so little likely to be *shaded* as the beach of the sea; and therefore *umber'd* cannot be right. M. MASON.

Mr. Theobald's conjecture may derive some support from a passage in *King Lear*:

IMO. What makes your admiration?

IACH. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,

'Twixt two such flies, would chatter this way, and Contemn with mowes the other: Nor i'the judgement;

For idiots, in this case of favour, would Be wisely definite: Nor i'the appetite; Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd, Should make desire vomit emptiness, Not so allur'd to feed.⁸

" — the murm'ring surge

" That on *th' unnumber'd* idle pebbles chafes — "

Th' unnumber'd, and *the number'd*, if hastily pronounced, might easily have been confounded by the ear. If *number'd* be right, it surely means, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, *abounding in numbers of stones; numerous.* MALONE.

⁸ *Should make desire vomit emptiness,*

Not so allur'd to feed.] i. e. that appetite, which is not allured to feed on such excellence, can have no stomach at all; but, though empty, must nauseate every thing. WARBURTON.

I explain this passage in a sense almost contrary. Iachimo, in this counterfeited rapture, has shewn how the eyes and the judgement would determine in favour of Imogen, comparing her with the present mistress of Posthumus, and proceeds to say, that appetite too would give the same suffrage. *Desire*, says he, when it approached *sluttery*, and considered it in comparison with *such neat excellence*, would not only be *not so allured to feed*, but, seized with a fit of loathing, *would vomit emptiness*, would feel the convulsions of disgust, though, being unfed, it had no object. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson have both taken the pains to give their different senses of this passage; but I am still unable to comprehend how desire, or any other thing, can be made to *vomit emptiness*. I rather believe the passage should be read thus:

Sluttery to such neat excellence oppos'd,

Should make desire vomit, emptiness

Not so allure to feed.

That is, *Should not so*, [in such circumstances] *allure* [even] *emptiness to feed.* TYRWHITT.

IMO. What is the matter, trow?

IACH. The cloyed will,^s
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

IMO. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

IACH. Thanks, madam; well: — 'Beseech, you, sir,
desire [To PISANIO.

This is not ill conceived; but I think my own explanation right. *To vomit emptiness* is, in the language of poetry, to feel the convulsions of eructation without plenitude. JOHNSON.

No one who has been ever sick at sea, can be at a loss to understand what is meant by *vomiting emptiness*. Dr. Johnson's interpretation would perhaps be more exact, if after the word *Desire* he had added, *however hungry, or sharp-set*.

A late editor, Mr. Capell, was so little acquainted with his author, as not to know that Shakspeare here, and in some other places, uses *desire* as a trisyllable; in consequence of which, he reads — *vomit to emptiness*. MALONE.

The indelicacy of this passage may be kept in countenance by the following lines and stage-directions in the tragedy of *All for Money*, by T. Lupton, 1578:

"Now will I essay to vomit if I can;

"Let him hold your head, and I will hold your stomach," &c.

"[Here Mency shall make as though he would vomit.]

Again:

"[Here Pleasure shall make as though he would vomit.]

STEEVENS.

^s *The cloyed will, &c.*] The present irregularity of metre has almost persuaded me that this passage originally stood thus:

The cloyed will,

(*That's satiate, yet unsatisfied, that tub
Both fill'd and running,)* ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.

What, dear sir, &c.

The want, in the original MS. of the letter I have supplied, perhaps occasioned the interpolation of the word — *desire*.

STEEVENS.

My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish. ⁹

Pis. I was going, fir,
To give him welcome. [Exit PISANIO.

IMO. Continues well my lord? His health, 'be-
seech you?

⁹ ~~Is strange and peevish.~~ *he*

Is strange and peevish.] He is a foreigner and easily fretted.
JOHNSON.

Strange, I believe, signifies *shy* or *backward*. So, Holinshed, p. 735: "—— brake to him his mind in this mischievous matter, in which he found him nothing *strange*."

Peevish anciently meant weak, silly. So, in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591: "Never was any so *peevish* to imagine the moon either capable of affection, or shape of a mistress." Again, in his *Galatea*, [1592,] when a man has given a conceited answer to a plain question, Diana says, "let him alone, he is but *peevish*." Again, in his *Love's Metamorphosis*, 1601: "In the heavens I saw an orderly course, in the earth nothing but disorderly love and *peevishness*." Again, in Goffon's *School of Abuse*, 1579: "We have infinite poets and pipers, and such *peevish* cattel among us in Englande." Again in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"How now! a madman! why thou *peevish* sheep,

"No ship of Epidamnum stays for me." STEEVENS.

Minshew, in his Dictionary 1617, explains *peevish* by *foolish*. So again, in our author's *King Richard III*:

"When Richmond was a little *peevish* boy."

See also Vol. X. p. 291, n. 7; and Vol. XV. p. 163, n. 2.

Strange is again used by our author in his *Venus and Adonis*, in the sense in which Mr. Steevens supposes it to be used here:

"Measure my *strangeness* by my unripe years."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"I'll prove more true

"Than those that have more cunning to be *strange*."

But I doubt whether the word was intended to bear that sense here. MALONE.

Johnson's explanation of *strange* [he is a foreigner] is certainly right. Iachimo uses it again in the latter end of this scene:

"And I am something curious, being *strange*,

"To have them in safe stowage."

Here also *strange* evidently means, being a *stranger*. M. MASON.

IACH. Well, madam.

IMO. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

IACH. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.²

IMO. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

IACH. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him;³ while the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean,) laughs from's free lungs,
cries, O!

*Can my sides hold, to think, that man, — who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be, — will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?*

IMO. Will my lord say so?

IACH. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with
laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,

² — he is call'd

The Briton reveller.] So, in Chaucer's *Coke's Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's
edit. v. 4369:

"That he was cleped Perkin revelour." STEEVENS.

³ — he furnaces

The thick sighs from him;] So, in Chapman's preface to his
translation of the *Shield of Homer*, 1598: "—furnaceth the uni-
versal sighes and complaintes of this transposed world."

STEEVENS.

So, in *As you like it*:

"— And then the lover,

Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad." MALONE.

And hear him mock the Frenchman : But, heavens
know,

Some men are much to blame.

IMO. Not he, I hope.

IACH. Not he : But yet heaven's bounty towards
him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much ;⁴

In you, — which I count⁵ his, beyond all talents, —

Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound

To pity too.

IMO. What do you pity, sir?

IACH. Two creatures, heartily.

IMO. Am I one, sir?

You look on me ; What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

IACH. Lamentable ! What!

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I'the dungeon by a snuff?

IMO. I pray you, sir,

Deliver with more openness your answers

To my demands. Why do you pity me?

IACH. That others do,

I was about to say, enjoy your — But

It is an office of the gods to venge it,

Not mine to speak on't.

IMO. You do seem to know

Something of me, or what concerns me ; 'Pray you,

(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more

Than to be sure they do : For certainties

⁴ — — *In himself, 'tis much ;*] If he merely regarded his own character, without any consideration of his wife, his conduct would be unpardonable. MALONE.

⁵ — — *count* —] Old copy — *account*. STEEVENS.

Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,⁵
 The remedy then born,⁶) discover to me
 What both you spur and stop.⁷

IACH. Had I this cheek
 To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
 Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
 To the oath of loyalty;⁸ this object, which
 Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
 Fixing it only here:⁹ should I (damn'd then)
 Slaver with lips as common as the stairs

⁵ — — *timely knowing*,] Rather — *timely known*. JOHNSON.

I believe Shakspeare wrote — *known*, and that the transcriber's ear deceived him here as in many other places. MALONE.

⁶ *The remedy then born*,] We should read, I think:

The remedy's then born —. MALONE.

⁷ *What both you spur and stop*.] What it is that at once incites you to speak, and restrains you from it. JOHNSON.

This kind of ellipsis is common in these plays. What both you spur and stop *at*, the poet means. See a note on *Ad II. sc. iii.* MALONE.

The meaning is, what you seem anxious to utter, and yet withhold. M. MASON.

The allusion is to horsemanship. So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book I: "She was like a horse desirous to runne, and miserably spurred, but so short-reined as he cannot stirre forward." STEEVENS.

⁸ — — *this hand, whose touch,*

— — *would force the feeler's soul*

To the oath of loyalty?] There is, I think, here a reference to the manner in which the tenant performed homage to his lord. The lord sat, while the vassal kneeling on both knees before him, held his hands jointly together between the hands of his lord, and swore to be faithful and loyal. See *Coke upon Littleton*, 85. Unless this allusion be allowed, how has touching the hand the slightest connection with taking the oath of loyalty? HOLT WHITE.

⁹ *Fixing it only here:*] The old copy has — *Fiering*. The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

That mount the Capitol;² join gripes with hands
 Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
 With labour;) then lie peeping in an eye,³
 Base and unlustrous⁴ as the smoky light
 That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
 That all the plagues of hell should at one time
 Encounter such revolt.

IMO. My lord, I fear,
 Has forgot Britain.

IACH. And himself. Not I,
 Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
 The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
 That, from my muteest conscience, to my tongue,
 Charms this report out.

IMO. Let me hear no more.

IACH. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my
 heart
 With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady

² — as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol;] Shakspeare has bestowed some ornament on the proverbial phrase "as common as the highway."
 STEEVENS.

³ — join gripes with hands, &c.] The old edition reads:
 — join gripes with hands
 Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood as
 With labour) then by peeping in an eye, &c.

I read:

— then lie peeping —.
Hard with falsehood, is, hard by being often griped with frequent change of hands. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Base and unlustrous* —] Old copy — *illustrious*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. That *illustrious* was not used by our author in the sense of *inlustrous* or *unlustrous*, is proved by a passage in the old comedy of *Patient Grissel*, 1603: "— the buttons were *illustrious* and resplendent diamonds." MALONE.

A "lack-lustre eye" has been already mentioned in *As you like it*.
 STEEVENS.

So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,⁵
 Would make the great'st king double! to be part-
 ner'd
 With tomboys,⁶ hir'd with that self-exhibition⁷

⁵ — to an empery,] *Empery* is a word signifying sovereign command: now obsolete. Shakspeare uses it in *King Richard III*:

"Your right of birth, your *empery*, your own."

STEEVENS.

⁶ With tomboys,] We still call a masculine, a forward girl, a *tomboy*. So, in Middleton's *Game at Chesse*:

"Made threescore year a *tomboy*, a mere wanton."

Again, in W. Warren's *Nurserie of Names*, 1581:

"She comes not unto Bacchus' feastes,

"Or Flora's routes by night,

"Like *tomboyes* such as lives in Rome

"For euery knaues delight."

Again, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592: "If thou should'st rigg up and down in our jackets, thou would'st be thought a very *tomboy*."

Again, in *Lady Alimony*:

"What humorous *tomboys* be these? —

"The only gallant *Messalinas* of our age."

It appears from several of the old plays and ballads, that the ladies of pleasure, in the time of Shakspeare, often wore the habits of young men. So, in an ancient bl. l. ballad, entitled *The Stout Cripple of Cornwall*:

"And therefore kept them secretlie

"To feede his fowle desire,

"Apparell'd all like gallant youthes,

"In pages' trim attyre.

"He gave them for their cognizance

"A purple bleeding heart,

"In which two silver arrowes seem'd

"The same in twaine to part.

"Thus secret were his wanton sports,

"Thus private was his pleasure;

"Thus harlots in the shape of men

"Did waft away his treasure."

Verstegan, however, gives the following etymology of the word *tomboy*: "*Tumbe*. To dance. *Tumbod*, danced; heereof we yet call a wench that skippeth or leapeth lyke a boy, a *tomboy*: our name also of tumbling cometh from hence." STEEVENS.

⁷ — hir'd with that self-exhibition &c.] *Gross*, *strumpets* hired with the very pension which you allow your husband. JOHNSON.

Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures,

That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff,⁸
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

IMO.

Reveng'd!

How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

IACH.

Should he make me

Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;⁹
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.

⁸ — — *such boil'd stuff,*] The allusion is to the ancient process of sweating in venereal cases. See Vol. XVII. p. 135. n. 5. So, in *The Old Law*, by Massinger:

“ — — look *parboil'd*,

“ As if they came from Cupid's scalding-house.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*: “Sodden business! there's a *flew'd* phrase indeed.” Again, in *Timon of Athens*: “She's e'en setting on water to *scald* such chickens as you are.” All this stuff about *boiling*, *scalding*, &c. is a mere play on *flew*, a word which is afterwards used for a brothel by Imogen. STEEVENS.

The words may mean, — *such corrupted stuff*; from the substantive *boil*. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ — — *boils* and plagues

“ Plaster you o'er!”

But, I believe, Mr. Steevens's interpretation is the true one.

MALONE.

⁹ *Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;*] Sir Thomas Hanmer, supposing this to be an inaccurate expression, reads

Live like Diana's priestess 'twixt cold sheets;

but the text is as the author wrote it. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, DIANA says:

“ My temple stands at Ephesus; hie thee thither;

“ There, when my maiden *priests* are met together,” &c.

MALONE.

I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

IMO.

What ho, Pisanio!

IACH. Let me my service tender on your lips.^a

IMO. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that
have

So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew,³ and to expound

^a *Let me my service tender on your lips.*] Perhaps this is an allusion to the ancient custom of swearing servants into noble families. So, in *Caltha Poetarum*, &c. 1599:

“ — she swears him to his good abearing,

“ Whilst her faire sweet lips were the books of swearing.”

STEEVENS.

³ *As in a Romish stew,*] *Romish* was in the time of Shakspeare used instead of *Roman*. There were stews at Rome in the time of Augustus. The same phrase occurs in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

“ — my mother deem'd me chang'd,

“ Poor woman! in the loathsome *Romish* stews:”

and the author of this piece seems to have been a scholar.

Again, in *Wit in a Constable*, by Glapthorne, 1640:

“ A *Romish* cirque, or Grecian hippodrome.”

Again, in Thomas Drant's translation of the first epistle of the second book of Horace, 1567:

“ The *Romish* people wise in this, in this point only just.”

STEEVENS.

His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
 He little cares for, and a daughter whom⁴
 He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!

IACH. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
 The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
 Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
 Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!
 A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
 Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
 For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
 I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
 Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
 That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
 The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
 That he enchants societies unto him:⁵
 Half all men's hearts are his.

IMO. You make amends.

IACH. He fits 'mongst men, like a descended
 god:⁶

He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
 Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd

⁴ ——— and a daughter whom —] Old copy—*who*. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

⁵ ——— such a holy witch,
 That he enchants societies unto him:] So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

“ ——— he did in the general bosom reign
 “ Of young and old, and sexes both enchanted—
 “ Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted.”

MALONE.

⁶ ——— like a descended god:] So, in *Hamlet*:

“ ——— a station like the herald Mercury,
 “ New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.”

The old copy has—*defended*. The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. *Defend* is again printed for *descend* in the last scene of *Timon of Athens*. MALONE.

To try your taking a⁶ false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgement
In the election of a fir so rare,
Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

IMO. All's well, fir: Take my power i' the court
for yours.

IACH. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

IMO. Pray, what is't?

IACH. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
(The best feather of our wing)⁷ have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,⁸
To have them in safe stowage; May it please you
To take them in protection?

IMO. Willingly;

And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

⁶ ——— taking a —] Old copy, vulgarly and unmetrically.
—— taking of a —. STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— best feather of our wing —] So, in Churchyard's *Warning*
to Wanderers abroad, 1593:

“ You are so great you would faine march in felde,
“ That world should judge you feathers of one wing.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— being strange,] i. e. being a stranger. STEEVENS.

IACH. They are in a trunk.
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

IMO. O, no, no.

IACH. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

IMO. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

IACH. O, I must, madam:
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outstood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

IMO. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Court before Cymbeline's Palace.**Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.*

CLO. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kiss'd the jack upon an up-cast,⁹ to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: And then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrow'd mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1. LORD. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2. LORD. If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. [*Aside.*]

CLO. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

2. LORD. No, my lord; nor [*Aside.*] crop the ears of them.²

⁹ — — *kiss'd the jack upon an up-cast,*] He is describing his fate at bowls. The jack is the small bowl at which the others are aimed. He who is nearest to it wins. *To kiss the jack* is a state of great advantage. JOHNSON.

This expression frequently occurs in the old comedies. So, in *A woman never vex'd*, by Rowley, 1632:

“ This city bowler has kiss'd the mistress at the first cast.”

STEEVENS.

² *No, my lord; &c.*] This, I believe, should stand thus:

1. Lord. *No, my lord.*

2. Lord. *Nor crop the ears of them.* [*Aside.*] JOHNSON.

CLO. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction?³
 Would, he had been one of my rank!

2. LORD. To have smelt⁴ like a fool. [*Aside.*

CLO. I am not more vex'd at any thing in the earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2. LORD. You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.⁵ [*Aside.*

CLO. Sayest thou?

1. LORD. It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion⁶ that you give offence to.

CLO. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2. LORD. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

CLO. Why, so I say.

1. LORD. Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

³ *I give him satisfaction?* Old copy—*gave*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁴ *To have smelt—*] A poor quibble on the word *rank* in the preceding speech. MALONE.

The same quibble has already occurred in *As you like it*, Act I. sc. ii:

“*Touch*. Nay, if I keep not my *rank*—

“*Ros*. Thou lovest thy old *smell*.” STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— *with your comb on.*] The allusion is to a fool's cap, which hath a comb like a cock's. JOHNSON.

The intention of the speaker, is to call Cloten a *coxcomb*.

M. MASON.

⁶ ——— *every companion—*] The use of *companion* was the same as of *fellow* now. It was a word of contempt. JOHNSON.

See Vol. XVII. p. 373, n. 5; and Vol. XVIII. p. 126, n. 3. MALONE.

CLO. A stranger! and I not know on't!

2. LORD. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. *[Aside.]*

1. LORD. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

CLO. Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1. LORD. One of your lordship's pages.

CLO. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1. LORD. You cannot derogate, my lord.

CLO. Not easily, I think.

2. LORD. You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. *[Aside.]*

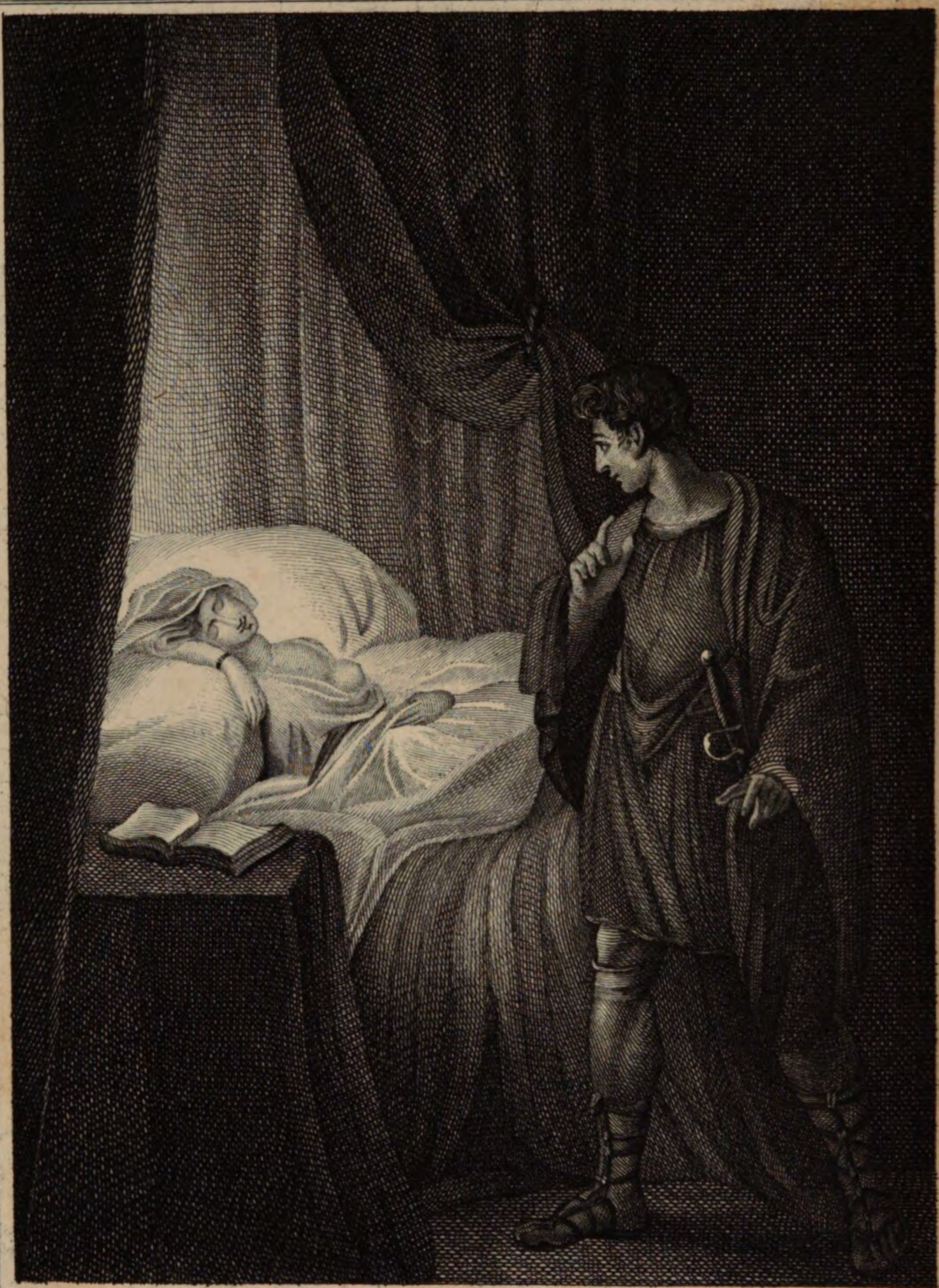
CLO. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2. LORD. I'll attend your lordship.

[Exeunt CLOTEN and first Lord.]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[Exit.]



R. Westall pinx.

SHAKSPEARE.

J. C. Bock sculpt.

Cymbeline

ACT. II. SCEN. II.

SCENE II.

A Bed-chamber; in one part of it a Trunk.

IMOGEN reading in her bed; a Lady attending.

IMO. Who's there? my woman Helen?

LADY. Please you, madam.

IMO. What hour is it?

LADY. Almost midnight, madam.

IMO. I have read three hours then: mine eyes
are weak:—

Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:

Take not away the taper, leave it burning;

And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,

I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[Exit Lady.]

To your protection I commend me, gods!

From fairies, and the tempters of the night,⁷

Guard me, beseech ye!

[Sleeps. IACHIMO, from the trunk.]

IACH. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd
sense

Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin⁸ thus

Did softly press the rushes,⁹ ere he waken'd

⁷ *From fairies, and the tempters of the night,]* Banquo, in *Macbeth*, has already deprecated the same nocturnal evils:

“Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature

“Gives way to in repose!” STEEVENS.

⁸ — our *Tarquin* —] The speaker is an Italian. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *Tarquin* thus

Did softly press the rushes,] This shows that Shakspeare's idea was, that the *ravishing strides* of Tarquin were *softly* ones, and may serve as a comment on that passage in *Macbeth*. See Vol. XI. p. 91, n. 3. BLACKSTONE.

The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
 How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!²
 And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
 But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
 How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
 Perfumes the chamber thus:³ The flame o'the taper

—— *the rushes,*] It was the custom in the time of our author to strew chambers with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets. The practice is mentioned in *Cainus de Ephemera Britannica*. JOHNSON.

So, in Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587:
 "Sedge and *rushes*,—with the which many in this country do use in sommer time to strowe their parlors and churches, as well for coolenes as for pleasant smell."

Again, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

"—— his blood remains.

"Why strew *rushes*."

Again, in *Buffy d'Ambois*, 1607:

"Were not the king here, he should strew the chamber like a *rush*."

Shakspeare has the same circumstance in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

"—— by the light he spies

"Lucretia's glove wherein her needle sticks;

"He takes it from the *rushes* where it lies," &c.

The ancient English stage also, as appears from more than one passage in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609, was strewed with *rushes*:
 "Salute all your gentle acquaintance that are spread either on the *rushes* or on stools about you, and drawe what troope you can from the stage after you." STEEVENS.

² ——— Cytherea,

How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!

And whiter than the sheets!] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Who sees his true love in her naked bed,

"Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Who o'er the white sheets peers her whiter chin."

MALONE.

Thus, also, Jaffier, in *Venice Preserved*:

"—— in virgin sheets,

"White as her bosom." STEEVENS.

³ ——— 'Tis her breathing that

Perfumes the chamber thus:] The same hyperbole is found in *The Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's Image*, by J. Marston, 1598:

Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied⁴
Under these windows:⁵ White and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.⁶—But my design?

“ ——— no lips did seem so fair

“ In his conceit; *through which he thinks doth lie*

“ *So sweet a breath that doth perfume the air.*” MALONE.

⁴ ——— now canopied —] Shakspeare has the same expression in *Tarquin and Lucrece*:

“ Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,

“ And, *canopy'd* in darkness, sweetly lay,

“ 'Till they might open to adorn the day.” MALONE.

⁵ *Under these windows*:] i. e. her *eyelids*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ ——— They eyes' windows fall,

“ Like death, when he shuts up the day of life.”

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

“ The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day;

“ Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth.” MALONE.

⁶ ——— White and azure, lac'd

With blue of heaven's own tinct.] We should read:

——— White with azure lac'd,

The blue of heaven's own tinct.

i. e. the white skin laced with blue veins. WARBURTON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“ His silver *skin lac'd* with his golden blood.”

The passage before us, without Dr. Warburton's emendation, is, to me at least, unintelligible. STEEVENS.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ What envious streaks do *lace* the severing clouds.”

These words, I apprehend, refer not to Imogen's eye-lids, (of which the poet would scarcely have given so particular a description,) but to the *enclosed lights*, i. e. her eyes: which though now shut, Iachimo had seen before, and which are here said in poetical language to be *blue*, and that blue celestial.

Dr. Warburton is of opinion that the eye-lid was meant, and according to his notion, the poet intended to praise its white skin, and blue veins.

Drayton, who has often imitated Shakspeare, seems to have viewed this passage in the same light:

“ And these sweet *veins* by nature rightly plac'd,

“ Wherewith she seems the white *skin* to have lac'd,

“ She soon doth alter.” *The Mooncalf*, 1627. MALONE.

We learn from a quotation in n. 5, that by *blue windows* were

To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—
Such, and such, pictures;—There the window:—

Such

The adornment of her bed;—The arras, figures,
*Why, such, and such:⁷—And the contents o'the
story,—

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!⁸—Come off, come off;—
[Taking off her bracelet.

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,

meant *blue eye-lids*; and indeed our author has dwelt on corresponding imagery in *The Winter's Tale*:

" ——— violets, dim,

" But sweeter than the *lids* of Juno's eyes."

A particular description therefore of the same objects, might, in the present instance, have been designed. STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *The arras, figures,*

Why, such, and such:] We should print, says Mr. M. Mason, thus: " ——— the arras-figures; that is, the figures of the arras." But, I think, he is mistaken. It appears from what Iachimo says afterwards, that he had noted, not only the figures of the arras, but the stuff of which the arras was composed:

" ——— It was hang'd

" With *tapestry* of *silk* and *silver*; the story

" Proud Cleopatra," &c.

Again, in A & V:

" ——— averring notes

" Of chamber-hanging, *pictures*," &c. MALONE.

⁸ ——— *but as a monument,*

Thus in a chapel lying!] Shakspeare was here thinking of the recumbent whole-length figures, which in his time were usually placed on the tombs of considerable persons. The head was always reposed upon a pillow. He has again the same allusion in his *Rape of Lucrece*. [See Mr. Malone's edit. Vol. X. p. 109, n. 4.] See also Vol. IX. p. 131, n. 7. MALONE.

As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted,¹ like the crimson drops
 I'the bottom of a cowslip:² Here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
 Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and
 ta'en

The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what
 end?

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
 Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
 The tale of Tereus;³ here the leaf's turn'd down,

¹ ——— On her left breast

A mole cinque-spotted,] Our author certainly took this circumstance from some translation of Boccacio's novel; for it does not occur in the imitation printed in *Westward for Smelts*, which the reader will find at the end of this play. In the DECAMERONE, *Ambrogiuolo*, (the Iachimo of our author,) who is concealed in a chest in the chamber of Madonna Gineura, (whereas in *Westward for Smelts* the contemner of female chastity hides himself under the lady's bed,) wishing to discover some particular mark about her person, which might help him to deceive her husband, "at last espied a large mole under her left breast, with several hairs round it, of the colour of gold."

Though this mole is said in the present passage to be on Imogen's breast, in the account that Iachimo afterwards gives to Posthumus, our author has adhered closely to his original:

" ——— under her breast

" (Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud

" Of that most delicate lodging." MALONE.

This is the passage very properly referred to by Mr. Malone, in p. 3; though (his printer having changed his reference from 354 to 364) it was not discovered till after the four first sheets of the present play were worked off. STEEVENS.

² ——— like the crimson drops

I'the bottom of a cowslip:] This simile contains the smallest out of a thousand proofs that Shakspeare was an observer of nature, though, in this instance, no very accurate describer of it, for the drops alluded to are of a deep yellow. STEEVENS.

³ ——— She hath been reading late

The tale of Tereus;] [See *Rape of Lucrece*, Mr. Malone's

Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night!⁴—that
dawning

May bare the raven's eye:⁵ I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[Clock strikes.

One, two, three,⁶—Time, time!

[Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.

edit. Vol. X. p. 149, n. 1.] *Tereus and Progne* is the second tale in *A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure*, printed in quarto, in 1576. The same tale is related in Gower's *Poem de Confessione Amantis* B. V. fol. 113, b. and in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Lib. VI.

MALONE.

⁴ ———you dragons of the night!] The task of drawing the chariot of night was assigned to dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness. Milton mentions the dragon yoke of night in *Il Penseroso*; and in his *Masque at Ludlow Castle*:

“ ——— the dragon womb

“ Of Stygian darkness.”

It may be remarked, that the whole tribe of serpents sleep with their eyes open, and therefore appear to exert a constant vigilance. See Vol. XIV. p. 292, n. 2. STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— that dawning

May bare the raven's eye:] The old copy has—*bear*. The correction was proposed by Mr. Theobald; and I think properly adopted by Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

The poet means no more than that the light might wake the raven; or, as it is poetically expressed, *bare his eye*.

STEEVENS.

It is well known that the raven is a very early bird, perhaps earlier than the lark. Our poet says of the crow, (a bird whose properties resemble very much those of the raven,) in his *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ O Cressida, but that the busy day

“ Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribbald crows —”

HEATH.

⁶ One, two, three,] Our author is hardly ever exact in his computation of time. Just before Imogen went to sleep, she asked her attendant what hour it was, and was informed by her, it was

SCENE III.

An Ante-Chamber adjoining Imogen's Apartment.

Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

1. LORD. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

CLO. It would make any man cold to lose.

1. LORD. But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship; You are most hot, and furious, when you win.

CLO. Winning will put any man into courage: If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

1. LORD. Day, my lord.

CLO. I would this musick would come: I am advised to give her musick o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

almost midnight. Iachimo, immediately after she has fallen asleep, comes from the trunk, and the present soliloquy cannot have consumed more than a few minutes:—yet we are now told that it is three o'clock. MALONE.

SONG.

*Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,⁷
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chalic'd flowers that lies;⁸*

[Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,] The same hyperbole occurs in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book V:

" ——— ye birds

" That fing'ring up to heaven's gate ascend."

Again, in Shakspeare's 29th Sonnet:

" Like to the lark at break of day arising

" From fullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate."

STEEVENS.

Perhaps Shakspeare had Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe* in his mind, when he wrote this song:

" ——— who is't now we hear?

" None but the lark so thril and clear;

" Now at heaven's gates she claps her wings,

" The morn not waking till she sings.

" *Hark, hark ———.*" REED.

In this song, Shakspeare might have imitated some of the following passages:

" The besy larke, the messager of day,

" Saleweth in hire song the morwe gray:

" And firy Phebus riseth up so bright," &c.

Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, v. 1493, Tyrwhitt's edition.

" Lyke as the larke upon the somers daye

" Whan Titan radiant burnisheth his bemes bright,

" Mounteth on hye, with her melodious laye

" Of the sone shyne engladed with the lyght."

Skelton's *Crowne of Laurels*.

" Wake now my love, awake; for it is time,

" The rosy morne long since left Tithon's bed,

" Allready to her silver coach to clime;

" And Phœbus 'gins to shew his glorious head.

" Harke, how the cheerful birds do chaunt their layes,

" And carol of love's praise.

" The merry larke her mattins sings aloft,—

*And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes ;⁹
With every thing that pretty bin :²
My lady sweet, arise ;
Arise, arise.*

“ Ah my dere love, why doe ye sleepe thus long
“ When meeter were that ye should now awake.”

Spenser's *Epithamations*

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Lo here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
“ From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
“ And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
“ The sun ariseth in his majesty.”

I am unable to decide whether the following lines in Du Bartas were written before Shakspeare's song, or not :

“ La gentille alouette avec son tire-lire,
“ Tire-lire, à lirè, & tire-lirant tire,
“ Vers la voute du ciel, puis son vol vers ce lieu
“ Vire, & desire dire adieu Dieu, adieu Dieu.”

DOUCE.

* *His floods to water at those springs*

On chalic'd flowers that lies ;] i. e. the morning sun dries up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers. WARBURTON.

It may be noted that the cup of a flower is called *calix*, whence *chalice*. JOHNSON.

— *those springs*

On chalic'd flowers that lies ;] It may be observed, with regard to this apparent false concord, that in very old English, the third person plural of the present tense endeth in *eth*, as well as the singular; and often familiarly in *es*, as might be exemplified from Chaucer, &c. Nor was this antiquated idiom worn out in our author's time, as appears from the following passage in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
“ Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes :”

as well as from many others in the *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*.

PERCY.

Dr. Percy might have added, that the third person plural of the Anglo-Saxon present tense ended in *eth*, and of the Dano-Saxon in *es*, which seems to be the original of such very ancient English idioms. TOLLET.

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will consider
your musick the better:³ if it do not, it is a vice

Shakspeare frequently offends in this manner against the rules of grammar. So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
"Where lo, *two lamps*, burnt out, in darkness *lies*."

STEEVENS!

See also Vol. IV. p. 73, n. 5; and Vol. VIII. p. 110, n. 3. There is scarcely a page of our author's works in which similar false concords may not be found: nor is this inaccuracy peculiar to his works, being found in many other books of his time and of the preceding age. Following the example of all the former editors, I have silently corrected the error, in all places except where either the metre, or rhymes, rendered correction impossible. Whether it is to be attributed to the poet or his printer, it is such a gross offence against grammar, as no modern eye or ear could have endured, if from a wish to exhibit our author's writings with strict fidelity it had been preserved. The reformation therefore, it is hoped, will be pardoned, and considered in the same light as the substitution of modern for ancient orthography. MALONE.

⁹ *And winking Mary-buds begin*

To ope their golden eyes;] The *marigold* is supposed to shut itself up at sunset. So, in one of Browne's Pastorals:

"—— the day is waxen olde,
"And gins to shut up *with the marigold*." STEEVENS.

² ——— *pretty bin*:] is very properly restored by Sir Thomas Hanmer, for *pretty is*; but he too grammatically reads:

With all the things that pretty bin. JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. i:

"That which of them to take, in diverse doubt they *been*."

Again, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

"Sir, you may boast your flockes and herdes, that *bin* both
fresh and fair."

Again:

"As fresh as *bin* the flowers in May."

Again:

"Oenone, while we *bin* disposed to walk."

Kirkman ascribes this piece to Shakspeare. The real author was George Peele. STEEVENS.

³ ——— *I will consider your musick the better*:] i. e. I will pay you more amply for it. So, in *The Winter's Tale*, A& IV:
"being something gently *consider'd*, I'll bring you" &c.

STEEVENS.

in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts,⁴ nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend. [*Exeunt Musicians.*

Enter CYMBELINE and Queen.

2. LORD. Here comes the king.

CLO. I am glad, I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

CYM. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?

Will she not forth?

CLO. I have assail'd her with musick, but she vouchsafes no notice.

CYM. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

QUEEN. You are most bound to the king:
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourself
To orderly solicits;⁵ and be friended⁶

⁴ — cats-guts,] The old copy reads—*calves-guts*.

STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. In the preceding line *voice*, which was printed instead of *vice*, was corrected by the same editor. MALONE.

⁵ *To orderly solicits*;] i. e. regular courtship, courtship after the established fashion. STEEVENS.

The oldest copy reads—*solicity*. The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

With aptness of the season: make denials
 Increase your services: so seem, as if
 You were inspir'd to do those duties which
 You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
 Save when command to your dismissal tends,
 And therein you are senseless.

CLO.

Senseless? not so,

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
 The one is Caius Lucius.

CYM.

A worthy fellow,

Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
 But that's no fault of his: We must receive him
 According to the honour of his sender;
 And towards himself his goodness forespent on us
 We must extend our notice.⁷—Our dear son,
 When you have given good morning to your
 mistress,
 Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need

⁶ ——— and be friended &c.] We should read:

——— and befriended

With aptness of the season.

That is, "with solicitations not only proper but well timed. So Terence says: "In tempore ad eam veni, quod omnium rerum est primum." M. MASON.

⁷ *And towards himself his goodness forespent on us*

We must extend our notice.] i. e. The good offices done by him to us heretofore. WARBURTON.

That is, we must extend towards himself our notice of his goodness heretofore shewn to us. Our author has many similar ellipses So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"Thine honourable metal may be wrought

"From what it is dispos'd [to]."

See Vol. XV. p. 392, n. 3; and Vol. XVI. p. 185, u. 2.

MALONE.

To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt* Cym. Queen, Lords, and Mess.

CLO. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—
[*Knocks.*

I know her women are about her; What
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and
makes

Diana's rangers false themselves,⁹ yield up
Their deer to the stand of the stealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the
thief;

Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man:
What

Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave.

[*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

LADY. Who's there, that knocks?

CLO. A gentleman.

LADY. No more?

CLO. Yes, and a gentlewoman's sons

LADY. That's more

Than some, whose tailors are dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's pleasure?

⁹ ——— false *themselves*,] Perhaps, in this instance, *false* is not an *adjective*, but a *verb*; and as such is used in *The Comedy of Errors*: "Nay, not sure, in a thing *falsing*." See Vol. X. p. 237.

2. 4. Spenser often has it:

"Thou *falsed* hast thy faith with perjury." STEEVENS.

CLO. Your lady's person: Is she ready?

LADY.

Ay,

To keep her chamber.

CLO. There's gold for you; sell me your good report.

LADY. How! my good name? or to report of you

What I shall think is good?—The princess—

Enter IMOGEN.

CLO. Good-morrow, fairest sister: Your sweet hand.

IMO. Good-morrow, sir: You lay out too much pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

CLO.

Still, I swear, I love you.

IMO. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

CLO.

This is no answer.

IMO. But that you shall not say I yield, being
silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: 'faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.⁹

CLO. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

⁹ ——— one of your great knowing

Should learn being taught, forbearance.] i. e. A man who is
taught forbearance should learn it. JOHNSON.

IMO. Fools are not mad folks.²

CLO.

Do you call me fool?

IMO. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal:³ and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself) I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.

CLO.

You sin against

Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract⁴ you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot;⁵

² *Fools are not mad folks.*] This, as Cloten very well understands it, is a covert mode of calling him fool. The meaning implied is this: If I am mad, as you tell me, I am what you can never be, *Fools are not mad folks.* STEEVENS.

³ — *so verbal* :] is, *so verbose*, so full of talk. JOHNSON.

⁴ *The contract &c.*] Here Shakspeare has not preserved, with his common nicety, the uniformity of character. The speech of Cloten is rough and harsh, but certainly not the talk of one,

“Who can't take two from twenty, for his heart,

“And leave eighteen.—”

His argument is just and well enforced, and its prevalence is allowed throughout all civil nations: as for rudeness, he seems not to be much undermatched. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *in self-figur'd knot*;] This is nonsense. We should read—*self-finger'd knot.* i. e. A knot solely of their own tying,

Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
 The consequence o' the crown; and must not foil⁵
 The precious note of it with a base slave,
 A hilding for a livery,⁶ a squire's cloth,
 A pantler, not so eminent.

IMO.

Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
 But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
 To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
 Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
 Comparative for your virtues,⁷ to be styl'd
 The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
 For being preferr'd so well.

CLO.

The south-fog rot him!

IMO. He never can meet more mischance, than
 come

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
 That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
 In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
 Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?⁸

without any regard to parents, or other more publick considerations.

WARBURTON.

But why nonsense? A *self-figured knot* is a knot formed by your-
 self. JOHNSON.

⁵ ——— foil —] Old copy—*foil*. See Vol. XVIII. p. 208, n. 5.

STEEVENS.

⁶ *A hilding for a livery,*] A low fellow, only fit to wear a
 livery, and serve as a lacquey. See Vol. IX. p. 262, n. 8; and
 Vol. XIII. p. 13, n. 2; and p. 423, n. 4. MALONE.

⁷ ——— if 'twere made

Comparative for your virtues,] If it were considered as a
compensation adequate to your virtues, to be styl'd, &c. MALONE.

⁸ *Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?*] Sir T.
 Hamner regulates this line thus:

———— all made such men.

Clot. How now?

IMO. Pisanio! JOHNSON.

Enter PISANIO.

CLO. His garment? Now, the devil —

IMO. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently: —

CLO. His garment?

IMO. I am sprighted with a fool;⁹
Frighted, and anger'd worse: — Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm;² it was thy master's: 'shrew
me,

If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:³
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

IMO. I hope so: go, and search. [Exit Pis.]

CLO. You have abus'd me: —
His meanest garment?

⁹ *I am sprighted with a fool;*] i. e. I am haunted by a fool, as by a *spright*. *Over-sprighted* is a word that occurs in *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608. Again, in our author's *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ——— Julius Cæsar,

“ Who at Philippi the good Brutus *ghosted*.” STEEVENS.

² ——— a jewel, that too casually

Hath left mine arm;] That hath *accidentally* fallen from my arm by my too great negligence. MALONE.

³ *Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:*] *Arm* is here used by Shakspeare as a dissyllable. MALONE.

I must on this occasion repeat my protest against the whole tribe of such unauthorized and unpronounceable dissyllabifications. I would read the now imperfect line before us, as I suppose it came from our author:

Last night it was upon mine arm; I kiss'd it. STEEVENS.

IMO. Ay ; I said so, fir.
 If you will make't an action, call witnesses to't.³
 CLO. I will inform your father.
 IMO. Your mother too:
 She's my good lady⁴ and will conceive, I hope,
 But the worst of me. So I leave you, fir,
 To the worst of discontent. [Exit.
 CLO. I'll be reveng'd: —
 His meanest garment? — Well. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

POST. Fear it not, fir: I would, I were so sure
 To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
 Will remain hers.

PHI. What means do you make to him?

POST. Not any; but abide the change of time;
 Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
 That warmer days would come:⁵ In these fear'd
 hopes,

³ ——— call witnesses to't.] I cannot help regarding the redundant
 — to't, as an interpolation. The sense is obvious, and the metre
 perfect without it. STEEVENS.

⁴ She's my good lady;] This is said ironically. *My good lady*
 is equivalent to — my good friend. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:
 “ ——— and when you come to court, stand my good lord, pray, in
 your good report.” MALONE.

⁵ Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
 That warmer days would come:] I believe we should read
 winter-state, not winter's state. M. MASON.

I barely gratify your love ; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

PHI. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus : Caius Lucius
Will do his commission thoroughly : And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute,⁶ send the arrearages,
Or look⁷ upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

POST. I do believe,
(Statist⁸ though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions,⁹ now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages)² will make
known

⁶ *He'll grant the tribute,*] See p. 9, n. 7. MALONE.

⁷ *Or look* —] This the modern editors had changed into *E'er* look. *Or* is used for *e'er*. So, Gawin Douglas, in his translation of *Virgil* :

“ ——— sufferit he also,

“ *Or* he his goddes brocht in Latio.”

See also Vol. IV. p. 11, n. 3; and Vol. XI. p. 432, n. 3.

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Statist* —] i. e. Statesman. See note on *Hamlet*, Act V. sc. ii.

STEEVENS.

⁹ *The legions,*] Old copy — *legion*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald.
So afterwards :

“ And that the *legions* now in Gallia are

“ Full weak to undertake our war,” &c. MALONE.

² — mingled with their courages —] The old folio has this odd reading :

——— *Their discipline*

(*Now wing-led with their courages*) will make known —.

JOHNSON.

To their approvers,³ they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

PHI. See! Iachimo!

POST. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

PHI. Welcome, sir.

POST. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

IACH. Your lady
Is one the fairest that I have look'd upon.⁴

POST. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,⁵
And be false with them.

Their discipline (now wing-led with their courages) may mean their discipline borrowing wings from their courage; i. e. their military knowledge being animated by their natural bravery.

STEEVENS.

The same error that has happened here being often found in these plays, I have not hesitated to adopt the emendation which was made by Mr. Rowe, and received by all the subsequent editors: Thus we have in the last act of *King John*, *wind*, instead of *mind*; in *Antony and Cleopatra*, *winds*, instead of *minds*; in *Measure for Measure*, *flawes*, instead of *flames*, &c. See Vol. XVIII. p. 188, n. 5.

STEEVENS.

³ To their approvers,] i. e. To those who try them.

WARBURTON.

⁴ Is one the fairest &c.] So, p. 59:

“ ——— And he is one

“ The truest manner'd —.”

The interpolated old copy, however, reads, to the injury of the metre:

Is one of the fairest &c. STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— or let her beauty

Look through a casement to allure false hearts,] So, in *Timon of Athens*:

IACH. Here are letters for you.

POST. Their tenour good, I trust.

IACH. 'Tis very like.

PHI. Was Caius Lucius⁶ in the Britain court,
When you were there?

IACH. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.⁷

POST. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

IACH. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

POST. The stone's too hard to come by.

IACH. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

POST. Make not, fir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

IACH. Good fir, we must,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought

" — let not those milk paps,
" That through the window bars bore at men's eyes,
" Make soft thy trenchant sword." MALONE.

⁶ Phi. Was Caius Lucius &c.] This speech in the old copy is given to Posthumus. I have transferred it to Philario, to whom it certainly belongs, on the suggestion of Mr. Steevens, who justly observes that "Posthumus was employed in reading his letters."
MALONE.

⁷ But not approach'd.] Sir Thomas Hanmer supplies the apparent defect in this line, by reading:

But was not yet approach'd. STEEVENS.

So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value ; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was——⁷

POST.

This is true ;⁸

And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

IACH.

More particulars

Must justify my knowledge.

POST.

So they must,

Or do your honour injury.

IACH.

The chimney

Is south the chamber ; and the chimney-piece,

Chaste Dian, bathing : never saw I figures

So likely to report themselves :⁹ the cutter

Was as another nature, dumb ;² outwent her,

Motion and breath left out.

⁷ ——— which, I wonder'd,

Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,

Since the true life on't was —] This passage is nonsense as it stands, and therefore the editors have supposed it to be an imperfect sentence. But I believe we should amend it by reading

Such the true life on't was,
instead of *since*. We frequently say the life of a picture, or of a statue ; and without alteration the sentence is complete.

M. MASON.

⁸ *This is true ;*] The present deficiency in the metre, shows that some word has been accidentally omitted in this or in the preceding hemistich. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads :

Why, this is true. STEEVENS.

⁹ *So likely to report themselves :*] So near to speech. The Italians call a portrait, when the likeness is remarkable, a *speaking picture*.

JOHNSON.

² *Was as another nature, dumb ;*] The meaning is this : The sculptor was as nature, but as nature dumb ; he gave every thing that nature gives, but breath and motion. In breath is included speech.

JOHNSON.

POST.

This is a thing,

Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

IACH.

The roof o'the chamber

With golden cherubins is fretted:² Her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.³

² *With golden cherubins is fretted:*] The same tawdry image occurs again in *King Henry VIII*:

“ ——— their dwarfish pages were

“ As cherubins, all gilt.”

The sole recommendation of this gothick idea, which is critically repeated by modern artists, seems to be, that it occupies but little room on canvas or marble; for chubby, unmeaning faces, with ducks' wings tucked under them, are all the circumstances that enter into the composition of such infantine and absurd representatives of the choirs of heaven. STEEVENS.

—— *fretted:*] So, again, in *Hamlet*: “ ——— this majestic roof, fretted with golden fire —.” So, Spenser's *Faery Queen*, Book II. ch. ix:

“ In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold

“ Was fretted all about, she was array'd.” MALONE.

³ ——— nicely

Depending on their brands.] I am not sure that I understand this passage. Perhaps Shakspeare meant that the figures of the Cupids were nicely poised on their inverted torches, one of the legs of each being taken off the ground, which might render such a support necessary. STEEVENS.

I have equal difficulty with Mr. Steevens in explaining this passage. Here seems to be a kind of tautology. I take *brands* to be a part of the *andirons*, on which the wood for the fire was supported, as the upper part, in which was a kind of rack to carry a spit, is more properly termed the andiron. These irons, on which the wood lies across, generally called *dogs*, are here termed *brands*. WHALLEY.

It should seem from a passage in *The Black Book*, a pamphlet published in 1604, that andirons in our author's time were sometimes formed in the shape of human figures: “ ——— ever and anon turning about to the chimney, where he saw a paire of corpulent

POST. This is her honour! —
 Let it be granted,⁴ you have seen all this,⁵ (and
 praise

Be given to your remembrance,) the description
 Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
 The wager you have laid.

IACH. Then, if you can,
 [*Pulling out the bracelet.*

Be pale;⁶ I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
 And now 'tis up again: It must be married
 To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

POST. Jove!—
 Once more let me behold it: Is it that
 Which I left with her?

IACH. Sir, (I thank her,) that:
 She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
 Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
 And yet enrich'd it too:⁷ She gave it me, and said,
 She priz'd it once.

gigantick andirons, that stood like two burgomasters at both corners."
 Instead of these corpulent burgomasters, Imogen had Cupids.

The author of the pamphlet might, however, only have meant
 that the andirons he describes were uncommonly large.

MALONE.

⁴ *Let it be granted, &c.*] Surely, for the sake of metre, we
 should read, with some former editor:

Be it granted, &c. STEEVENS.

⁵ *This is her honour!*—

Let it be granted, you have seen all this, &c.] The expression
 is ironical. Iachimo relates many particulars, to which Posthumus
 answers with impatience,

"This is her honour!"—

That is, And the attainment of this knowledge is to pass for the
 corruption of her honour. JOHNSON.

⁶ ——— if you can,

Be pale;] If you can forbear to flush your cheek with rage.

JOHNSON.

⁷ *And yet enrich'd it too:]* The adverb—*too*, which hurts the

POST. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

IACH. She writes so to you? doth she?

POST. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this
too; [*Gives the ring.*

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance;
love,

Where there's another man: The vows of women⁶
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—
O, above measure false!

PHI. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women,⁷ being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her.⁸

POST, Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't:—Back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

IACH. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

POST. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am
sure,

metre, might safely be omitted, the expression being sufficiently forcible without it. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *The vows of women* —] The love vowed by women no more abides with him to whom it is vowed, than women adhere to their virtue. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *if one of her women,*] *Of* was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁸ *Hath stolen it from her.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer, (for some words are here deficient) has perfected the metre by reading:

Might not have stolen it from her. STEEVENS.

She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable:⁸ — They induc'd to
steal it!

And by a stranger?—No; he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance⁹ of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly. —

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

PHI.

Sir, be patient:

This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one perswaded well of——

POST.

Never talk on't:

She hath been colted by him.

IACH.

If you seek

For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing.)² lies a mole, right proud

⁸ ——— her attendants are

All sworn, and honourable:] It was anciently the custom for the attendants on our nobility and other great personages (as it is now for the servants of the king) to take an oath of fidelity, on their entrance into office. In the household book of the 5th earl of Northumberland (compiled A. D. 1512) it is expressly ordered [p. 49] that “what person soever he be that commyth to my Lordes service, that incontynent after he be intred in the chequyrroull [check-roll] that he be sworn in the countyng-hous by a gentillman-usher or yeman-usher in the presence of the hede officers; and on theire absence before the clerke of the kethynge either by such an oath as is in the *Book of Othes*, yff any such [oath] be, or ells by such an oth as thei shall seyme beste by their discretion.”

Even now every servant of the king's, at his first appointment, is sworn in, before a gentleman usher, at the lord chamberlain's office. PERCY.

⁹ *The cognizance* —] The badge; the token; the visible proof.
JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry VI.* Part I:

“As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate.” STEEVENS.

² (*Worthy the pressing,*)] Thus the modern editions. The old folio reads:

(*Worthy her pressing,*)——. JOHNSON.

Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

POST. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

IACH. Will you hear more?

POST. Spare your arithmetick: never count the
turns;

Once, and a million!

IACH. I'll be sworn,—

POST. No swearing.

If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

IACH. I will deny nothing.

POST. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-
meal!

I will go there, and do't; i'the court; before
Her father:—I'll do something—— [Exit.

PHI. Quite besides

The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath³
He hath against himself.

IACH. With all my heart.

[Excunt.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. The compositor was probably thinking of the word *her* in the preceding line, which he had just composed. MALONE.

³ ——— pervert the present wrath—] i. e. turn his wrath to another course. MALONE.

To *pervert*, I believe, only signifies to *avert* his wrath from himself, without any idea of turning it against another person. To

SCENE V.

The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

POST. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? ⁴ We are bastards all; ⁵
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: ⁶ Yet my mother seem'd

what other course it could have been diverted by the advice of
Philario and Iachimo, Mr. Malone has not informed us.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Is there no way &c.*] Milton was very probably indebted to
this speech for one of the sentiments which he has imparted to
Adam, *Paradise Lost*, Book X:

" ——— O, why did God,
" Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
" With spirits masculine, create at last
" This novelty on earth, this fair defect
" Of nature, and not fill the world at once
" With men, as angels, without feminine,
" Or find some other way to generate
" Mankind?"

See also *Rhodomont's* invective against women in the *Orlando
Furioso*; and above all, a speech which Euripides has put into the
mouth of Hippolytus, in the tragedy that bears his name.

STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— *We are bastards all;*] Old copies—*We are all bastards.*
The necessary transposition of the word—*all*, was Mr. Pope's.

STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— *was I know not where*
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit:] We have again the same image in
Measure for Measure:

The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
 The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance!
 Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
 And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
 A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
 Might well have warm'd old Saturn;⁶ that I thought
 her

As chaste as unfunn'd snow:—O, all the devils!—
 This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—
 Or less,—at first: Perchance he spoke not; but,
 Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,⁷

“ ——— It were as good
 “ To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
 “ A man already made, as to remit
 “ Their saucy sweetness, *that do coin heaven's image*
 “ In stamps that are forbid.” MALONE.

⁶ *Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
 And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
 A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
 Might well have warm'd old Saturn;*] It certainly carries
 with it a very elegant sense, to suppose the lady's denial was so
 modest and delicate as even to inflame his desires: But may we
 not read it thus?

And pray'd me oft forbearance: Did it &c.

i. e. complied with his desires in the sweetest reserve; taking *did*
 in the acceptation in which it is used by Jonson and Shakspeare in
 many other places. WHALLEY.

See Vol. VI. p. 19, n. 8.—The more obvious interpretation is
 in my opinion the true one.

Admitting Mr. Whalley's notion to be just, the latter part of
 this passage may be compared with one in Juvenal, Sat. IV. though
 the *pudency* will be found wanting:

————— omnia fient

Ad verum, quibus incendi jam frigidus ævo

Laomedontiades, & Nestoris hernia possit. MALONE.

⁷ ——— a German one,] Here, as in many other places, we
 have—*on* in the old copy, instead of—*one*. See Vol. XI. p. 390,
 n. 6.

In *King Henry IV.* Part II. Falstaff assures Mrs. Quickly, that—
 “ the German hunting in water-work is worth a thousand of these

Cry'd, *oh!* and mounted: found no opposition
 But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
 Should from encounter guard.⁸ Could I find out
 The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
 It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it,
 The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
 Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice longings, flanders, mutability,
 All faults that may be nam'd,⁹ nay, that hell knows,
 Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all:
 For even to vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still

bed-hangings." In other places, where our author has spoken of the *hunting* of the *boar*, a *German* one must have been in his thoughts, for the boar was never, I apprehend, hunted in England.

Mr. Pope and Dr. Warburton read—a *churning on*; and, what is still more extraordinary, this strange sophistication has found its way into Dr. Johnson's most valuable Dictionary. MALONE.

⁸ — found no opposition

But what he look'd for should oppose, and she

Should from encounter guard.] Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read:

—— found no opposition

From what he look'd for should oppose, &c.

This alteration probably escaped the observation of the late Mr. Edwards, or it would have afforded occasion for some pleasant commentary. T. C.

Thomas Harvey his Epistle to Sir T. H. and Thomas Potter his Epigram on Dr. W. sufficiently demonstrate how little these criticks were at home, when they presumed on any circumstance touching the premises which our author hath, in this place, somewhat obscurely figured. AMNER.

⁹ — that may be nam'd,] Thus the second folio. The first, with its usual disposition to blundering:

All faults that name.

I have met with no instance in the English language, even tending to prove that the verb—to name, ever signified—to have a name.

STEEVENS.

One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them.
 Detest them, curse them:—Yet 'tis greater skill
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
 The very devils cannot plague them better.⁹ [*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Britain. *A Room of State in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and Lords, at one door; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS, and Attendants.

CYM. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?²

LUC. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet

Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues,
 Be theme, and hearing ever,) was in this Britain,
 And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,³

⁹ ——— to pray they have their will:

The very devils cannot plague them better.] So, in Sir Thomas More's *Comfort against Tribulation*: "God could not lightly do a man more vengeance, than in this world to grant him his own foolish wishes." STEEVENS.

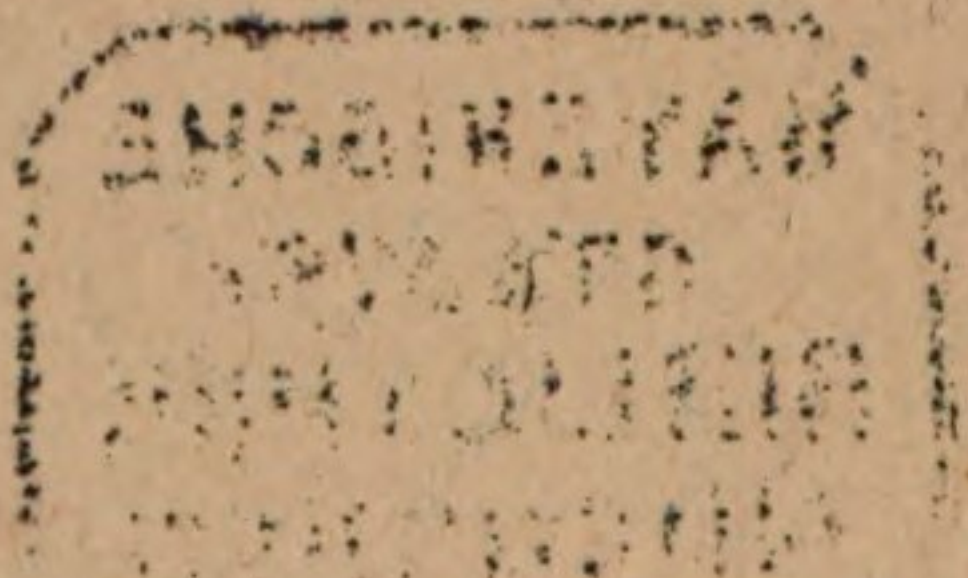
² *Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?*] So, in *King John*:

"Now say, Chatillon, what would France with us?"

STEEVENS.

³ ——— *thine uncle,*] Cassibelan was great uncle to Cymbeline, who was son to Tenantius, the nephew of Cassibelan. See p. 9, n. 7.

MALONE.



(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it,) for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

QUEEN. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

CLO. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay,
For wearing our own noses.

QUEEN. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to resume
We have again. — Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with
The natural bravery of our isle; which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscalable,⁴ and roaring waters;
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of
conquest

Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*: with shame
(The first that ever touch'd him,) he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
(Poor ignorant baubles!⁵) on our terrible seas,

⁴ *With rocks unscalable,*] This reading is Sir T. Hanmer's.
The old editions have:

With oaks unscalable. JOHNSON.

"The strength of our land consists of our seamen in their
wooden forts and castles; our *rocks*, *shelves*, and *firtes*, that lye
along our coasts; and our trayned bands." From chapter 109 of
Barisse's *Military Discipline*, 1639, seemingly from Tooke's *Legend
of Britomart*. TOLLET.

⁵ (*Poor ignorant baubles!*)] *Unacquainted* with the nature of our
boisterous seas. JOHNSON.



Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our rocks: For joy whereof,
 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
 (O, giglot fortune!⁶) to master Cæsar's sword,⁷
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
 And Britons strut with courage.

CLO. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid:
 Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time;
 and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other
 of them may have crook'd noses; but, to owe such
 straight arms, none.

CYM. Son, let your mother end.

CLO. We have yet many among us can gripe as
 hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but I
 have a hand. — Why tribute? why should we pay
 tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a
 blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay
 him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray
 you now.

CYM. You must know,
 Till the injurious Romans did extort

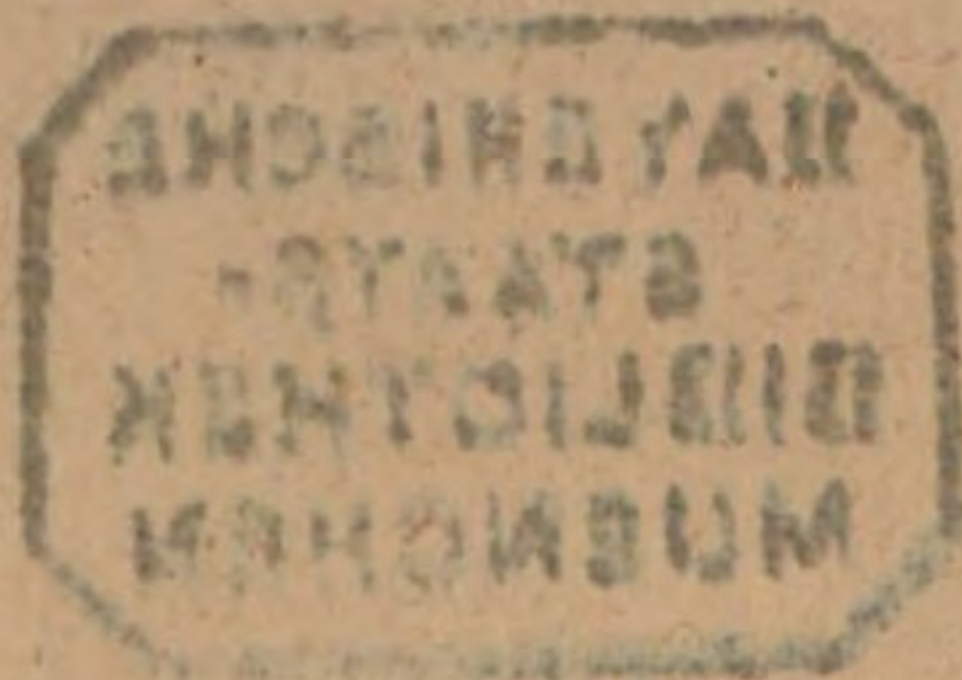
⁶ *O, giglot fortune!*] O false and inconstant fortune! A *giglot* was a strumpet. See Vol. VI. p. 201, n. 4; and Vol. XIV. p. 136, n. 2. So, in *Hamlet*:

“Out, out, thou strumpet fortune!”

⁷ *The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point*

— to master Cæsar's sword,] Shakspeare has here transferred to Cassibelan an adventure which happened to his brother Nennius. “The same historie (says Holinshed) also maketh mention of Nennius, brother to Cassibelane, who in fight happened to get Cæsar's sword fastened in his shield by a blow which Cæsar stroke at him. — But Nennius died within 15 dayes after the battel, of the hurt received at Cæsar's hand, although after he was hurt he slew Labienus one of the Roman tribunes.” Book III. ch. xlii. Nennius, we are told by Geoffrey of Monmouth, was buried with great funeral pomp, and Cæsar's sword placed in his tomb.

MALONE.



This tribute from us,⁶ we were free: Cæsar's ambition,

(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o'the world,) against all colour,⁷ here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws; (whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise,
chise,

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius,⁸
Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.⁹

⁶ *This tribute from us,*] The unnecessary words — *from us*, only derange the metre, and are certainly an interpolation. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *against all colour,*] Without any pretence of right.

JOHNSON:

So, in *King Henry IV. Part I*:

"For, of no right, nor colour like to right, —." STEEVENS.

⁸ *Mulmutius,*] Here the old copy in contempt of metre, and regardless of the preceding words —

" ————— *Mulmutius, which*

"Ordain'd our laws;)"

most absurdly adds:

————— *made our laws, —*

I have not scrupled to drop these words; nor can suppose our readers will discover that the omission of them has created the smallest chasm in our author's sense or measure. The length of the parenthetical words (which were not then considered as such, or enclosed, as at present, in a parenthesis,) was the source of this interpolation. Read the passage without them, and the whole is clear: — *Mulmutius, which ordained our laws; Mulmutius, who was the first of Britain, &c.* STEEVENS.

⁹ ————— *Mulmutius,*

Who was the first of Britain, which did put

His brows within a golden crown, and call'd

Himself a king.] The title of the first chapter of Holinshed's

LUC. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestick officers,) thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then: — War, and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted: — Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myself.

CYM. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; ² of him I gather'd honour;

third book of the History of England is — “Of Mulmucius, the first king of Britaine who was crowned with a golden crown, his lawes, his foundations, &c.

“Mulmucius, — the sonne of Cloten, got the upper hand of the other dukes or rulers; and after his father's decease began his reigne over the whole monarchie of Britaine in the yeare of the world 3529. — He made manie good lawes, which were long after used, called *Mulmucius lawes*, turned out of the British speech into Latin by Gildas Priscus, and long time after translated out of Latin into English by Alfred king of England, and mingled in his statutes. After he had established his land, — he ordeined him, by the advice of his lords, a crowne of golde, and caused himself with great solemnity to be crowned; — and because he was the first that bare a crowne here in Britaine, after the opinion of some writers, he is named the first king of Britaine, and all the other before-rehearsed are named rulers, dukes, or governours.

“Among other of his ordinances, he appointed weights and measures, with the which men should buy and sell. And further he caused sore and streight orders for the punishment of theft.”
Holinshed, ubi supra. MALONE.

² Thou art welcome, Caius.

Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent

Much under him;] Some few hints for this part of the play are taken from Holinshed:

“Kymbeline, says he, (as some write,) was brought up at Rome, and there was made knight by Augustus Cæsar, under whom he served in the wars, and was in such favour with him, that he was at liberty to pay his tribute or not.”

“—— Yet we find in the Roman writers, that after Julius Cæsar's death, when Augustus had taken upon him the rule of the empire, the Britons refused to pay that tribute.”

Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance; ³ I am perfect, ⁴
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms: ⁵ a precedent
Which, not to read, would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

LUC. Let proof speak.

CLO. His majesty bids you welcome. Make
pastime with us a day, or two, or longer: If you
seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us

" — But whether the controversy, which appeared to fall
forth betwixt the Britons and Augustus, was occasioned by Kym-
beline, I have not a vouch."

" — Kymbeline reigned thirty-five years, leaving behind him
two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus." STEEVENS.

³ — keep at utterance;] means to keep at the extremity of
defiance. *Combat à outrance* is a desperate fight, that must conclude
with the life of one of the combatants. So, in *The History of*
Helyas Knight of the Swanne, bl. 1. no date: " — Here is my
gage to sustaine it to the utteraunce, and besight it to the death."

STEEVENS.

So, in *Macbeth*:

" Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" — will you, the knights
" Shall to the edge of all extremity
" Pursue each other," &c.

Again, *ibidem*:

" So be it, either to the uttermost,
" Or else a breath."

See Vol. XI. p. 136, n. 8. MALONE.

⁴ — I am perfect,] I am well informed. So, in *Macbeth*:

" — in your state of honour I am perfect." JOHNSON.

See Vol. XI. p. 202, n. 2. STEEVENS.

" — the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for

Their liberties, are now in arms:] The insurrection of the Pan-
nonians and Dalmatians for the purpose of throwing off the Roman
yoke, happened not in the reign of Cymbeline, but in that of
his father, Tenantius. MALONE.

in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

LUC. So, sir.

CYM. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter PISANIO.

PIS. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser?⁶ — Leonatus!
O, master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian
(As poisonous tongu'd, as handed,⁷) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? — Disloyal? No:
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue,⁸ — O, my master!

⁶ *What monster's her accuser?*] The old copy has — *What monsters her accuse?* The correction was suggested by Mr. Steevens. The order of the words, as well as the single person named by Pisanio, fully support the emendation. *What monsters her accuse*, for *What monsters accuse her*, could never have been written by Shakspeare in a soliloquy like the present. Mr. Pope and the three subsequent editors read — *What monsters have accus'd her?* MALONE.

⁷ — *What false Italian*

(*As poisonous tongu'd, as handed,*)] About Shakspeare's time the practice of poisoning was very common in Italy, and the suspicion of Italian poisons yet more common. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *take in some virtue.*] *To take in a town, is to conquer it.* JOHNSON.

Thy mind to her is now as low,⁹ as were
 Thy fortunes. — How! that I should murder her?
 Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
 Have made to thy command? — I, her? — her blood?
 If it be so to do good service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
 That I should seem to lack humanity,
 So much as this fact comes to? *Do't: The letter*
[Reading.

*That I have sent her, by her own command
 Shall give thee opportunity:*² — O damn'd paper!
 Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
 Art thou a feodary for this act,³ and look'st

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ — cut the Ionian seas,

“ And take in Toryne —.”

See also Vol. XVII. p. 228, u. 9. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Thy mind to her is now as low,*] That is, thy mind compared to hers is now as low, as thy condition was, compared to hers. Our author should rather have written — thy mind to *hers*; but the text, I believe, is as he gave it. MALONE.

² — *Do't: — The letter*

That I have sent her, by her own command,

Shall give thee opportunity:] Here we have another proof of what I have observed in The Dissertation at the end of *King Henry VI.* that our poet from negligence sometimes makes words change their form under the eye of the speaker; who in different parts of the same play recites them differently, though he has a paper or letter in his hand, and actually reads from it. A former instance of this kind has occurred in *All's well that ends well.* See Vol. V. p. 304, n. 7.

The words here read by Pisanio from his master's letter, (which is afterwards given at length, and in *prose*,) are not found there, though the *substance* of them is contained in it. This is one of many proofs that Shakspeare had no view to the publication of his pieces. There was little danger that such an inaccuracy should be detected by the ear of the spectator, though it could hardly escape an attentive reader. MALONE.

³ *Art thou a feodary for this act,*] A *feodary* is one who holds his estate under the tenure of suit and service to a superior lord.

HANMER.

So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.⁴

IMO. How now, Pisanio?

PIS. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

IMO. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?

How a letter could be considered as a *feudal vassal*, according to Hanmer's interpretation, I am at a loss to know. *Feodary* means, here, a *confederate*, or *accomplice*. So, Leontes says of Hermione, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"More, she's a traitor, and Camillo is

"A *federary* with her."

I also think that the word *feodary* has the same signification in *Measure for Measure*, though the other commentators do not, and have there assigned my reasons for being of that opinion.

M. MASON.

Art thou a feodary for this act,] *Art thou too combined*, art thou a *confederate*, in this act? — A *feodary* did not signify a feudal vassal, as Sir Thomas Hanmer and the subsequent editors have supposed, (though if the word had borne that signification, it certainly could not bear it here,) but was an officer appointed by the Court of Wards, by virtue of the Statute 32 Henry VIII. c. 46, to be *present with*, and *assistant* to the Escheators in every county at the finding of offices, and to give in evidence for the king. His duty was to survey the lands of the ward after office found, [i. e. after an inquisition had been made to the king's use,] and to return the true value thereof to the court, &c. "In cognoscendis rimandisque feudis (says Spelman) ad regem pertinentibus, & ad tenuras pro rege manifestandas tuendasque, operam navat; Escautori ideo *adjunctus*, omnibusque nervis regiam promovens utilitatem." He was therefore, we see, the Escheator's *associate*, and hence Shakespeare, with his usual licence, uses the word for a confederate or associate in general. The feudal vassal was not called a *feodary*, but a *feodatary* or *feudatary*. In Latin, however, *feudatarius* signified both. MALONE.

⁴ *I am ignorant in what I am commanded.*] i. e. I am unpractised in the arts of murder. STEEVENS.

So, in *King Henry IV.* Part. I:

"O, I am ignorance itself in this." MALONE.

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
 That knew the stars, as I his characters;
 He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
 Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
 Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
 That we two are asunder, let that grieve him,⁵—
 (Some griefs are med'cinable;) that is one of them;
 For it doth physick love;⁶—of his content,
 All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Blest be,
 You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
 And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
 Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
 You clasp young Cupid's tables.⁷—Good news,
 gods! [Reads.]

⁵ ——— *let that grieve him,*] I should wish to read:

Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet no;

That we two are asunder, let that grieve him! TYRWHITT.

Tyrwhitt wishes to amend this passage by reading *no*, instead of *not*, in the first line; but it is right as it stands, and there is nothing wanting to make it clear, but placing a stop longer than a comma, after the word *asunder*. The sense is this:—"Let the letter bring me tidings of my lord's health, and of his content; not of his content that we are asunder—let that circumstance grieve him; but of his content in every shape but that." M. MASON.

The text is surely right. Let what is here contained relish of my husband's content, in every thing except our being separate from each other. Let that one circumstance afflict him! MALONE.

⁶ *For it doth physick love;*] That is, grief for absence keeps love in health and vigour. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*: "It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, *physicks* the subject, makes old hearts fresh." STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *Blest be,*

You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,

And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;

Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet

You clasp young Cupid's tables.] The meaning of this, which had been obscured by printing *forfeitures* for *forfeiters*, is no more than that the bees are not blessed by the man who forfeiting a bond is sent to prison, as they are by the lover for whom they perform the more pleasing office of sealing letters. STEEVENS.

*Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would not even renew me with your eyes.*⁷ Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: What your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow,⁸ and your, increasing in love,⁹

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio? He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs

⁷ *Justice, &c.]* Old copy—*Justice, and your father's wrath, &c. could not be so cruel to me as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.* This passage, which is probably erroneous, is nonsense, unless we suppose that the word *as* has the force of *but*. “Your father's wrath could not be so cruel to me, but you could renew me with your eyes.” M. MASON.

I know not what idea this passage presented to the late editors, who have passed it in silence. As it stands in the old copy, it appears to me unintelligible. The word *not* was, I think, omitted at the press, after *would*. By its insertion a clear sense is given: Justice and the anger of your father, should I be discovered here, could not be so cruel to me, *but that you, O thou dearest of creatures, would be able to renovate my spirits by giving me the happiness of seeing you.* Mr. Pope obtained the same sense by a less justifiable method; by substituting *but* instead of *as*; and the three subsequent editors adopted that reading. MALONE.

Mr. Malone reads—“*would not,*” and I have followed him.

STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— *that remains loyal to his vow, &c.]* This subscription to the second letter of Posthumus, affords ample countenance to Mr. M. Mason's conjecture concerning the conclusion of a former one. See p. 46, n. 5. STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— *and your, increasing &c.]* We should, I think, read thus:—*and your increasing in love, Leonatus Posthumus,—to make it plain, that your is to be joined in construction with Leonatus, and not with increasing; and that the latter is a participle present, and not a noun.* TYRWHITT.

May plod it in a week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,
 (Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—
 O, let me 'bate,—but not like me:—yet long'st,—
 But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
 For mine's beyond beyond,²) say, and speak thick,³
 (Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
 To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is
 To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way,
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
 To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,
 How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,
 And our return,⁴ to excuse:—but first, how get
 hence:

Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?⁵

² For mine's beyond beyond,] The comma, hitherto placed after the first *beyond*, is improper. The second is used as a substantive; and the plain sense is, that her longing is *further than beyond*; beyond any thing that desire can be said to be beyond. RITSON.

So, in *King Lear*:

“Beyond all manner of so much I love you.” STEEVENS.

³ — speak thick,] i. e. crowd one word on another, as fast as possible. So, in *King Henry IV. Part II*:

“And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,

“Became the accents of the valiant.”

See Vol. XIII. p. 71, n. 7. Again, in *Macbeth*:

“———— as thick as tale

“Can post with post——.”

See Vol. XI. p. 36, n. 9. STEEVENS.

⁴ — from our hence-going,

And ~~our~~ return,] i. e. in consequence of our going hence and returning back. All the modern editors, adopting an alteration made by Mr. Pope, — *Till* our return.

In support of the reading of the old copy, which has been here restored, see Vol. XVII. p. 278, n. 2. MALONE.

⁵ Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?] Why should I contrive an excuse, before the act is done, for which excuse will be necessary? MALONE.

We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

PIS. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

IMO. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding
wagers,⁵

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i'the clock's behalf:⁶ — But this is
foolery: —

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father: and provide me, pre-
sently,

A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.⁷

PIS. Madam, you're best consider.⁸

IMO. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through.⁹ Away, I pr'ythee;

⁵ — of riding wagers,] Of wagers to be determined by the speed of horses. MALONE.

⁶ That run i'the clock's behalf:] This fantastical expression means no more than sand in an hour-glass, used to measure time. WARBURTON.

⁷ A franklin's housewife.] A franklin is literally a freeholder, with a small estate, neither villain nor vassal. JOHNSON.

See Vol. XII. p. 232, n. 7. STEEVENS.

⁸ Madam, you're best consider.] That is, "you'd best consider." M. MASON.

So afterwards, in sc. vi: "I were best not call." MALONE.

⁹ I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through.] The lady says: "I can see nei-
ther one way nor other, before me nor behind me, but all the ways
are covered with an impenetrable fog." There are objections

Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say;
 Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Wales, *A mountainous Country, with a Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

BEL. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
 Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys:² This
 gate

insuperable to all that I can propose, and since reason can give me
 no counsel, I will resolve at once to follow my inclination.

JOHNSON.

When Imogen speaks these words, she is supposed to have her
 face turned towards Milford; and when she pronounces the words,
nor here, nor here, she points to the right and to the left. This
 being premised, the sense is evidently this:—"I see clearly the
 way before me; but that to the right, that to the left, and that
 behind me, are all cover'd with a fog that I cannot penetrate.
 There is no more therefore to be said, since there is no way acces-
 sible but that to Milford."—The passage, however, should be
 pointed thus:

"I see before me, man;—nor here, nor here,

"Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them

"That I cannot look through."

What ensues means *what follows*; and Shakspeare uses it here, some-
 what licentiously, to express what is behind. M. MASON.

Dr. Johnson's paraphrase is not, I think, perfectly correct. I
 believe Imogen means to say, "I see neither *on this side*, nor *on*
that, nor *behind me*; but find a fog in each of those quarters that
 my eye cannot pierce. The way to Milford is alone clear and
 open: Let us therefore instantly set forward:

"Accessible is none but Milford way."

By "*what ensues*," which Dr. Johnson explains perhaps rightly,
 by the words—*behind me*, Imogen means, what will be the conse-
 quence of the step I am going to take. MALONE.

² — Stoop, boys:] The old copy reads — *Sleep*, boys:— from
 whence Sir T. Hanmer conjectured that the poet wrote — *Stoop*,

Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows
you

To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet⁹ through
And keep their impious turbands on,² without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i'the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

GUI. Hail, heaven!

ARV. Hail, heaven!

BEL. Now, for our mountain sport: Up to yon
hill,

Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Con-
sider,

When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told
you,

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd:³ To apprehend thus,

boys—as that word affords an apposite introduction to what follows. Mr. Rowe reads—*See, boys*,—which (as usual) had been silently copied. STEEVENS.

Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—*Sweet boys*; which is more likely to have been confounded by the ear with “*Sleep, boys*,” than what Sir T. Hanmer has substituted. MALONE.

⁹ — may jet —] i. e. strut, walk proudly. So, in *Twelfth Night*: “—how he jets under his advanced plumes.”

STEEVENS.

² — their impious turbands on,] The idea of a *giant* was, among the readers of romances, who were almost all the readers of those times, always confounded with that of a Saracen. JOHNSON.

³ This *service is not service*, &c.] In war it is not sufficient to do duty well; the advantage rises not from the act, but the acceptance of the act. JOHNSON.

As this seems to be intended by Bellarius as a general maxim, not

Draws us a profit from all things we see:
 And often, to our comfort, shall we find
 The sharded beetle⁴ in a safer hold
 Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
 Is nobler, than attending for a check;⁵
 Richer, than doing nothing for a babe;⁶

merely confined to services in war, I have no doubt but we should read :

That *service is not service*, &c. M. MASON.

² This *service* means, any particular service. The observation relates to the court, as well as to war. MALONE.

⁴ The sharded beetle—] i. e. the beetle whose wings are enclosed within two dry husks or shards. So, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. V. fol. 103, b :

“ That with his swerd, and with his spere,

“ He might not the serpent dere :

“ He was so sharded all aboute,

“ It held all edge toole withoute.”

Gower is here speaking of the dragon subdued by Jason.

STEEVENS.

See Vol. XI. p. 148, n. g. Cole, in his Latin Dict. 1679, has—“ A shard or crust—*Crusta* ;” which in the Latin part he interprets—“ A crust or shell, a rough casing ; shards.” “ The cases (says Goldsmith) which beetles have to their wings, are the more necessary, as they often live under the surface of the earth, in holes, which they dig out by their own industry.” These are undoubtedly the *safe holds* to which Shakspeare alludes. MALONE.

The epithet *full-wing'd* applied to the eagle, sufficiently marks the contrast of the poet's imagery ; for whilst the bird can soar towards the sun beyond the reach of the human eye, the insect can but just rise above the surface of the earth, and that at the close of day. HENLEY.

⁵ — attending for a check ;] *Check* may mean, in this place, a reproof ; but I rather think it signifies command, controul. Thus in *Troilus and Cressida*, the restrictions of Aristotle are called Aristotle's checks. STEEVENS.

⁶ — than doing nothing for a babe ;] [Dr. Warburton reads—*bauble*.] i. e. vain titles of honour gained by an idle attendance at court. But the Oxford editor reads—for a bribe. WARBURTON.

The Oxford editor knew the reason of this alteration, though his censorer knew it not.

Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for filk :
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,

Of *babe* some corrector made *bauble*; and Sir Thomas Hanmer thought himself equally authorised to make *bribe*. I think *babe* can hardly be right. It should be remembered, however, that *bauble* was anciently spelt *bable*; so that Dr. Warburton in reality has added but one letter. A *bauble* was part of the insignia of a fool. So, in *All's well that ends well*, Act IV. sc. v. the Clown says:

“ I would give his wife my *bauble*, sir.”

It was a kind of truncheon, (says Sir John Hawkins,) with a head carved on it. To this Belarius may allude, and mean that honourable poverty is more precious than a *sinécure* at court, of which the badge is a truncheon or a wand. So, in Middleton's *Game at Chesse*, 1623:

“ Art thou so cruel for an honour's *bable*?”

As, however, it was once the custom in England for favourites at court to beg the wardship of *infants* who were born to great riches, our author may allude to it on this occasion. Frequent complaints were made that *nothing was done* towards the education of these neglected orphans. STEEVENS.

I have always suspected that the right reading of this passage is what I had not in a former edition the confidence to propose:

Richer than doing nothing for a brabe;—

Brabium is a badge of honour, or the ensign of an honour, or any thing worn as a mark of dignity. The word was strange to the editors, as it will be to the reader; they therefore changed it to *babe*; and I am forced to propose it without the support of any authority. *Brabium* is a word found in Holyoak's Dictionary, who terms it a reward. Cooper, in his *Thesaurus*, defines it to be a prize, or reward for any game. JOHNSON.

A *babe* and *baby* are synonymous. A *baby* being a puppet or play-thing for children, perhaps, if there be no corruption, a *babe* here means a puppet:—but I think with Dr. Johnson that the text is corrupt. For *babe* Mr. Rowe substituted *bauble*.

Doing nothing in this passage means, I think, being *busy* in petty and unimportant employments: in the same sense as when we say, *melius est otiosum esse quam nihil agere*.

The following lines in Drayton's *Owle*, 4to. 1604, may add, however, some support to Rowe's emendation, *bable* or *bauble*:

“ Which with much sorrow brought into my mind

“ Their wretched soules, so ignorantly blinde,

“ When even the greatest things, in the world unstable,

“ Clyme but to fall, and damned for a *bable*.” MALONE.

Yet keeps his book uncross'd :⁶ no life to ours.⁷

GUI. Out of your proof you speak : we, poor
unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o'the nest ; nor know
not

What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best ; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known ; well corresponding
With your stiff age : but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance ; travelling abed ;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.⁸

ARV. What should we speak of,⁹
When we are old as you ? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing :
We are beastly ; subtle as the fox, for prey ;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat :
Our valour is, to chace what flies ; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

⁶ *Yet keeps his book uncross'd :*] So, in *Skialetheia*, a collection of Epigrams, &c. 1598 :

“ Yet stands he in the *debet book uncross'd*.” STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *no life to ours.*] i. e. compared with ours. So, p. 103 :

“ Thy mind to her is now as low,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁸ *To stride a limit.*] To overpass his bound. JOHNSON.

In the preceding line the old copy reads—A prison, or a debtor, &c. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁹ *What should we speak of,*] This dread of an old age, unsupplied with matter for discourse and meditation, is a sentiment natural and noble. No state can be more destitute than that of him, who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind. JOHNSON.

BEL.

How you speak!²

Did you but know the city's usuries,
 And felt them knowingly: the art o'the court,
 As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
 The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
 A pain that only seems to seek out danger
 I'the name of fame, and honour; which dies i'the
 search;

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
 As record of fair act; nay, many times,
 Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
 Must court'sy at the censure:—O, boys, this story
 The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
 With Roman swords; and my report was once
 First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name
 Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night,
 A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
 And left me bare to weather.³

GUI.

Uncertain favour!

BEL. My fault being nothing (as I have told you
 oft)

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
 Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
 I was confederate with the Romans: so,

² *How you speak!*] Otway seems to have taken many hints for the conversation that passes between Acasto and his sons, from the scene before us. STEEVENS.

³ *And left me bare to weather.*] So, in *Timon of Athens*:

“ That numberless upon me fluck, as leaves
 “ Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush,
 “ Fallen from their boughs, and left me, open, bare,
 “ For every storm that blows.” STEEVENS.

Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world:
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; pay'd
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up the moun-
tains;

This is not hunters' language:—He, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o'the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state.⁴ I'll meet you in the
valleys. [Exeunt GUI. and ARV.]

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little, they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up
thus meanly
I'the cave, wherein they bow,⁵ their thoughts do hit

⁴ *And we will fear no poison, which attends*

In place of greater state.] The comparative—*greater*, which violates the measure, is surely an absurd interpolation; the *low-brow'd* cave in which the princes are *meanly* educated, being a place of *no state at all*. STEEVENS.

“ ——— nulla aconita bibuntur

“ Fidilibus; tunc illa time, cum pocula fumes

“ Gemmata, & lato Setinum ardebit in auro.” *Juv.*

MALONE.

⁵ ——— *though train'd up thus meanly*

I'the cave, wherein they bow,] The old editions read:

I'the cave, whereon the bowe;

which, though very corrupt, will direct us to the true reading, [as it stands in the text.]—In this very cave, which is so low that they must bow or bend in entering it, yet are their thoughts so exalted, &c. This is the antithesis. Belarius had spoken before of the lowness of this cave:

“ A goodly day! not to keep house, with such

“ Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: This gate

“ Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you

“ To morning's holy office.” WARBURTON.

The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
 In simple and low things; to prince it, much
 Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,⁶—
 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
 The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
 When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story: say,—*Thus mine enemy fell;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture

That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,⁷

⁶ — *This Polydore,*] The old copy of the play (except here, where it may be only a blunder of the printer,) calls the eldest son of Cymbeline, Polidore, as often as the name occurs; and yet there are some who may ask whether it is not more likely that the printer should have blundered in the other places, than that he should have hit upon such an uncommon name as *Paladour* in this first instance. *Paladour* was the ancient name for *Shaftsbury*. So, in *A Meeting Dialogue-wise between Nature, the Phoenix, and the Turtle-dove*, by R. Chester, 1601:

“ This noble king builded fair Caerguent,
 “ Now cleped Winchester of worthie fame;
 “ And at mount *Paladour* he built his tent,
 “ That after-ages *Shaftsburie* hath to name.” STEEVENS.

I believe, however, *Polydore* is the true reading. In the pages of Holinshed which contain an account of Cymbeline, *Polydore* [i. e. Polydore Virgil] is often quoted in the margin; and this probably suggested the name to Shakspeare. MALONE.

Otway (see p. 114, n. 2,) was evidently of the same opinion, as he has so denominated one of the sons of Acasto in *The Orphan*.

The translations however, of both Homer and Virgil, would have afforded Shakspeare the name of *Polydore*. STEEVENS.

⁷ *The younger brother, Cadwal,*] This name is found in an ancient poem, entitled *King Arthur*, which is printed in the same collection with the *Meeting Dialogue-wise*, &c. quoted in the preceding note:

“ — Augifell, king of stout Albania,
 “ And Caduall, king of Vinedocia —.”

(Once, Arviragus,) in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd!—
O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou rest'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their
 mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.
[Exit.

In this collection one of our author's own poems was originally printed. MALONE.

See Mr. Malone's edition of our author's works, Vol. X.
p. 341, n. 9. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *I stole these babes;*] Shakspeare seems to intend Belarius for a good character, yet he makes him forget the injury which he has done to the young princes, whom he has robbed of a kingdom only to rob their father of heirs.—The latter part of this soliloquy is very inartificial, there being no particular reason why Belarius should now tell to himself what he could not know better by telling it. JOHNSON.

⁹ ——— to her grave:] i. e. to the grave of Euriphile; or, to the grave of *their mother*, as they suppose it to be. The poet ought rather to have written—to *thy* grave. MALONE.

Perhaps he did write so, and the present reading is only a corruption introduced by his printers or publishers. STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

IMO. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,
the place
Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! Man!
Where is Posthumus?² What is in thy mind,

² *Where is Posthumus?*] Shakspeare's apparent ignorance of quantity is not the least among many proofs of his want of learning. Almost throughout this play he calls *Posthumes*, *Posthumus*, and *Arviragus*, always *Arviragus*. It may be said that quantity in the age of our author did not appear to have been much regarded. In the tragédie of *Darius*, by William Alexander of Menstrie (lord Sterline) 1603, *Darius* is always called *Darius*, and *Euphrates*, *Euphrates*:

"The diadem that *Darius* erst had borne——"

"The famous *Euphrates* to be your border——."

Again, in the 21st Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"That gliding go in state like swelling *Euphrates*."

Throughout sir Arthur Gorges' translation of Lucan, *Euphrates* is likewise given instead of *Euphrates*. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare's ignorance of the quantity of *Posthumus* is the rather remarkable, as he gives it rightly both when the name first occurs, and in another place:

"To his protection; calls him *Posthumus*."

"Struck the main-top:—O, *Posthumus*! alas."

RITSON.

In *A Meeting Dialogue-wise between Nature, the Phoenix, and the Turtle-dove*, by R. Chester, 1601, *Arviragus* is introduced with the same neglect of quantity as in this play:

"Windsor, a castle of exceeding strength,

"First built by *Arviragus*, Britaine's king."

Again, by Heywood, in his *Britayne's Troy*:

"Now *Arviragus* reigns, and takes to wife

"The emperor Claudius's daughter."

That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that
 sigh

From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 Beyond self-explication: Put thyself
 Into a haviour³ of less fear, ere wildness
 Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?
 Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
 A look untender? If it be summer news,
 Smile to't before:⁴ if winterly, thou need'st
 But keep that countenance still. — My husband's
 hand!

That drug-damn'd⁵ Italy hath out-craftied him,⁶
 And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy
 tongue

It seems to have been the general rule, adopted by scholars as well as others, to pronounce Latin names like English words: Shakspeare's neglect of quantity therefore proves nothing.

MALONE.

The propriety of the foregoing remark, is not altogether confirmed by the practice of our ancient translators from classic authors. STEEVENS.

³ — *haviour* —] This word, as often as it occurs in Shakspeare, should not be printed as an abbreviation of *behaviour*. *Haviour* was a word commonly used in his time. See Spenser, Eglogue IX:

“ Their ill *haviour* garres men missay.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — *If it be summer news,*

Smile to't before: So, in our authors 98th Sonnet:

“ Yet not the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell

“ Of different flowers in odour and in hue,

“ Could make me any *summer's story* tell.” MALONE.

⁵ — *drug-damn'd* —] This is another allusion to Italian poisons. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *out-craftied him,*] Thus the old copy, and so Shakspeare certainly wrote. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ ——— chaste as the icicle,

“ That's *curdied* by the frost from purest snow.”

Mr. Pope and all the subsequent editors read—*out-crafted*, here, and *curdled* in *Coriolanus*. MALONE.

May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

PIS. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
'The most disdain'd of fortune.

IMO. [Reads.] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd
the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie
bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but
from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I
expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act
for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of
hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall
give thee opportunities at Milford-Haven: she hath
my letter for the purpose: Where if thou fear to
strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the
pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

PIS. What shall I need to draw my sword? the
paper
Hath cut her throat already.⁷—No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile;⁸ whose breath
Rides on the posting winds,⁹ and doth belie

⁷ *What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper*

Hath cut her throat already,] So, in Venus and Adonis:

"Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?"

MALONE.

⁸ *Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; &c.] So, in Churchyard's
Discourse of Rebellion &c. 1570:*

"Hit venom castes as far as Nilus flood, [brood]

"Hit poysoneth all it toucheth any wheare."

Serpents and dragons by the old writers were called worms. Of
this, several instances are given in the last act of *Antony and Cleo-
patra* STEEVENS.

⁹ *Rides on the posting winds,] So, in King Henry V:*

"—— making the wind my post-horse." MALONE.

All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,^a
 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
 This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

IMO. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?
 To lie in watch there, and to think on him?^b
 To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge
 nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him,
 And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?
 Is it?

PIS. Alas, good lady!

IMO. I false? Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo.
 Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
 Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
 Thy favour's good enough.^c—Some jay of Italy,^d
 Whose mother was her painting,^e hath betray'd
 him:

^a — *states*,] Persons of highest rank. JOHNSON.
 See Vol. XVI. p. 300, n. 4. MALONE.

^b — *What is it, to be false?*
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?] This passage
 should be pointed thus:

“ ———— What! is it to be false,
 “ To lie in watch there, and to think on him?”

M. MASON.

^c *Then thou look'dst like a villain; now, methinks*
Thy favour's good enough.] So, in *King Lear*:
 “ Those wicked creatures yet do look well favour'd,
 “ When others are more wicked.” MALONE.

^d — *Some jay of Italy*,] There is a prettiness in this expres-
 sion; *putta*, in Italian, signifying both a jay and a whore: I sup-
 pose from the gay feathers of that bird. WARBURTON.

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “ Teach him to know
 turtles from jays.” STEEVENS.

^e *Whose mother was her painting*,] *Some jay of Italy*, made by
 art; the creature, not of nature, but of painting. In this sense
painting may be not improperly termed her mother. JOHNSON.

I met with a similar expression in one of the old comedies, but

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;⁷
 And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
 I must be ripp'd:⁸—to pieces with me!—O,
 Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seem-
 ing,

forgot to note the date or name of the piece: “—— a parcel of conceited feather-caps, whose fathers were their garments.”

STEEVENS.

In *All's well that ends well*, we have:

“—— whose judgments are

“ Mere fathers of their garments.” MALONE.

⁷ *Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;*] This image occurs in *Westward for Smelts*, 1620, immediately at the conclusion of the tale on which our play is founded: “ But (said the Brainford fish-wife) I like her as a garment out of fashion.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls, I must be ripp'd:*] To hang by the walls, does not mean, to be converted into hangings for a room, but to be hung up, as useless, among the neglected contents of a wardrobe. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ That have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall.”

When a boy, at an ancient mansion-house in Suffolk, I saw one of these repositories, which (thanks to a succession of old maids!) had been preserved, with superstitious reverence, for almost a century and a half.

Clothes were not formerly, as at present, made of slight materials, were not kept in drawers, or given away as soon as lapse of time or change of fashion had impaired their value. On the contrary, they were hung upon wooden pegs in a room appropriated to the sole purpose of receiving them; and though such cast-off things as were composed of rich substances, were occasionally ripped for domestick uses, (viz. mantles for infants, vests for children, and counterpanes for beds,) articles of inferior quality were suffered to hang by the walls, till age and moths had destroyed what pride would not permit to be worn by servants or poor relations.

Comitem horridulum trita donare lacerna,

seems not to have been customary among our ancestors.— When Queen Elizabeth died, she was found to have left above three thousand dresses behind her; and there is yet in the wardrobe of Covent-Garden theatre, a rich suit of clothes that once belonged to King James I. When I saw it last, it was on the back of Justice Greedy, a character in Massinger's *New Way to pay old Debts*.

STEEVENS.

By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

PIS. Good madam, hear me.

IMO. True honest men being heard, like false
Æneas,

Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;⁹
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

PIS. Hence, vile instrument!

Thou shalt not damn my hand.

IMO. Why, I must die;

And if I do not by thy hand, thou art

⁹ *Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men; &c.*] i. e. says Mr. Upton, "wilt infect and corrupt their good name, (like sour dough that leaveneth the whole mass,) and wilt render them suspected." In the line below he would read—*fall*, instead of *fail*. So, in *King Henry V*:

"And thus thy *fall* hath left a kind of blot

"To mark the full-fraught man and best-indued,

"With some suspicion."

I think the text is right. MALONE.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"——— for the *fail*

"Of any point" &c. STEEVENS.

No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter?
 There is a prohibition so divine,
 That cravens my weak hand.⁸ Come, here's my
 heart;

Something's afore't:⁹—Soft, soft; we'll no defence;
 Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?

The scriptures² of the loyal Leonatus,
 All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
 Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
 Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
 Believe false teachers: Though those that are be-
 tray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
 Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthumus, thou that³ did'st set up
 My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
 And make me put into contempt the suits
 Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
 It is no act of common passage, but
 A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
 To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd⁴ by her

¹ *Against self-slaughter &c.*] So again, in *Hamlet*:

“ ——— the Everlasting — — fix'd

“ His canon 'gainst self-slaughter.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *That cravens my weak hand.*] i. e. makes me a coward. POPE.

That makes me afraid to put an end to my own life. See Vol. IX.

P. 274, n. 4. MALONE.

⁹ *Something's afore't:*] The old copy reads—*Something's a-foot.*
 JOHNSON.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

² *The scriptures* —] So, Ben Jonson, in *The Sad Shepherd*:

“ The lover's scriptures, Heliodore's, or Tatius'.”

Shakspeare, however, means in this place, an opposition between
scripture, in its common signification, and *heresy*. STEEVENS.

³ ——— thou *that* —] The second *thou*, which is not in the old
 copies, has been added for the sake of recovering metre.

STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— *disedg'd* —] So, in *Hamlet*: “ It would cost you a
 groaning, to take off mine edge.” STEEVENS.

That now thou tir'st on,⁵ how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, despatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

PIS. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

IMO. Do't, and to bed then.

PIS. I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.

IMO. Wherefore then⁶
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,

⁵ *That now thou tir'st on,*] A hawk is said to *tire* upon that which she pecks; from *tirer*, French. JOHNSON.

See Vol. X. p. 70, n. 3. STEEVENS.

⁶ *I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.*] [In the old copies, the word —*blind* is wanting.] The modern editions for *wake* read *break*, and supply the deficient syllable by—*Ah* wherefore. I read—I'll wake mine eye-balls out first, or, *blind* first. JOHNSON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer had made the same emendation. MALONE.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture (which I have inserted in the text) may receive support from the following passage in *The Bugbears*, a MS. comedy more ancient than the play before us:

“ ————— I doubt

“ Least for lacke of my slepe I shall *watche my eyes oute.*”

Again, in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608:

“ ——— A piteous tragedy! able to *wake*

“ an old man's eyes blood-shot.”

Again, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611: ——— I'll ride to Oxford, and *watch out mine eyes*, but I'll hear the brazen head speak.”

STEEVENS.

Again, as Mr. Steevens has observed in a note on *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“ Here she exclaims against *repose* and *rest*;

“ And bids her *eyes* hereafter still be *blind.*” MALONE.

For my being absent; whereunto I never
 Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
 To be unbent,⁷ when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
 The elected deer before thee?⁸

PIS. But to win time
 To lose so bad employment: in the which
 I have consider'd of a course; Good lady,
 Hear me with patience.

IMO. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
 I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
 Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
 Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

PIS. Then, madam,
 I thought you would not back again.

IMO. Most like;
 Bringing me here to kill me.

PIS. Not so, neither:
 But if I were as wise as honest, then
 My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
 But that my master is abus'd:
 Some villain, ay, and singular in his art
 Hath done you both this cursed injury.

IMO. Some Roman courtezan.

PIS. No, on my life.
 I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
 Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
 I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,
 And that will well confirm it.

⁷ *To be unbent,*] To have thy bow unbent, alluding to an
 hunter. JOHNSON.

⁸ ——— *when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
 The elected deer before thee?*] So, in one of our author's
 poems, *Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599:

“When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
 And stall'd the deer that thou should'st strike.” MALONE.

IMO. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

PIS. If you'll back to the court,—

IMO. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing;⁹
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

PIS. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

IMO. Where then?²
Hath Britain all the sun that shines?³ Day, night,

⁹ *With that harsh, noble, &c.*] Some epithet of two syllables has here been omitted by the compositor; for which, having but one copy, it is now vain to seek. MALONE.

Perhaps the poet wrote:

*With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing, Cloten;
That Cloten, &c.* STEEVENS.

² *Where then?*] Hanmer has added these two words to Pisanio's speech. MALONE.

³ *Where then?*

Hath Britain all the sun that shines?] The rest of Imogen's speech induces me to think that we ought to read "*What then?*" instead of "*Where then?*" The reason of the change is evident. M. MASON.

Perhaps Imogen silently answers her own question: "*any where, Hath Britain*" &c.

Shakspeare seems here to have had in his thoughts a passage in Lyly's *Euphues*, 1580, which he has imitated in *King Richard II*: "Nature hath given to man a country no more than she hath house, or lands, or living. Plato would never account him banished, that had the *sunne*, ayre, water, and earth, that he had before; where he felt the winter's blast, and the summer's blaze; where the same *sunne* and the same *moone* shined; whereby be noted, that every place was a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind. But thou art driven out of Naples: that is nothing. All the Athenians dwell not in Colliton, nor every Corinthian in Greece, nor all the Lacedemonians in Pitania. How can any part

Are they not but in Britain; I' the word's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest: Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.⁹

PIS. I am most glad
You think of other place. The embassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is;² and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view:³ yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

IMO. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty,⁴ not death on't,
I would adventure.

of the world be distant far from the other, when as the mathematicians set downe that the earth is but a point compared to the heavens?" MALONE.

⁹ *There's livers out of Britain.*] So, in *Coriolanus*:

"There is a world elsewhere." STEEVENS.

² ——— *Now, if you could wear a mind*

Dark as your fortune is;] To wear a *dark mind*, is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. *Darkness*, applied to the *mind*, is *secrecy*; applied to the *fortune*, is *obscurity*. The next lines are obscure. You must, says Pisanio, *disguise that greatness, which, to appear hereafter in its proper form, cannot yet appear without great danger to itself.* JOHNSON.

³ ——— *full of view:*] With opportunities of examining your affairs with your own eyes. JOHNSON.

Full of view may mean—affording an *ample prospect* a *complete* opportunity of discerning circumstances which it is your interest to know. Thus, in *Pericles*, "*Full of face*" appears to signify—*amply beautiful*; and Duncan assures Banquo that he will labour to make him "*full of growing*," i. e. of *ample growth*. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Though peril to my modesty,*] I read—*Through peril.* I would

PIS.

Well then, here's the point:

You must forget to be a woman; change
 Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,
 (The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
 Woman its pretty self,) to ⁵ a waggish courage;
 Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
 As quarrellous as the weasel: ⁶ nay, you must
 Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
 Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
 Alack, no remedy! ⁷) to the greedy touch
 Of common-kissing Titan; ⁸ and forget
 Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
 You made great Juno angry.

IMO.

Nay, be brief:

I see into thy end, and am almost
 A man already.

PIS.

First, make yourself but like one.

Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
 ('Tis in my cloak-bag,) doublet, hat, hose, all
 That answer to them: Would you, in their serving
 And with what imitation you can borrow
 From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius

for such means adventure through peril of modesty; I would risque every thing but real dishonour. JOHNSON.

⁵ — to —] Old copies, unmetrically,—into. STEEVENS.

⁶ *As quarrellous as the weasel:]* So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

“A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

“As you are toss'd with.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!*

Alack, no remedy!)] I think it very natural to reflect in this distress on the cruelty of Posthumus. Dr. Warburton proposes to read:

———— the harder hap! JOHNSON.

⁸ — common-kissing Titan;] Thus, in *Othello*:

“The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets——.” STEEVENS.

Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy,⁹ (which you'll make him,
know,²

If that his head have ear in musick,) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad³
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment.

IMO. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with.⁴ Pr'ythee, away:
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us:⁵ This attempt
I'm foldier to,⁶ and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

⁹ *Wherein you are happy,*] i. e. wherein you are *accomplished*.

STEEVENS.

² ——— *which you'll make him know,*] This is Sir T. Hanmer's reading. The common books have it:

——— *which will make him know,*———.

Mr. Theobald, in one of his long notes, endeavours to prove that it should be:

——— *which will make him so,*———.

He is followed by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

The words were probably written at length in the manuscript, *you will*, and *you* omitted at the press: or *will* was printed for *we'll*. MALONE.

³ ——— *Your means abroad &c.*] As for your subsistence abroad, you may rely on me. So, in *sc. v*: “——— thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.”

MALONE.

⁴ ——— *diet me with.*] Alluding to the spare regimen prescribed in some diseases. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*: “——— to fast, like one that takes diet.” STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— *we'll even*

All that good time will give us:] We'll make our work *even* with our time; we'll do what time will allow. JOHNSON.

⁶ ——— *This attempt*

I'm foldier to,] i. e. I have enlisted and bound myself to it.

WARBURTON.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell ;

Left, being mis's'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box ; I had it from the queen ;⁷
What's in't is precious : if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood :—May the gods
Direct you to the best!

IMO.

Amen : I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

*Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and
Lords.*

CYM. Thus far ; and so farewell.

LUC.

Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote ; I must from hence ;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Rather, I think, I am equal to this attempt ; I have enough of
ardour to undertake it. MALONE.

Mr. Malone's explanation is undoubtedly just. *I'm soldier to*, is
equivalent to the modern cant phrase—*I am up to it*, i. e. I have
ability for it. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Here is a box ; I had it from the queen ;*] Instead of this box,
the modern editors have in a former scene made the queen give
Pisano a *vial*, which is dropp'd on the stage, without being broken.
See A & I. sc. vi.

In *Pericles*, Cerimon, in order to recover Thaisa, calls for all
the boxes in his closet. MALONE.

CYM. Our subjects, fir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

LUC. So, fir, I desire of you^s
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!⁹

CYM. My lords, you are appointed for that of-
fice;
The due of honour in no point omit:—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

LUC. Your hand, my lord.

CLO. Receive it friendly: but from this time
forth

I wear it as your enemy.

LUC. Sir, the event

Is yet to name the winner: Fare you well.

CYM. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my
lords,

Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, and Lords.]

QUEEN. He goes hence frowning; but it ho-
nours us,

That we have given him cause.

CLO. 'Tis all the better;

Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

^s *So, fir, I desire of you —*] The two last words are, in my
opinion, very properly omitted by Sir Thomas Hanmer, as they
only serve to derange the metre. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *all joy befall your grace, and you!*] I think we should
read—*his* grace, and you. MALONE.

Perhaps our author wrote:

————— *your grace, and yours!*

i. e. your relatives. So, in *Macbeth*:

‘And beggar us for ever.’ STEEVENS.

CYM. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely.
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he
moves

His war for Britain.

QUEEN. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

CYM. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty;
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[Exit an Attendant.

QUEEN. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

CYM. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

ATTEN. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no an-
swer

That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

QUEEN. My lord, when last I went to visit her,

She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
 Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
 She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
 Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
 She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
 Made me to blame in memory.

CYM. Her doors lock'd?
 Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I
 fear,

Prove false! [Exit.

QUEEN. Son, I say, follow the king.²

CLO. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
 I have not seen these two days.

QUEEN. Go, look after.—
 [Exit CLOTEN.

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
 He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
 Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
 It is a thing most precious. But for her,
 Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
 Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
 To her desir'd Posthumus: Gone she is
 To death, or to dishonour; and my end
 Can make good use of either: She being down,
 I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?

CLO. 'Tis certain, she is fled;
 Go in, and cheer the king; he rages; none
 Dare come about him.

² Son, I say, follow the king.] Some word, necessary to the
 metre, is here omitted. We might read;

Go, son, I say; follow the king. STEEVENS.

QUEEN. All the better: May
This night forestall him of the coming day!³
[Exit Queen.]

CLO. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and
royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman;⁴ from every one
The best she hath,⁵ and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all: I love her therefore; But,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthúmus, flanders so her judgement,
That what's else rare, is chok'd; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing, fir-
rah?
Come hither: Ah, you precious pandar! Villain,

³ _____ May
This night fore-stall him of the coming day!] i. e. may his grief
this night prevent him from ever seeing another day, by an antici-
pated and premature destruction! So, in Milton's *Masque*:

"Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them." MALONE.

⁴ And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman;] She has all courtly parts, says he,
more exquisite than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind.

JOHNSON.

There is a similar passage in *All's well that ends well*, Act II.
sc. iii: "To any count; to all counts; to what is man."

TOLLET.

⁵ _____ from every one

The best she hath,] So, in *The Tempest*:

"_____but you, O you,

"So perfect, and so peerless, are created

"Of every creature's best." MALONE.

K4

Where is thy lady! In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

PIS. O, good my lord!

CLO. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,⁵
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

PIS. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

CLO. Where is she, fir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

PIS. O, my all-worthy lord!

CLO. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

PIS. Then, fir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*]

CLO. Let's see't :—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

PIS. Or this, or perish.⁶ }
She's far enough; and what he learns by } *Aside.*
this, }
May prove his travel, not her danger.

⁵ — *Close villain,*] A syllable being here wanting to complete the measure, perhaps we ought to read:

— *Close villain, thou,*——. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Or this, or perish.*] These words, I think, belong to Cloten, who, requiring the paper, says:

CLO.

Humh!

PIS. I'll write to my lord, she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

[Aside.

CLO. Sirrah, is this letter true?

PIS.

Sir, as I think.

CLO. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah,
if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true
service; undergo those employments, wherein I

*Let's see't:—I will pursue her**Even to Augustus' throne. Or this, or perish.*

Then Pisanio giving the paper, says to himself:

She's far enough; &c. JOHNSON.

I own I am of a different opinion. *Or this, or perish*, properly belongs to Pisanio, who says to himself, as he gives the paper into the hands of Cloten, *I must either give it him freely, or perish in my attempt to keep it*: or else the words may be considered as a reply to Cloten's boast of following her to the throne of Augustus, and are added sily: *You will either do what you say, or perish, which is the more probable of the two.*—The subsequent remark, however, of Mr. Henley, has taught me diffidence in my attempt to justify the arrangement of the old copies. STEEVENS.

I cannot but think Dr. Johnson in the right, from the account of this transaction which Pisanio afterwards gave:

“ ————— Lord Cloten,

“ Upon my lady's missing, came to me,

“ With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore

“ If I discover'd not which way she was gone,

“ *It was my instant death*: By accident,“ I had a *feigned letter* of my master's

“ Then in my pocket, which directed him

“ To seek her on the mountains near to Milford.”

But if the words, *Or this, or perish*, belong to Pisanio, as the letter was *feigned*, they must have been spoken out, not aside.

HENLEY.

Cloten knew not, till it was tendered, that Pisanio had such a letter as he now presents; there could therefore be no question concerning his giving it *freely* or *with-holding* it.

These words, in my opinion, relate to Pisanio's present conduct, and they mean, I think, “ I must either *practise this deceit* upon Cloten, or perish by his fury.” MALONE.

should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

PIS. Well, my good lord.

CLO. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

PIS. Sir, I will.

CLO. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

PIS. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

CLO. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

PIS. I shall, my lord. [Exit.]

CLO. Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will

execute in the clothes that she so prais'd,) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

PIS. Ay, my noble lord.

CLO. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

PIS. She can scarce be there yet.

CLO. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; 'Would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. *[Exit.*

PIS. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee,

Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true.⁷—To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed!

[Exit.

⁷ *To him that is most true.*] Pisanio, notwithstanding his master's letter, commanding the murder of Imogen, considers him as *true*, supposing as he has already said to her, that Posthumus was abused by some villain, equally an enemy to them both. MALONE.

SCENE VI.

Before the Cave of Belarius.

Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.

IMO. I see, a man's life is a tedious one :
I have tir'd myself ; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken : O Jove ! I think,
Foundations fly the wretched : ⁸ such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told
me,

I could not miss my way : Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them ; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial ? Yes : no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true : To lapse in full-
ness

Is forer, ⁹ than to lie for need ; and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord !
Thou art one o'the false ones : Now I think on
thee,

My hunger's gone ; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this ?
Here is a path to it : 'Tis some savage hold :
I were best not call ; ² I dare not call : yet famine,

⁸ *Foundations fly the wretched :*] Thus in the fifth *Æneid* :

“ *Italiam sequimur fugientem.*” STEEVENS.

⁹ *Is forer,*] Is a greater, or heavier crime. JOHNSON.

² *I were best not call ;*] Mr. Pope was so little acquainted with the language of Shakspeare's age, that instead of this the original reading, he substituted—*'Twere best not call.* MALONE.

Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardnefs ever
 Of hardinefs is mother.—Ho ! who's here?
 If any thing that's civil,² fpeak ; if favage,
 Take, or lend.³—Ho !—No answer ? then I'll enter.

² *If any thing that's civil,] Civil, for human creature.*

WARBURTON.

³ *If any thing that's civil, fpeak ; if favage,*

Take, or lend.] I question whether, after the words, if favage,
 a line be not loft. I can offer nothing better than to read:

————— *Ho ! who's here?*

If any thing's that's civil, take or lend,

If favage, fpeak.

If you are civilised and peaceable, take a price for what I want, or
 lend it for a future recompence ; if you are rough inhospitable inha-
 bitants of the mountain, fpeak, that I may know my fate.

JOHNSON.

It is by no means neceffary to fuppofe that *favage hold* fignifies
 the habitation of a *beaft*. It may as well be ufed for the cave of a
favage, or *wild man*, who, in the romances of the time, were
 represented as refiding in the woods, like the famous *Orfon*, *Bremo*
 in the play of *Mucedorus*, or the favage in the feventh canto of the
 fourth book of Spenser's *Faery Queen*, and the 6th B. C. 4.

STEEVENS.

Steevens is right in fuppofing that the word *favage* does not
 mean, in this place, a *wild beaft*, but a *brutish man*, and in that
 fenfe it is oppofed to *civil*: in the former fenfe, the word *human*
 would have been oppofed to it, not *civil*. So, in the next act,
 Imogen fays:

“ Our courtiers fay, all's *favage* but at court.”

And in *As you like it*, Orlando fays :

“ I thought that all things had been *favage* here.”

M. MASON.

The meaning, I think, is, If any one refides here that is accus-
 tomed to the modes of civil life, answer me ; but if this be the
 habitation of a wild and uncultivated man, or of one banifhed
 from fociety, that will enter into no converfe, let him at leaft
filently furnifh me with enough to fupport me, accepting a price for
 it, or giving it to me without a price, in confideration of future
 recompence. Dr. Johnson's interpretation of the words *Take, or*
lend, is fupported by what Imogen fays afterwards :

“ Before I enter'd here, I call'd ; and thought

“ To have *begg'd*, or *bought*, what I have took.”

Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*She goes into the cave.*]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

BEL. You, Polydore, have prov'd bestwoodman,³
and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook, and servant; 'tis our match:⁴
The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth⁵
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

GUI. I am thoroughly weary.

ARV. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

but such licentious alterations as transferring words from one line to another, and transposing the words thus transferred, ought, in my apprehension, never to be admitted. MALONE.

³ ——— *woodman*,] A *woodman*, in its common acceptation (as in the present instance) signifies a *hunter*. For the particular and original meaning of the word, see Mr. Reed's note in *Measure for Measure*, Vol. VI. p. 173, n. 2. STEEVENS.

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“He is no *woodman* that doth bend his bow

“Against a poor unseasonable doe.” MALONE.

⁴ ——— *'tis our match*:] i. e. our compact. See p. 115, l. 6. STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— *when restive sloth* —] *Resty* signified, mouldy, rank. See Minshew, in v. The word is yet used in the north. Perhaps, however, it is here used in the same sense in which it is applied to a horse. MALONE.

Restive, in the present instance, I believe, means unquiet, shifting its posture, like a restive horse. STEEVENS.

GUI. There is cold meat i'the cave; we'll brouze
on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

BEL.

Stay; come not in:

[*Looking in.*]

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

GUI.

What's the matter, fir?

BEL. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!⁶—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

IMO. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took:
Good troth,
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had
found
Gold strew'd o'the floor.⁷ Here's money for my
meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted⁸
With prayers for the provider.

GUI.

Money, youth?

ARV. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!

⁶ *An earthly paragon!*] The same phrase has already occurred
in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“No; but she is *an earthly paragon*.” STEEVENS.

⁷ — o'the floor.] Old copy—*i'the* floor. Corrected by Sir
T. Hanmer. MALONE.

⁸ — and parted —] A syllable being here wanting to the
measure, we might read, with Sir Thomas Hanmer—and parted
thence. STEEVENS.

As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

IMO. I see, you are angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.

BEL. Whither bound?

IMO. To Milford-Haven, sir.⁴

BEL. What is your name?

IMO. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.⁵

BEL. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

GUI. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In ho-
nesty,
I bid for you, as I'd buy.⁶

⁴ ——— *for.*] This word, which is deficient in the old copies, has been supplied by some modern editor, for the sake of metre.
STEEVENS.

⁵ *I am fallen in this offence.*] In, according to the ancient mode of writing, is here used instead of—into. Thus, in *Othello*:

“ Fallen in the practice of a cursed slave.”

Again, in *King Richard III*:

“ But first, I'll turn you fellow in his grave.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,*
I bid for you, as I'd buy.] The old copy reads—as *I do* buy. The correction was made by Sir T. Hanmer. He reads unnecessarily, *I'd bid for you, &c.* In the folio the line is thus pointed:

“ I should woo hard, but be your groom in honesty:

“ I bid for you,” &c. MALONE.

ARV. I'll make't my comfort,
 He is a man: I'll love him as my brother: —
 And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
 After long absence, such is yours: — Most welcome!
 Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

IMO. 'Mongst friends!
 If brother's? — 'Would it had been so, that
 they
 Had been my father's sons! then had my
 prize
 Been less; and so more equal ballasting'
 To thee, Posthumus. } [Aside.]

I think this passage might be better read thus:

*I should woo hard, but be your groom. — in honesty,
 I bid for you, as I'd buy.*

That is, I should woo hard; but I would be your bridegroom. [And when I say that I would *woo hard*, be assured that] in honesty I bid for you, *only at the rate at which* I would purchase you.

TYRWHITT.

2 ————— then had my prize

Been less; and so more equal ballasting —] Sir T. Hanmer reads plausibly, but without necessity, *price* for *prize*, and *balancing* for *ballasting*. He is followed by Dr. Warburton. The meaning is, — Had I been a less prize, I should not have been too heavy for Posthumus. JOHNSON.

The old reading is undoubtedly the true one. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

"It is war's prize to take all vantages."

Again, *ibidem*:

"Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son."

The same word occurs again in this play of *Cymbeline*, as well as in *Hamlet*. STEEVENS.

Between *price* and *prize* the distinction was not always observed in our author's time, nor is it at this day; for who has not heard persons above the vulgar confound them, and talk of high-*priz'd* and low-*priz'd* goods? MALONE.

The sense is, then had the prize thou hast mastered in me been less, and not have sunk thee, as I have done, by over-lading thee.

HEATH.

BEL. He wrings at some distress.

GUI. 'Would, I could free't!

ARV. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

BEL. Hark, boys.
[*Whispering.*

IMO. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by
That nothing gift of differing multitudes,) ⁸

⁸ *That nothing gift of differing multitudes,*] The poet must mean, that court, that obsequious adoration, which the shifting vulgar pay to the great, is a tribute of no price or value. I am persuaded therefore our poet coined this participle from the French verb, and wrote:

That nothing gift of deferring multitudes:

i. e. obsequious, paying deference. — *Déferer*, *Ceder par respect à quelqu'un*, *obéir*, *condescendre*, &c. — *Déferent*, *civil*, *respectueux*, &c. Richelet. THEOBALD.

He is followed by Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton; but I do not see why *differing* may not be a general epithet, and the expression equivalent to the *many-headed* rabble. JOHNSON.

It certainly may; but then nothing is predicated of the many-headed multitude, unless we supply words that the text does not exhibit, "That worthless boon of the *differing* or many-headed multitude, [*attending upon them, and paying their court to them;*]" or suppose the whole line to be a periphrasis for *adulation* or *obsequence*.

There was no such word as *deferring* or *deferring* in Shakspeare's time. "*Deferer a une compaignie*," Cotgrave in his Dictionary, 1611, explains thus: "To yeeld, *referre*, or attribute much, unto a compaignie." MALONE.

That *nothing gift* which the multitude are supposed to bestow, is glory, reputation, which is a present of little value from their hands; as they are neither unanimous in giving it, nor constant in continuing it. HEATH.

I believe the old to be the right reading. *Differing multitudes* means *unsteady multitudes*, who are continually changing their opinions, and condemn to-day what they yesterday applauded. M. MASON.

Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false.⁹

BEL. It shall be so:

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. — Fair youth, come
in:

Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

GUI. Pray, draw near.

ARV. The night to the owl, and morn to the
lark, less welcome.

IMO. Thanks, fir.

ARV. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

Mr. M. Mason's explanation is just. So, in the Induction to the
Second Part of *King Henry IV*:

"The still discordant, wav'ring multitude." STEEVENS.

⁹ *Since Leonatus false*.] Mr. M. Mason would read:

Since Leonatus is false —

but this conjecture is injurious to the metre. If we are to connect
the words in question with the preceding line, and suppose that
Imogen has completed all she meant to say, we might read:

Since Leonate is false.

Thus, for the convenience of versification, Shakspeare sometimes
calls Prospero, Prosper, and Enobarbus, Enobarbe. STEEVENS.

As Shakspeare has used "thy mistress' ear," and "Menelaus' tent,"
for thy mistresses ear, and Menelauses tent, so, with still greater
licence, he uses — *Since Leonatus false*, for — *Since Leonatus is*
false. MALONE.

Of such a license, I believe, there is no example either in the
works of Shakspeare, or of any other author. STEEVENS.

SCENE VII.

Rome.

Enter two Senators and Tribunes.

1. SEN. This is the tenor of the emperor's writ;
 That since the common men are now in action
 'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
 And that² the legions now in Gallia are
 Full weak to undertake our wars against
 The fallen-off Britons; that we do incite
 The gentry to this business: He creates
 Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,
 For this immediate levy, he commands
 His absolute commission.³ Long live Cæsar!

TRI. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2. SEN.

Ay.

TRI. Remaining now in Gallia?

1. SEN.

With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
 Must be supplyant: The words of your commission
 Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
 Of their despatch.

TRI.

We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

² *That since the common men are now in action
 'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
 And that &c.] These facts are historical. STEEVENS.*

See p. 101, D. 5. MALONE.

³ *_____ and to you the tribunes,
 For this immediate levy, he commands
 His absolute commission.] He commands the commission to be
 given to you. So we say, I ordered the materials to the workmen.
 JOHNSON.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The forest, near the Cave.**Enter CLOTEN.*

CLO. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for⁴ 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions:⁵ yet this imperseverant⁶ thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is

⁴ — for —] i. e. because. See p. 161, n. 7. STEEVENS.

⁵ — in single oppositions:] In single combat. So, in *King Henry IV.* Part I:

“ In single opposition, hand to hand,

“ He did confound the best part of an hour,

“ In changing hardiment with great Glendower.”

An *opposite* was in Shakspeare the common phrase for an adversary, or antagonist. See Vol. XV. p. 488, n. 3. MALONE.

⁶ — imperseverant —] Thus the former editions. Sir T. Hanmer reads — *ill-perseverant*. JOHNSON.

Imperseverant may mean no more than *perseverant*, like *imbosom'd*, *impassion'd*, *immask'd*. STEEVENS.

growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face:⁵ and all this done, spurn her home to her father;⁶ who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: Out, sword, and to a fore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.

⁵ — *before thy face:*] Posthumus was to have his head struck off, and then his garments cut to pieces before his face! We should read — *her face*, i. e. Imogen's: done to despite her, who had said, she esteemed Posthumus's garment above the person of Cloten.

WARBURTON.

Shakspeare, who in *The Winter's Tale*, makes a clown say, "If thou'lt see a thing to talk on after thou art dead," would not scruple to give the expression in the text to so fantastick a character as Cloten. The garments of Posthumus might indeed be cut to pieces *before his face*, though his head were off; no one, however, but Cloten would consider this circumstance as any aggravation of the insult. MALONE.

⁶ — *spurn her home to her father;*] Cloten seems to delight in rehearsing to himself his brutal intentions; for all this he has already said in a former scene: "—— and when my lust hath dined, — to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again."

STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

Before the Cave.

*Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

BEL. You are not well: [*to IMOGEN.*] remain
here in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.

ARV. Brother, stay here:
[*To IMOGEN.*]

Are we not brothers?

IMO. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

GUI. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

IMO. So sick I am not; — yet I am not well:
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick: So please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all.⁷ I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I'm not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

GUI. I love thee; I have spoke it:

⁷ *Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all.*] Keep your daily course uninterrupted; if
the stated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but con-
fusion. JOHNSON.

How much the quantity,⁸ the weight as much;
As I do love my father.

BEL.

What? how? how?

ARV. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason? the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

BEL.

O noble strain! [*Aside.*

O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature had meal, and bran; contempt, and grace.
I am not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me. —
'Tis the ninth hour o'the morn.

ARV.

Brother, farewell.

IMO. I wish ye sport.

ARV.

You health, — So please you, sir.⁹

IMO. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods,
what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
The imperious seas² breed monsters; for the dish,

⁸ How much the quantity,] I read — *As much the quantity.*

JOHNSON.

Surely the present reading has exactly the same meaning. *How much soever the mass of my affection to my father may be, so much precisely is my love for thee: and as much as my filial love weighs, so much also weighs my affection for thee.* MALONE.

⁹ — So please you, sir.] I cannot relish this courtly phrase from the mouth of Arviragus. It should rather, I think, begin Imogen's speech. TYRWHITT.

² The imperious seas —] *Imperious* was used by Shakspeare for *imperial*. See Vol. XVI. p. 391, n. 3. MALONE.

Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am sick still ; heart-sick :—Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.

GUI. I could not stir him :³

He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate ;⁴

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

ARV. Thus did he answer me : yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

BEL. To the field, to the field :—

We'll leave you for this time ; go in, and rest.

ARV. We'll not be long away.

BEL. Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

IMO. Well, or ill,

I am bound to you.

BEL. And so shalt be ever.⁵

[Exit IMOGEN.]

This youth, howe'er distress'd,⁶ appears, he hath had
Good ancestors.

³ *I could not stir him :*] Not move him to tell his story.

JOHNSON.

⁴ — gentle, but unfortunate ;] Gentle, is well-born, of birth
above the vulgar. JOHNSON.

Rather, of rank above the vulgar. So, in *King Henry V* :

“ ————— be he ne'er so vile,

“ This day shall gentle his condition.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *And so shalt be ever.*] The adverb — *so*, was supplied by Sir
Thomas Haumer, for the sake of metre. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Imo. Well, or ill,*

I am bound to you.

Bel. And so shalt be ever.—

This youth, howe'er distress'd, &c.] These speeches are im-
properly distributed between Imogen and Belarius ; and I flatter
myself that every reader of attention will approve of my amend-
ing the passage, and dividing them in the following manner :

Imo. Well, or ill,

I am bound to you ; and shall be ever.

Bel. This youth, howe'er distress'd, &c. M. MASON.

ARV. How angel-like he sings!

GUI. But his neat cookery! ⁶ He cut our roots in
characters; ⁷

And fauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

ARV. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

GUI. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both, ⁸
Mingle their spurs together. ⁹

ARV. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine! ²

And shalt be ever.] That is, you shall ever receive from me the
same kindness that you do at present: you shall *thus* only be bound
to me for ever. MALONE.

⁶ Gui. *But his neat cookery! &c.]* Only the first four words of
this speech are given in the old copy to Guiderius: The name of
Arviragus is prefixed to the remainder, as well as to the next
speech. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

⁷ — *He cut our roots in characters;]* So, in Fletcher's *Elder
Brother*, A & IV:

“ And how to cut his meat in characters.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — *rooted in him both,]* Old copy—in *them*. Corrected by
Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁹ *Mingle their spurs together.]* *Spurs*, an old word for the fibres
of a tree. POPE.

Spurs are the longest and largest leading roots of trees. Our poet
has again used the same word in *The Tempest*:

“ ——— the strong bas'd promontory

“ Have I made shake, and by the *spurs*

“ Pluck'd up the pine and cedar.”

Hence probably the *spur* of a post; the short wooden buttress
affixed to it, to keep it firm in the ground. MALONE.

² *And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine*

His perishing root, with the increasing vine!] Shakspeare had

BEL. It is great morning.³ Come; away.—Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

CLO. I cannot find those runagates; that villain Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.

BEL. Those runagates! Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis Cloten, the son o'the queen. I fear some ambush. I saw him not these many years, and yet I know 'tis he:—We are held as outlaws:—Hence.

GUI. He is but one: You and my brother search What companies are near: pray you, away; Let me alone with him.

[*Exit BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*]

CLO. Soft! What are you That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers? I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

GUI. A thing

only seen *English vines* which grow against walls, and therefore may be sometimes entangled with the *elder*. Perhaps we should read—*untwine—from the vine.* JOHNSON.

Surely this is the meaning of the words without any change. May patience increase, and may the stinking elder, grief, no longer twine his decaying [or destructive, if *perishing* is used actively,] root with the vine, patience, thus increasing!—As to *untwine* is here used for *to cease to twine*, so, in *King Henry VIII.* the word *uncontemned* having been used, the poet has constructed the remainder of the sentence as if he had written *not contemned*. See Vol. XVI. p. 110, n. 9. MALONE.

Sir John Hawkins proposes to read—*entwine*. He says “Let the stinking elder [Grief] *entwine* his root with the vine [Patience] and in the end Patience must outgrow Grief.” STEEVENS.

There is no need of alteration. The elder is a plant whose roots are much shorter lived than the vine's, and as those of the vine swell and outgrow them, they must of necessity loosen their hold.

HENLEY.

³ *It is great morning.*] A Gallicism. *Grand jour*. See Vol. XVI. p. 367, n. 4. STEEVENS.

More flavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.³

CLO. Thou art a robber,
 A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

GUI. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have
 not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
 Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
 My dagger in my mouth.⁴ Say, what thou art;
 Why I should yield to thee?

CLO. Thou villain base,
 Know'st me not by my clothes?

GUI. No,⁵ nor thy tailor, rascal,
 Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
 Which, as it seems, make thee.⁶

CLO. Thou precious varlet,
 My tailor made them not.

GUI. Hence then, and thank
 The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
 I am loath to beat thee.

CLO. Thou injurious thief,
 Hear but my name, and tremble.

³ ——— than answering

A slave without a knock.] Than answering that abusive word
slave. *Slave* should be printed in Italicks. M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason's interpretation is supported by a passage in *Romeo
 and Juliet*:

"Now, Tybalt, take *the villain* back again." MALONE.

⁴ ——— for I wear not

My dagger in my mouth.] So, in *Solyman and Perseda*, 1599:

"I fight not with my tongue: this is my oratrix." MALONE.

⁵ No,] This negation is at once superfluous and injurious to the
 metre. STEEVENS.

⁶ No, nor thy tailor, rascal,

Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,

Which, as it seems, make thee.] See a note on a similar passage
 in a former scene, p. 121, n. 6. STEEVENS.

GUI. What's thy name?

CLO. Cloten, thou villain.

GUI. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were't toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

CLO. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

GUI. I'm sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

CLO. Art not afeard?

GUI. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the
wife:

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

CLO. Die the death:⁷

When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield, rustick mountaineer.⁸ *Exeunt, fighting.*

⁷ *Die the death:*] See Vol. VI. p. 95, n. 2. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Yield, rustick mountaineer.*] I believe, upon examination, the character of Cloten will not prove a very consistent one. Act I. sc. iv. the lords who are conversing with him on the subject of his rencontre with Posthumus, represent the latter as having neither put forth his strength or courage, but still advancing forwards to the prince, who retired before him; yet at this his last appearance, we see him fighting gallantly, and falling by the hand of Guiderius. The same persons afterwards speak of him as of a mere ass or idiot; and yet, Act III. sc. i. he returns one of the noblest and most reasonable answers to the Roman envoy: and the rest of his conversation on the same occasion, though it may lack form a little, by no means resembles the language of folly. He behaves with proper dignity and civility at parting with Lucius, and yet is ridiculous and brutal in his treatment of Imogen. Belarius describes him as not having sense enough to know what fear is (which he defines as being sometimes the effect of judgement); and yet he forms very artful schemes for gaining the affection of his mistress,

Enter BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

BEL. No company's abroad.

ARV. None in the world: You did mistake him, sure.

BEL. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him, But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice, And burst of speaking,⁸ were as his: I am absolute, 'Twas very Cloten.

ARV. In this place we left them: I wish my brother make good time with him, You say he is so fell.

BEL. Being scarce made up, I mean, to man, he had not apprehension Of roaring terrors; for the effect of judgement Is oft the cause of fear:⁹ But see, thy brother.

by means of her attendants; to get her person into his power afterwards; and seems to be no less acquainted with the character of his father, and the ascendancy the queen maintained over his uxorious weakness. We find Cloten, in short, represented at once as brave and dastardly, civil and brutal, sagacious and foolish, without that subtilty of distinction, and those shades of gradation between sense and folly, virtue and vice, which constitute the excellence of such mixed characters as Polonius in *Hamlet*, and the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— the snatches in his voice, And burst of speaking,] This is one of our author's strokes of observation. An abrupt and tumultuous utterance very frequently accompanies a confused and cloudy understanding. JOHNSON.

⁹ ——— for the effect of judgement Is oft the cause of fear:] [Old copy—*defect* of judgement—] If I understand this passage, it is mock reasoning as it stands, and the text must have been slightly corrupted. Belarius is giving a description of what Cloten formerly was; and in answer to what Arviragus says of *his being so fell*. "Ay, (says Belarius,) he was so fell; and being scarce then at man's estate, he had no apprehension of roaring terrors, i. e. of any thing that could check him with

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with Cloten's head.

GUI. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,
There was no money in't: not Hercules

fears." But then, how does the inference come in, built upon this? For defect of judgement is oft the cause of fear. I think the poet meant to have said the mere contrary. Cloten was defective in judgement, and therefore did not fear. Apprehensions of fear grow from a judgement in weighing dangers. And a very easy change, from the traces of the letters, gives us this sense, and reconciles the reasoning of the whole passage:

— for th' effect of judgement
Is oft the cause of fear, —. THEOBALD.

Sir T. Hanmer reads with equal justness of sentiment:

— for defect of judgement
Is oft the cure of fear, —.

But, I think, the play of effect and cause more resembling the manner of our author. JOHNSON.

If fear, as in other passages of Shakspeare, be understood in an active signification for what may cause fear, it means that Cloten's defect of judgement caused him to commit actions to the terror of others, without due consideration of his own danger therein. Thus, in *King Henry IV. Part II*:

" — all these bold fears,
" Thou see'st with peril I have answered." TOLLET.

The objection to this interpretation is, that in this clause of the sentence it was evidently the poet's intention to assign a reason for Cloten's being *himself free from apprehension*, not to account for his *terrifying others*.

It is undoubtedly true, that defect of judgement, or not rightly estimating the degree of danger and the means of resistance, is often the cause of fear: the being possessed of judgement also may occasion fear, as he who maturely weighs all circumstances will know precisely his danger; while the inconsiderate is rash and fool-hardy: but neither of these assertions, however true, can account for Cloten's having *no apprehension* of roaring terrors; and therefore the passage must be corrupt. Mr. Theobald amends the text by reading:

— for the effect of judgement
Is oft the cause of fear.

but, though Shakspeare has in *King Richard III.* used effect and cause as synonymous, I do not think it probable he would say the

Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:²
 Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
 My head, as I do his.

BEL. What hast thou done?

GUI. I am perfect, what:³ cut off one Cloten's
 head,

Son to the queen, after his own report;
 Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
 With his own single hand he'd take us in,⁴
 Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!)⁵ they
 grow,
 And set them on Lud's town.

effect was the *cause*; nor do I think the *effect* and the *desert* likely to have been confounded: besides, the passage thus amended is liable to the objection already stated. I have therefore adopted Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation. MALONE.

² — not *Hercules*

Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:] This thought had occurred before in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" — if he knock out either of your brains, a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel." STEEVENS.

³ *I am perfect, what:*] I am well informed, what. So, in this play:

" I'm perfect, the Pannonians are in arms." JOHNSON.

⁴ — take us in,] To take in, was the phrase in use for to apprehend an out-law, or to make him amenable to publick justice. JOHNSON.

To take in means, simply, to conquer, to subdue. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" — cut the Ionian seas,

" And take in Toryne." STEEVENS.

That Mr. Steevens's explanation of this phrase is the true one, appears from the present allusion to Cloten's speech, and also from the speech itself in the former part of this scene. He had not threatened to render these outlaws amenable to justice, but to kill them with his own hand:

" Die the death:

" When I have slain thee with my proper hand," &c.

" He'd fetch us in," is used a little lower by Belarius, in the sense assigned by Dr. Johnson to the phrase before us. MALONE.

⁵ — (thank the gods!)] The old copies have—(thanks the gods.)

BEL.

We are all undone.

GUI. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us:⁶ Then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself;
For we do fear the law?⁷ What company
Discover you abroad?

BEL.

No single soul

Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation;⁸ ay, and that

Mr. Rowe, and other editors after him,—*thanks to the gods*. But by the present omission of the letter *s*, and the restoration of the parenthesis, I suppose this passage, as it now stands in the text, to be as our author gave it. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *The law*

Protects not us:] We meet with the same sentiment in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“The world is not thy friend, nor the world’s law.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ *For we do fear the law?*] *For* is here used in the sense of *because*. So, in Marlowe’s *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

“See the simplicity of these base slaves!

“Who, for the villains have no faith themselves,

“Think me to be a senseless lump of clay.”

Again, in *Othello*:

“And, for I know thou art full of love,” &c. MALONE:

⁸ — *Though his humour*

Was nothing but mutation; &c.] [Old copy—his honour.] What has his honour to do here, in his being changeable in this sort? in his acting as a mad man, or not? I have ventured to substitute *humour*, against the authority of the printed copies: and the meaning seems plainly this: “Though he was always fickle to the last degree, and governed by *humour*, not sound sense; yet not madness itself could make him so hardy to attempt an enterprize of this nature alone, and unseconded.” THEOBALD.

The text is right, and means, that the only notion he had of honour, was the fashion, which was perpetually changing.

WARBURTON.

This would be a strange description of honour; and appears to

From one bad thing to worfe; not frenzy, not
 Absolute madnefs could fo far have rav'd,
 To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
 It may be heard at court, that fuch as we
 Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
 May make fome stronger head: the which he hearing,
 (As it is like him,) might break out, and fwear
 He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
 To come alone, either he fo undertaking,
 Or they fo fuffering: then on good ground we fear,
 If we do fear this body hath a tail
 More perilous than the head.

ARV. Let ordinance
 Come as the gods forefay it: howfoe'er,
 My brother hath done well.

BEL. I had no mind
 To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's ficknefs
 Did make my way long forth.^s

me in its present form to be absolute nonsense. The sense indeed absolutely requires that we should adopt Theobald's amendment, and read *humour* instead of *honour*.

Belarius is speaking of the disposition of Cloten, not of his principles:—and this account of him agrees with what Imogen fays in the latter end of the fcene, where fhe calls him “that *irregulous* devil Cloten.” M. MASON.

I am now convinced that the poet wrote—his *humour*, as Mr. Theobald fuggelted. The context ftrongly fupports the emendation; but what decifively entitles it to a place in the text is, that the editor of the folio has, in like manner printed *honour* instead of *humour* in *The Merry Wives of Windfor*, Act I. fc. iii:

“Falstaff will learn the *honour* of the age.”

The quarto reads rightly—“the *humour* of the age.”

On the other hand in the quarto, fignat. A 3, we find, “—Sir, my *honour* is not for many words,” inftead of “—Sir, my *humour*,” &c. MALONE.

^s *Did make my way long forth.*] Fidele's ficknefs made my walk forth from the cave tedious. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Richard III*:

“—our croffes on the way,

“Have made it tedious” &c. STEEVENS.

GUI. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reckon. [Exit.

BEL. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, Polydore thou hadst not done't! though
valour
Becomes thee well enough.

ARV. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, re-
venges,
That possible strength might meet,⁹ would seek us
through,
And put us to our answer.

BEL. Well, 'tis done:—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

ARV. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,²
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,³
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.

⁹ ———— revenges,

That possible strength might meet,] Such pursuit of vengeance
as fell within any possibility of opposition. JOHNSON.

² ——— *To gain his colour,*] i. e. to restore him to the bloom of
health, to recall the colour of it into his cheeks. STEEVENS.

³ *I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,*] I would, says the young
prince, to recover Fidele, kill as many Clotens as would fill a
parish. JOHNSON.

BEL. O thou goddess,
 Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
 In these two princely boys! ² They are as gentle
 As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
 Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
 Their royal blood enchas'd, as the rud'st wind, ³
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful, ⁴

"His visage, says Fenner of a *catchpole*, was almost eaten through with pock-holes, so that half a *parish* of children might have played at cherry-pit in his face." FARMER.

The sense of the passage is, I would let blood (or bleed) a whole parish, or any number, of such fellows as Cloten; not, "I would let out a parish of blood." EDWARDS.

Mr. Edwards, is, I think, right. In the fifth act we have—

"This man——bath

"More of thee merited, than a *band* of Clotens

"Had ever scar for." MALONE.

O thou goddess,

Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st

In these two princely boys!] The first folio has:

Thou divine Nature; thou thyself thou blazon'st ——.

The second folio omits the first *thou*. REED.

Read:

—— how thyself thou blazon'st——. M. MASON.

I have received this emendation, which is certainly judicious.

STEEVENS.

³ —— They are as gentle

As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,

Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,

Their royal blood enchas'd, as the rud'st wind, &c.] So, in

our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

"His qualities were beauteous as his form,

"For maiden tongu'd he was, and thereof free;

"Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm

"As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,

"When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be."

MALONE.

⁴ —— 'Tis wonderful,] Old copies—*wonder*. The correction is Mr. Pope's. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "Keep a good student from his book, and it is wonderful." STEEVENS.

That an invifible inſtin& ſhould frame them⁵
 To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
 Civility not ſeen from other; valour,
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
 As if it had been ſow'd! Yet ſtill it's ſtrange,
 What Cloten's being here to us portends;
 Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

GUI. Where's my brother?
 I have ſent Cloten's clotpoll down the ſtream,
 In embaffy to his mother; his body's hoſtage
 For his return. [*Solemn muſick.*]

BEL. My ingenious inſtrument!
 Hark, Polydore, it founds! But what occaſion
 Hath Cadwal now to give it motion! Hark!

GUI. Is he at home?

BEL. He went hence even now.

GUI. What does he mean? ſince death of my
 dear'ſt mother
 It did not ſpeak before. All ſolemn things
 Should answer ſolemn accidents. The matter?
 Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,⁶
 Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
 Is Cadwal mad?

⁵ *That an invifible inſtin& ſhould frame them—*] The metre, ſays Mr. Heath, would be improved by reading:

That an inſtin& invifible ſhould frame them—.

He probably did not perceive that in Shakspeare's time the accent was laid on the ſecond ſyllable of the word *inſtin&*. So, in one of our poet's Sonnets:

“As if by ſome *inſtin&* the wretch did find —.”

The old copy is certainly right. MALONE.

⁶ ——— *lamenting toys,*] *Toys* formerly ſignified freaks, or

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN as dead, in his arms.

BEL. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!

ARV. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

GUL. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

BEL. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom?⁷ find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in?⁸—Thou blessed thing!

frolicks. One of N. Breton's poetical pieces, printed in 1577, is called, "The toys of an idle head." See also Vol. XV. p. 259, n. 7; and Cole's Dict. 1679, in v. MALONE.

Toys are trifles. So, in *K. Henry VI.* Part I:

"That for a toy, a thing of no regard."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss."

STEEVENS.

⁷ O, melancholy!

Who ever yet could sound thy bottom?] So, in *Alba, the Monthes Mind of a Melancholy Lover*, by R. T. 1598:

"This woeful tale, where sorrow is the ground,"

"Whose bottom's such as nere the depth is found."

MALONE.

⁸ ———— *what coast thy sluggish crare*

Might easiliest harbour in?] The folio reads:

——— *thy sluggish care*:

which Dr. Warburton allows to be a plausible reading, but substitutes *carrack* in its room; and with this, Dr. Johnson tacitly acquiesced, and inserted it in the text. Mr. Simpson, among his

Jove knows what man thou might'st have made;
but I,⁹

notes on Beaumont and Fletcher, has retrieved the true reading, which is,

—— *thy sluggish crare.*

See *The Captain*, Act I. sc. ii:

“ —— let him venture

“ In some decay'd *crare* of his own.”

A *crare*, says Mr. Heath, is a small trading vessel, called in the Latin of the middle ages *crayera*. The same word, though somewhat differently spelt, occurs in Harrington's translation of *Ariosto*, Book XXXIX. stanza 28:

“ To ships, and barks, with gallies, bulks and *crayes*,” &c.

Again, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

“ Behold a form to make your *crayers* and barks.”

Again, in Drayton's *Miseries of Queen Margaret*:

“ After a long chase took this little *cray*,

“ Which he suppos'd him safely should convey.”

Again, in the 22d song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“ —— some shell, or little *crea*,

“ Hard labouring for the land on the high working sea.”

Again, in *Aminas for his Phillis*, published in *England's Helicon*, 1600:

“ Till thus my foule dooth passe in Charon's *crare*.”

Mr. Tollet observes that the word often occurs in Holinshed, as twice, p. 906, Vol. II. STEEVENS.

The word is used in the stat. 2 Jac. I. c. 32: “ —— the owner of every ship, vessel, or *crayer*.” TYRWHITT.

Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—*thou, sluggish crare, might'st*, &c. The epithet *sluggish* is used with peculiar propriety, a *crayer* being a very slow-sailing unwieldy vessel. See Florio's Italian Dict. 1598, “ *Vurchio*. A hulke, a *crayer*, a lyter, a wherrie, or such vessel of burthen.” MALONE.

⁹ —— *but I*,] This is the reading of the first folio, which later editors not understanding, have changed into *but ah!* The meaning of the passage I take to be this:—*Jove knows, what man thou might'st have made, but I know, thou didst*, &c. TYRWHITT.

I believe, “ *but ah!*” to be the true reading. *Ay* is through the first folio, and in all books of that time, printed instead of *ah!* Hence probably *I*, which was used for the affirmative particle *ay*, crept into the text here.

Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?

ARV. Stark,⁹ as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right
cheek

Reposing on a cushion.

GUI. Where?

ARV. O'the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he slept; and put
My clouted brogues² from off my feet, whose rude-
ness

Answer'd my steps too loud.

GUI. Why, he but sleeps:³
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,

Heaven knows (says Belarius) what a man thou would'st have been, had'st thou lived; but alas! thou diedst of melancholy, while yet only a most accomplished boy. MALONE.

⁹ Stark,] i. e. stiff. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ ———— guiltless labour

“ When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones.”

Again, in *King Henry IV. Part I*:

“ And many a nobleman lies stark—

“ Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies.” STEEVENS.

² ——— clouted brogues—] are shoes strengthened with clout or hob-nails. In some parts of England, thin plates of iron called clouts, are likewise fixed to the shoes of ploughmen and other rusticks. Brog is the Irish word for a kind of shoe peculiar to that kingdom. STEEVENS.

³ Why, he but sleeps:] I cannot forbear to introduce a passage somewhat like this, from Webster's *White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona*, [1612] on account of its singular beauty:

“ Oh, thou soft natural death! thou art joint twin

“ To sweetest slumber! no rough-bearded comet

“ Stares on thy mild departure: the dull owl

“ Beats not against thy casement: the hoarse wolf

“ Scents not thy carrion:—pity winds thy corse,

“ While horror waits on princes!” STEEVENS.

And worms will not come to thee.⁴

ARV. With fairest flowers,
 Whilst summer lasts,⁵ and I live here, Fidele,
 I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
 The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
 The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
 The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
 Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would
 With charitable bill (O bill, fore-shaming
 Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
 Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
 Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
 To winter-ground thy corse.⁶

⁴ *And worms will not come to thee.*] This change from the second person to the third, is so violent, that I cannot help imputing it to the players, transcribers, or printers; and therefore wish to read:

And worms will not come to him. STEEVENS.

⁵ *With fairest flowers*

Whilst summer lasts, &c.] So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, (edit. 1609);

"No, I will rob Tellus of her weede,

"To strewe thy greene with flowers: the yellowes, blues,

"The purple violets and marygolds,

"Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave,

"While summer dayes doth last." STEEVENS.

⁶ — the ruddock would,

With charitable bill,——bring thee all this;

Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,

To winter-ground thy corse.] Here again, the metaphor is strangely mangled. What sense is there in *winter-grounding* a corse with moss? A corse might indeed be said to be *winter-grounded* in good thick clay. But the epithet *furr'd* to moss directs us plainly to another reading,

To winter-gown thy corse:——

i. e. thy summer habit shall be a light gown of flowers, thy winter habit a good warm furr'd gown of moss. WARBURTON.

I have no doubt but that the rejected word was Shakspeare's, since the protection of the dead, and not their ornament, was that he meant to express. To *winter-ground* a plant, is to protect it from the inclemency of the winter-season, by straw, dung, &c. laid

GUI. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that

over it. This precaution is commonly taken in respect of tender trees or flowers, such as Arviragus, who loved Fidele, represents her to be.

The *ruddock* is the *red-breast*, and is so called by Chaucer and Spenser:

"The tame *ruddock*, and the coward kite."

The office of covering the dead is likewise ascribed to the *ruddock*, by Drayton in his poem called *The Owl*:

"Cov'ring with moss the dead's unclosed eye,

"The little *red-breast* teacheth charitie." STEEVENS.

—— the *ruddock* would, &c.] Is this an allusion to the *Babes of the Wood*, or was the notion of the redbreast covering dead bodies, general before the writing that ballad? PERCY.

In *Cornucopia, or divers secrets wherein is contained the rare secrets in Man, Beasts, Fowles, Fishes, Trees, Plantes, Stones, and such like most pleasant and profitable, and not before committed to bee printed in English. Newlie drawn out of divers Latine Authors into English, by Thomas Johnson, 4to, 1596, signat. E. it is said, "The robin redbreast if he find a man or woman dead, will cover all his face with mosse, and some thinke that if the body should remaine unburied that he would cover the whole body also." REED.*

The passage is imitated by Webster in his tragedy of *The White Devil*; and in such a manner as confirms the old reading:

"Call for the robin-red-breast and the wren,

"Since o'er shady groves they hover,

"And with leaves and flowers do cover

"The friendless bodies of unburied men;

"Call unto his funeral dole.

"The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,

"To rear him *hillocks* that shall keep him warm," &c.

FARMER.

Which of these two plays was first written, cannot now be determined. Webster's play was published in 1612, that of Shakspeare did not appear in print till 1623. In the preface to the edition of Webster's play, he thus speaks of Shakspeare: "And lastly (without wrong last to be named) the right happy and copious industry of M. Shakspeare," &c. STEEVENS.

We may fairly conclude that Webster imitated Shakspeare; for in the same page from which Dr. Farmer has cited the foregoing lines, is found a passage taken almost literally from *Hamlet*. It is spoken by a distracted lady:

Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

ARV. Say, where shall's lay him?

GUI. By good Euriphile, our mother.

ARV. Be't so:

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother;⁷ use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

GUI. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

ARV. We'll speak it then.

BEL. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less:⁸ for
Cloten

“ ——— you're very welcome;

“ Here's rosemary for you, and rue for you;

“ Heart's-ease for you; I pray make much of it;

“ I have left more for myself.”

Dr. Warburton asks, “ What sense is there in *winter-grounding* a corse with *moss*?” But perhaps *winter-ground* does not refer to *moss*, but to the last antecedent, *flowers*. If this was the construction intended by Shakspeare, the passage should be printed thus:

*Yea, and furr'd moss besides,—when flowers are none
To winter-ground thy corse.*

i. e. you shall have also a warm covering of moss, when there are no flowers to adorn thy grave with that ornament with which WINTER is usually decorated. So, in *Cupid's Revenge*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, 1625: “ He looks like WINTER, fluck here and there with fresh *flowers*.”—I have not however much confidence in this observation. MALONE.

⁷ *As once our mother;*] The old copy reads:

As once to our mother;—

The compositor having probably caught the word—*to* from the preceding line. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁸ *Great griefs, I see, medicine the less;*] So again, in this play:

ARV. 'Tis true.

GUI. Come on then, and remove him.

ARV. So,—Begin.

S O N G.

GUI. *Fear no more the heat o'the sun,³
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

ARV. *Fear no more the frown o'the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The scepter, learning, physick, must
All follow this, and come to dust.⁴*

GUI. *Fear no more the lightning-flash,
ARV. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
GUI Fear not slander, censure rash;⁵
ARV. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:*

³ *Fear no more &c.*] This is the topick of consolation that nature dictates to all men on these occasions. The same farewell we have over the dead body in Lucian. Τέκνον ἀκθλον ἔκετι διψήσεις, ἔκετε πεινήσεις, &c. WARBURTON.

⁴ *The scepter, learning, &c.*] The poet's sentiment seems to have been this.—All human excellence is equally subject to the stroke of death: neither the power of kings, nor the science of scholars, nor the art of those whose immediate study is the prolongation of life, can protect them from the final destiny of man.
JOHNSON.

⁵ *Fear not slander, &c.*] Perhaps,
Fear not slander's censure rash. JOHNSON.

BOTH. *All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee,⁶ and come to dust.*

GUI. *No exorciser harm thee!⁷*

ARV. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*

GUI. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee!*

ARV. *Nothing ill come near thee!*

BOTH. *Quiet consummation have;⁸
And renowned be thy grave!⁹*

⁶ *Consign to thee,*] Perhaps,
Consign to this,——.

And in the former stanza, for—*All follow this,* we might read—*All follow thee.* JOHNSON.

Consign to thee is right. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“——— *seal*

“A dateless bargain to engrossing death.”

To consign to thee, is to *seal* the same contract with thee, i. e. add their names to thine upon the register of death. STEEVENS.

⁷ *No exorciser harm thee!*] I have already remarked that Shakspeare invariably uses the word *exorciser* to express a person who can raise spirits, not one who lays them. M. MASON.

See Vol. IX. p. 193, n. 3. MALONE.

⁸ *Quiet consummation have;*] *Consummation* is used in the same sense in *K. Edward III.* 1596:

“My soul will yield this castle of my flesh,

“This mangled tribute, with all willingness,

“To darkness, consummation, dust and worms.”

Milton, in his *Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester*, is indebted to the passage before us:

“Gentle lady, may thy grave

“Peace and quiet ever have!”

So Hamlet says:

“——’tis a consummation

“Devoutly to be wish’d.” M. MASON.

⁹ —— *thy grave!*] For the obsequies of Fidele, a song was written by my unhappy friend, Mr. William Collins of Chichester, a man of uncommon learning and abilities. I shall give it a place at the end, in honour of his memory. JOHNSON.

Re-enter BELARIUS, *with the body of* Cloten.

GUI. We have done our obsequies: Come lay him down.

BEL. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more:

The herbs, that have on them cold dew o'the night,
Are strewings fitt'ft for graves.—Upon their faces:²—
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.

The ground that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

IMO. [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven;
Which is the way?—

I thank you.—By yon path?—Pray, how far thither?

'Ods pittikins!³—can it be fix miles yet?—

I have gone all night:—'Faith. I'll lie down and sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!

[*Seeing the body.*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream;

² — Upon their faces:] Shakspeare did not recollect when he wrote these words, that there was but *one* face on which the flowers could be strewed. This passage might have taught Dr. Warburton not to have disturbed the text in a former scene. See p. 150. n. 5.

MALONE.

³ 'Ods pittikins!] This diminutive adjuration is used by Decker and Webster in *Westward Hoe*, 1600; in *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, or *The Gentle Craft*, 1600. It is derived from *God's my pity*, which likewise occurs in *Cymbeline*. STEEVENS.

For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
 And cook to honest creatures: But 'tis not so;
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
 Which the brain makes of fumes:³ Our very eyes
 Are sometimes like our judgements, blind. Good
 faith,

I tremble still with fear: But if there be
 Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
 The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
 Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
 A headless man!—The garments of Posthumus!
 I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;
 His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
 The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face⁴—
 Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisano,
 All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
 Conspir'd with that irregulous devil,⁵ Cloten,

³ Which the brain makes of fumes:] So, in *Macbeth*:

“That memory, the warder of the brain,

“Shall be a fume.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — his Jovial face —] *Jovial* face signifies in this place, such a face as belongs to Jove. It is frequently used in the same sense by other old dramatick writers. So, Heywood, in *The Silver Age*:

“— Alcides here will stand,

“To plague you all with his high *Jovial* hand.”

Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

“Thou *Jovial* hand hold up thy scepter high.”

Again, in his *Golden Age*, 1611, speaking of Jupiter:

“———— all that stand,

“Sink in the weight of his high *Jovial* hand.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ Conspir'd with that irregulous devil,] I suppose it should be,
 Conspir'd with th' irreligious devil.— JOHNSON.

Irregulous (if there be such a word) must mean lawless, licentious, out of rule, *jura negans sibi nata*. In Reynolds's *God's Revenge against Adultery*, edit. 1679, p. 121, I meet with “*irregulated* lust.” STEEVENS.

Hast here cut off my lord. — To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous! — Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters, — damn'd Pisanio —
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top!⁶ — O, Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that! Ah me! where's
that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on.⁷ — How should this be?
Pisanio?

'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, preg-
nant!⁸

The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O! —
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horridier may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

*Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, and other Officers, and a
Soothsayer.*

CAP. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending

⁶ — the main-top!] i. e. the top of the mainmast. STEEVENS.

⁷ Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. —] I would willingly read:
And left thy head on. STEEVENS.

This head means the head of Posthumus; the head that *did* belong
to this body. See p. 175, n. 2. MALONE.

⁸ — 'tis pregnant, pregnant!] i. e. 'tis a ready, apposite con-
clusion. So, in *Hamlet*:

“How pregnant sometimes his replies are?”

See Vol. VI. p. 8, n. 6. STEEVENS.

You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
They are here in readiness.

LUC. But what from Rome.

CAP. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.⁵

LUC. When expect you them?

CAP. With the next benefit o'the wind.

LUC. This forwardness
Takes our hopes fair. Command, our present
numbers

Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't. — Now, sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's pur-
pose?

SOOTH. Last night the very gods show'd me a
vision:⁶

(I fast, and pray'd,⁷ for their intelligence,) Thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spungy south⁸ to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends,
(Unless my sins abuse my divination,)
Success to the Roman host.

⁵ *Sienna's brother.*] i. e. (as I suppose Shakspeare to have meant) brother to the Prince of Sienna: but, unluckily, Sienna was a republick. See W. Thomas's *Historye of Italye*, 4to. bl. l. 1561, p. 7. b. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Last night the very gods show'd me a vision:*] It was no common dream, but sent from the very gods, or the gods themselves.

JOHNSON.

⁷ *I fast, and pray'd,*] *Fast* is here very licentiously used for *fasted*. So, in the novel subjoined to this play, we find — *lift* for *lifted*.

MALONE.

⁸ — *the spungy south* —] Milton has availed himself of this epithet, in his *Masque at Ludlow Castle*:

“ ——— Thus I hurl

“ My dazzling spells into the *spungy* air.” STEEVENS.

LUC. Dream often so,
And never false. — Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building. — How! a page! —
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead. —
Let's see the boy's face.

CAP. He is alive, my lord.

LUC. He'll then instruct us of this body. — Young
one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture?⁹ What's thy inter-
rest

In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

IMO. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain: — Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,

⁹ ———— *who was he,*
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture?] To do a picture, and a picture
is well done, are standing phrases; the question therefore is, — Who
has altered this picture, so as to make it otherwise than nature *did*
it. JOHNSON.

Olivia speaking of her own beauty as of a *picture*, asks Viola if
it “is not well done?” STEEVENS.

Fecit was, till lately, the technical term universally annexed to
pictures and engravings. HENLEY.

Try many, all good, serve truly, never²
Find such another master.

LUC. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.

IMO. Richard du Champ.³ If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
[*Aside.*

They'll pardon it. Say you, fir?

LUC. Thy name?

IMO. Fidele.⁴

LUC. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith; ⁵ thy faith, thy name.

² *Try many, all good, serve truly, never —*] We may be certain that this line was originally complete. I would, therefore, for the sake of metre, read:

Try many, and all good; serve truly, never &c.

STEEVENS.

³ *Richard du Champ.*] Shakspeare was indebted for his modern names (which sometimes are mixed with ancient ones) as well as his anachronisms, to the fashionable novels of his time. In a collection of stories, entitled *A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure*, 1576, I find the following circumstances of ignorance and absurdity. In the story of the Horatii and the Curiatii, the roaring of cannons is mentioned. Cephalus and Procris are said to be of the court of Venice; and "*that her father wrought so with the duke, that this Cephalus was sent post in ambassage to the Turke.*" — Eniphile, after the death of her husband Amphiaras, (*the Theban prophet*) calling to mind the affection wherein *Don Infortunio* was drowned towards her," &c. &c. *Cannon-shot* is found in Golding's Version of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, Book III. STEEVENS.

This absurdity was not confined to novels. In Lodge's *Wounds of Ciuill War*, 1594, one of the directions is, "*Enter Lucius Faunus, Pausanias, with Pedro a Frenchman,*" who speaks broken English; the earliest dramatick specimen of this sort of jargon now extant. RITSON.

⁴ *Fidele.*] Old copy — *Fidele, fir*; but for the sake of metre I have omitted this useless word of address, which has already occurred in the same line. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Thy name well fits thy faith;*] A similar thought has been already

Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
 Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
 No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
 Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
 Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

IMO. I'll follow, sir. But, first, an't please the
 gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
 As these poor pickaxes⁶ can dig: and when
 With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd
 his grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,
 Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;
 And, leaving so his service, follow you,
 So please you entertain me.⁷

LUC.

Ay, good youth;

And rather father thee, than master thee. —

My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
 Find out the prettiest daizied plot we can,
 And make him with our pikes and partisans
 A grave: Come, arm him.⁸ — Boy, he is preferr'd
 By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd,
 As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
 Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

met with in *King Henry V.* where Pistol having announced his name,
 the King replies: "It sorts well with your fierceness."

STEVENS.

⁶ — *these poor pickaxes* —] Meaning her fingers.

JOHNSON.

⁷ *So please you entertain me.*] i. e. hire me; receive me unto
 your service. See Vol. V. p. 40, n. 8; and Vol. XVII. p. 369, n. 9.

MALONE.

⁸ — *arm him.*] That is, *Take him up in your arms.*

HANMER.

SCENE III.

*A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*⁷

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.

CYM. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.

A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life's in danger: — Heavens,

How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen
Upon a desperate bed; and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. — But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

PIS. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: But, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,

⁷ — *Cymbeline's Palace.*] This scene is omitted against all authority by Sir T. Hanmer. It is indeed of no great use in the progress of the fable, yet it makes a regular preparation for the next act. JOHNSON.

The fact is, that Sir Thomas Hanmer has inserted this supposed omission as the eighth scene of Act III. The scene which in Dr. Johnson's first edition is the eighth of Act III. is printed in a small letter under it in Sir T. Hanmer's, on a supposition that it was spurious. In this impression it is the third scene of Act IV. and that which in Dr. Johnson is the eighth scene of Act IV. is in this the seventh scene. STEEVENS.

Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your high-
ness,

Hold me your loyal servant.

1. LORD.

Good my liege,

The day that she was missing, he was here:

I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform

All parts of his subjection loyally.

For Cloten, —

There wants no diligence in seeking him,

And will,³ no doubt, be found.

CYM.

The time's troublesome;

We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy

[To PISANIO.

Does yet depend.⁹

1. LORD.

So please your majesty,

The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,

⁹ And will,] I think it should be read — And he'll. STEEVENS.

There are several other instances of the personal pronoun being omitted in these plays, beside the present, particularly in *King Henry VIII.* nor is Shakspeare the only writer of that age that takes this liberty. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 793, edit. 1631: "—— after that he tooke boat at Queen Hith, and so came to his house; where missing the afore named counsellors, fortified his house with full purpose to die in his own defence."

Again, in the *Continuation of Hardyng's Chronicle*, 1543: "Then when they heard that Henry was safe returned into Britagne, rejoiced not a little."

Again, in Anthony Wood's *Diary*, ad ann. 1652: "One of these, a most handsome virgin, — kneel'd down to Thomas Wood, with tears and prayers to save her life: and being stricken with a deep remorse, tooke her under his arme, went with her out of the church," &c.

See also *King Lear*, Act II. sc. iv. note on — "Having more man than wit about me, drew." MALONE.

⁹ —— our jealousy

Does yet depend.] My suspicion is yet undetermined; if I do not condemn you, I likewise have not acquitted you. We now say, the cause is depending. JOHNSON.

Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

CYM. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen! —
I am amaz'd with matter.⁹

1. LORD. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of:² come more, for more
you're ready:

The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.

CYM. I thank you: Let's withdraw;
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here. — Away. [*Exeunt.*]

PIS. I heard no letter³ from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings: Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work:
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be
true.⁴

⁹ *I am amaz'd with matter.*] i. e. confounded by a variety of business. So, in *King John*:

“ I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way,

“ Among the thorns and dangers of this world.” STEEVENS.

² *Your preparation can affront &c.*] Your forces are able to face such an army as we hear the enemy will bring against us. JOHNSON.

See p. 198, n. 9. MALONE.

³ *I heard no letter —*] I suppose we should read with Sir T. Hanmer:

I've had no letter ——. STEEVENS.

Perhaps *letter* here means, not an epistle, but the elemental part of a syllable. This might have been a phrase in Shakspeare's time. We yet say — I have not heard a syllable from him. MALONE.

⁴ — not true, to be true.] The uncommon roughness of this line persuades me that the words — *to be*, are an interpolation, which, to prevent an ellipsis, has destroyed the measure. STEEVENS.

These present wars shall find I love my country,
 Even to the note o'the king,⁵ or I'll fall in them.
 All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
 Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Before the Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

GUI. The noise is round about us.

BEL. Let us from it.

ARV. What pleasure, sir, find we⁶ in life, to lock it
 From action and adventure?

GUI. Nay, what hope
 Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
 Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us
 For barbarous and unnatural revolts⁷
 During their use, and slay us after.

BEL. Sons,
 We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
 To the king's party there's no going: newness
 Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not must-
 ter'd

Among the bands) may drive us to a render
 Where we have liv'd;⁸ and so extort from us

⁵ ——— to the note o'the king,] I will so distinguish myself, the king shall remark my valour. JOHNSON.

⁶ ——— find we —] Old copy — we find. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁷ ——— revolts —] i. e. revolters. So, in *King John*:

“Lead me to the revolts of England here.” STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— a render

Where we have liv'd;] An account of our place of abode.

That which we've done, whose answer⁸ would be
death

Drawn on with torture.

GUI. This is, fir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

ARV. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses⁹ neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires,² have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

BEL. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life;³ aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,

This dialogue is a just representation of the superfluous caution of
an old man. JOHNSON.

Render is used in a similar sense in *Timon of Athens*, A & V:

"And sends us forth to make their sorrow'd render."

STEEVENS.

So, again, in this play:

"My boon is, that this gentleman may render,

"Of whom he had this ring." MALONE.

⁸ ——— *whose answer* —] The *retaliation* of the death of Cloten
would be *death*, &c. JOHNSON.

⁹ ——— the *Roman horses* —] Old copy — *their* Roman. This is
one of the many corruptions into which the transcriber was led by
his ear. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

² ——— *their quarter'd fires*,] Their fires regularly disposed.

JOHNSON.

Quarter'd fires, I believe, means no more than *fires in the re-
spective quarters* of the Roman army. STEEVENS.

³ The *certainty of this hard life*;] That is, the certain con-
sequence of this hard life. MALONE.

But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

GUI. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,⁴
Cannot be question'd.

ARV. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am agham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

GUI. By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!

ARV. So say I; Amen.

BEL. No reason I, since on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood
thinks scorn, [Aside.
Till it fly out, and show them princes born. [Exeunt,

⁴ ——— o'ergrown,] Thus, Spenser:

“ ——— o'ergrown with old decay,

“ And hid in darkness, that none could behold

“ The hue thereof.” STEEVENS.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Field between the British and Roman Camps.

*Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief.*⁴

POST. Yea, bloody cloth,⁵ I'll keep thee; for I
wish'd⁶

Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying but a little?⁷—O, Pisanio!

⁴ ——— *bloody handkerchief.*] The bloody token of Imogen's death, which Pisanio in the foregoing act determined to send.

JOHNSON.

⁵ *Yea, bloody cloth, &c.*] This is a soliloquy of nature, uttered when the effervescence of a mind agitated and perturbed, spontaneously and inadvertently discharges itself in words. The speech, throughout all its tenor, if the last conceit be excepted, seems to issue warm from the heart. He first condemns his own violence; then tries to disburden himself, by imputing part of the crime to Pisanio; he next soothes his mind to an artificial and momentary tranquillity, by trying to think that he has been only an instrument of the gods for the happiness of Imogen. He is now grown reasonable enough to determine, that having done so much evil, he will do no more; that he will not fight against the country which he has already injured; but as life is not longer supportable, he will die in a just cause, and die with the obscurity of a man who does not think himself worthy to be remembered.

JOHNSON.

⁶ ——— *I wish'd—*] The old copy reads—*I am wish'd.*

STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁷ *For wrying but a little?*] This uncommon verb is likewise used by Stanyhurst in the third book of his translation of Virgil, 1582:

“ ———the maysters wrye their vessels.”

Every good feryant does not all commands:
 No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
 Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
 Had liv'd to put on⁸ this: so had you saved
 The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
 Me, wretch, moreworth your vengeance. But, alack,
 You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
 To have them fall no more: you some permit
 To second ill with ill, each elder worse;⁹
 And make them dread it to the doer's thrift.²

Again, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1599:

“ — in her sinking down she wryes

“ The diadem — —.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — to put on —] Is to incite, to infligate. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“ — the powers above,

“ Put on their instruments.” STEEVENS.

⁹ — each elder worse;] For this reading all the later editors have contentedly taken,

— each worse than other;

without enquiries whence they have received it. Yet they knew, or might know, that it has no authority. The original copy reads:

— each elder worse;

The last deed is certainly not the oldest, but Shakspeare calls the deed of an elder man an elder deed. JOHNSON.

— each elder worse;] i. e. where corruptions are, they grow with years, and the oldest sinner is the greatest. You, Gods, permit some to proceed in iniquity, and the older such are, the more their crime. TOLLET.

I believe our author must answer for this inaccuracy, and that he inadvertently considered the latter evil deed as the elder; having probably some general notion in his mind of a quantity of evil, commencing with our first parents, and gradually accumulating in process of time by a repetition of crimes. MALONE.

² And make them dread it to the doers' thrift.] The divinity schools have not furnished juster observations on the conduct of Providence, than Posthumus gives us here in his private reflections. You gods, says he, act in a different manner with your different creatures;

“ You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,

“ To have them fall no more: — —.”

But Imogen is your own : Do your best wills,

Others, says our poet, you permit to live on, to multiply and increase in crimes ;

“ And make them *dread it*, to the doers' thrift.”

Here is a relative without an antecedent substantive; which is a breach of grammar. We must certainly read:

And make them dreaded, to the doers' thrift.

i. e. others you permit to aggravate one crime with more; which enormities not only make them revered and dreaded, but turn in other kinds to their advantage. Dignity, respect, and profit, accrue to them from crimes committed with impunity.

THEOBALD.

This emendation is followed by Sir T. Hanmer. Dr. Warburton reads, I know not whether by the printer's negligence :

And make them dread, to the doers' thrift.

There seems to be no very satisfactory sense yet offered. I read, but with hesitation.

And make them deeded to the doers' thrift.

The word *deeded* I know not indeed where to find; but Shakspeare has, in another sense, *undeeded* in *Macbeth* :

“ ————— my sword

“ I sheath again *undeeded*.”

I will try again, and read thus:

—— others you permit

To second ills with ills, each other worse,

And make them trade it, to the doer's thrift.

Trade and *thrift* correspond. Our author plays with *trade*, as it signifies a lucrative vocation, or a frequent practice. So Isabella says :

“ Thy sin's not accidental, but a *trade*.” JOHNSON.

However ungrammatical, I believe the old reading is the true one. To make them *dread it* is to make them *persevere in the commission of dreadful actions*. Dr. Johnson has observed on a passage in *Hamlet*, that Pope and Rowe have not refused this mode of speaking:—“ To sinner it, or saint it”—and “ to coy it.”

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation appears to me inadmissible.

MALONE.

There is a meaning to be extracted from these words as they now stand, and in my opinion not a bad one:—“ Some you snatch from hence for little faults; others you suffer to heap ills on ills, and afterwards make them dread their having done so, to the eternal welfare of the doers.”

The whole speech is in a religious strain.—*Thrift* signifies a *state*

And make me blest'd to obey!³—I am brought hither
 Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
 Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough
 That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good
 heavens,

Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
 Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
 As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with; so I'll die
 For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
 Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
 Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me than my habits show.
 Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
 To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
 The fashion, less without, and more within. [*Exit.*]

of prosperity. It is not the commission of the crimes that is supposed to be for the doer's thrift, but his dreading them afterwards, and of course repenting, which ensures his salvation.—The same sentiment occurs in *The False One*, though not so seriously introduced, where the Soldier, speaking of the contrition of Septimius who murdered Pompey, says, "he was happy he was a rascal, to come to this." M. MASON.

³ ——— *Do your best wills,*
And make me blest'd to obey!] So the copies. It was more in the manner of our author to have written:

——— *Do your blest'd wills,*
And make me blest'd t' obey! ———. JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman army; at the other side, the British army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following it, like a poor soldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: He vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.

IACH. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me; Or could this carl,⁴
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*]

⁴ ——— *this carl,*] *Carl* or *churl* (*ceorl*, *Sax.*) is a clown or husbandman. RITSON.

Verstegan says *ceorle*, now written *churle*, was anciently understood for a *sturdy fellow*. REED.

Carle is used by our old writers in opposition to a *gentleman*. See the poem of *John the Reeve*. PERCY.

Carlot is a word of the same signification, and occurs in our author's *As you like it*. Again, in an ancient interlude or morality, printed by Rastell, without title or date:

"A carlys sonne, brought up of nought."

The thought seems to have been imitated in *Philaster*:

"The gods take part against me; could this boot

"Have held me thus else?" STEEVENS.

The battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

BEL. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of
the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villainy of our fears.

GUI. ARV. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

LUC. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:

For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hood-wink'd.

IACH. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

LUC. It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes
Let's re-enforce, or fly. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Another part of the Field.

Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.

LORD. Cam'st thou from where they made the
stand?

POST. I did:

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

LORD. I did.

POST. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,

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O

But that the heavens fought: ⁴ The king himself
 Of his wings destitute, ⁵ the army broken,
 And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
 Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
 Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
 More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
 Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
 With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
 To die with lengthen'd shame.

LORD. Where was this lane?

POST. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd
 with turf; ⁶

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
 An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd

⁴ *But that the heavens fought:*] So, in *Judges*, v. 20: "They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera." STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— *The king himself*

Of his wings destitute,] "The Danes rushed forth with such violence upon their adversaries, that first the right, and then after the left wing of the Scots, was constrained to retire and flee back.—HAIE beholding *the king*, with the most part of the nobles, fighting with great valiance in the middle ward, now *destitute of the wings*," &c. Holinshed. See the next note. MALONE.

⁶ *Close by the battle, &c.*] The stopping of the Roman army by three persons, is an allusion to the story of the Hays, as related by Holinshed in his *History of Scotland*, p. 155: "There was nere to the place of the battell, a long lane fenced on the sides with ditches and walls made of turfe, through the which the Scots which fled were beaten downe by the enemies on heapes."

"Here Haie with his sonnes supposing they might best staie the flight, placed themselves overthwart the lane, beat them backe whom they meet fleeing, and spared neither friend nor fo; but downe they went all such as came within their reach, wherewith divers hardie personages cried unto their fellowes to retorne hacke unto the battell," &c.

It appears from Peck's *New Memoirs*, &c. article 88, that Milton intended to have written a play on this subject.

MUSGRAVE.

So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
 In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,
 He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
 The country base,⁷ than to commit such slaughter;
 With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
 Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,)⁸
 Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand.—These three,
 Three thousand confident, in act as many,
 (For three performers are the file, when all
 The rest do nothing,) with this word, *stand, stand,*
 Accommodated by the place, more charming
 With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd
 A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,
 Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd
 coward

But by example (O, a sin in war,
 Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o'the hunters. Then began

⁷ *The country base,*] i. e. a rustick game called *prison-bars*, vulgarly *prison-base*. So, in the tragedy of *Hoffman*, 1632:

“—— I'll run a little course

“ At *base*, or *barley-brake*——.”

Again, in *The Antipodes*, 1628:

“—— my men can run at *base*.”

Again, in the 30th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“ At hood-wink, *barley-brake*, at tick, or *prison-base*.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, Book V. ch. viii:

“ So ran they all as they had been at *bace*.” STEEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 183, n. 4. MALONE.

⁸ —— for *preservation cas'd, or shame,*] *Shame* for modesty.

WARBURTON.

Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:

*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

LORD. Nay, be not angry, sir.

POST. 'Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

LORD. Farewell; you are angry.
[Exit.]

POST. Still going?—This is a lord!⁵ O noble
misery!

To be i'the field, and ask, what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,⁶

⁵ — *This is a lord!*] Read:—*This a lord!* RITSON.

⁶ — *I, in mine own woe charm'd,*] Alluding to the common superstition of charms being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. It was derived from our Saxon ancestors, and so is common to us with the Germans, who are above all other people given to this superstition; which made Erasmus, where, in his *Moriæ Encomium*, he gives to each nation its proper characteristick, say, "*Germani corporum proceritate & magiæ cognitione sibi placent.*" And Prior, in his *Alma*:

"North Britons hence have *second fight*;

"And Germans free from *gun-shot fight.*" WARBURTON.

See Vol. XI. p. 260, n. 6. So, in Drayton's *Nymphidia*:

"Their seconds minister an oath

"Which was indifferent to them both,

"That, on their knightly faith and troth,

"No *magick* them supplied;

"And sought them that they had no *charms*

"Wherewith to work each other's harms,

"But come with simple open arms

"To have their causes tried." STERVENS.

Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly
monster,

'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i'the war.—Well, I will find
him:

For, being now a favourer to the Roman,⁶
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be⁷
Britons must take: For me, my ransom's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1. CAP. Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:
'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2. CAP. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,⁸
That gave the affront with them.⁹

⁶ — *favourer to the Roman,*] The editions before Sir Thomas Hanmer's, for *Roman* read *Briton*; and Dr. Warburton reads *Briton* still. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *great the answer be—*] *Answer*, as once in this play before, is *retaliation*. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *a silly habit,*] *Silly* is *simple* or *rustick*. So, in *King Lear*:
“ — twenty *silly* ducking observants — .” STEEVENS.

So, in the novel by Boccace, on which this play is formed:
“ The servant, who had no great good will to kill her, very easily
grew pitifull, took off her upper garment, and gave her a poore
ragged doublet, a *silly* chapperone,” &c. *The Decameron*, 1620.

MALONE.

⁹ *That gave the affront with them.*] That is, that turned their
faces to the enemy. JOHNSON.

1. CAP. So 'tis reported:
But none of them can be found.—Stand!² who is
there?

Post. A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.

2. CAP. Lay hands on him; A dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here: He brags his
service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE,³ attended; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman captives. The
Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who
delivers him over to a Gaoler: after which, all go
out.*

So, in Ben Jonson's *Alchymist*:

"To day thou shalt have ingots, and to-morrow

"Give lords the affront." STEEVENS.

To affront, Minshew explains thus in his Dictionary, 1617:

"To come face to face. v. Encounter." *Affrontare*, Ital.

MALONE.

² — Stand!] I would willingly, for the sake of metre, omit
this useless word, and read the whole passage thus:

But none of them can be found.—Who's there?

Post.

A Roman;—

STEEVENS.

³ *Enter Cymbeline, &c.*] This is the only instance in these plays
of the business of the scene being entirely performed in dumb show.
The direction must have proceeded from the players, as it is per-
fectly unnecessary, and our author has elsewhere [in *Hamlet*] ex-
pressed his contempt of such mummery. RITSON.

S C E N E IV.

*A Prison.**Enter POSTHUMUS, and two Gaolers.*

1. GAOL. You shall not now be stolen,³ you have
locks upon you;
So graze, as you find pasture.

2. GAOL. Ay, or a stomach.
[*Exeunt Gaolers.*]

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a
way,
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o'the gout; since he had
rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death; who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art
fetter'd
More than my thanks, and wrists: You good gods,
give me
The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take

³ *You shall not now be stolen.*] The wit of the gaoler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg, when he is turned to pasture. JOHNSON.

No stricter render of me, than my all.⁴
 I know, you are more clement than vile men,
 Who of their broken debtors take a third,
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
 On their abatement; that's not my desire:
 For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it;
 'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake;
 You rather mine, being yours: And so, great
 powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these cold bonds.⁵ O Imogen!
 I'll speak to thee in silence. [He sleeps.]

⁴ ——— to satisfy,

If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
 No stricter render of me, than my all.] Posthumus questions
 whether contrition be sufficient atonement for guilt. Then, to
 satisfy the offended gods, he desires them to take no more than his
 present all, that is, his life, if it is the *main part*, the chief point,
 or principal condition of his freedom, i. e. of his freedom from
 future punishment. This interpretation appears to be warranted by
 the former part of the speech. Sir T. Hanmer reads:

I doff my freedom.——. STEEVENS.

I believe Posthumus means to say, "since for my crimes I have
 been deprived of my freedom, and since life itself is more valuable
 than freedom, let the gods take my life, and by this let heaven be
 appeased, how small soever the atonement may be." I suspect,
 however, that a line has been lost, after the word *satisfy*. If the
 text be right, *to satisfy* means, *by way of satisfaction*. MALONE.

⁵ ——— cold bonds.] This equivocal use of *bonds* is another
 instance of our author's infelicity in pathetick speeches.

JOHNSON.

An allusion to the same legal instrument has more than once de-
 bas'd the imagery of Shakspeare. So, in *Macbeth*:

"Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond

"That keeps me pale." STEEVENS.

*Solemn musick.*⁶ *Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with musick before them. Then, after other musick, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars; They circle Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.*

SICI. No more, thou thunder-master, show
 Thy spite on mortal flies:
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
 That thy adulteries
 Rates, and revenges.

⁶ *Solemn musick. &c.]* Here follow a vision, a masque, and a prophesie, which interrupt the fable without the least necessity, and unmeasurably lengthen this act. I think it plainly foisted in afterwards for mere show, and apparently not of Shakspeare.

POPE.

Every reader must be of the same opinion. The subsequent narratives of Posthumus, which render this masque, &c. unnecessary, (or perhaps the scenical directions supplied by the poet himself) seem to have excited some manager of a theatre to disgrace the play by the present metrical interpolation. Shakspeare, who has conducted his fifth act with such matchless skill, could never have designed the vision to be twice described by Posthumus, had this contemptible nonsense been previously delivered on the stage. The following passage from Dr. Farmer's *Essay* will show that it was no unusual thing for the players to indulge themselves in making additions equally unjustifiable:—"We have a sufficient instance of the liberties taken by the actors, in an old pamphlet by Nash, called *Lenten Stufte, with the Prayse of the red Herring*, 4to. 1599, where he assures us, that in a play of his called *The Isle of Dogs, foure acts*, without his consent, or the least guess of his drift or scope, were supplied by the players. STEEVENS.

In a note on Vol. II. (Article—SHAKSPEARE, FORD, and JONSON) may be found a strong confirmation of what has been here suggested.

MALONE.

One would think that, Shakspeare's style being too refined for

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?

I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd,
Attending Nature's law.

Whose father then (as men report,
Thou orphan's father art,)

Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

MOTH. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

SICI. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o'the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1. BRO. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

his audiences, the managers had employed some playwright of the *old school* to regale them with a touch of "King Cambyzes' vein." The margin would be too honourable a place for so impertinent an interpolation. RITSON.

? *That from me was Posthumus ript,*] Perhaps we should read:
That from my womb Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes. JOHNSON.

This circumstance is met with in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607.
The play of *Cymbeline* did not appear in print till 1623:
"What would'st thou run again into my womb?
"If thou wert there, thou should'st be *Posthumus*,
"And ript out of my sides," &c. STEEVENS.

MOTH. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,⁶
 To be exil'd, and thrown
 From Leonati's seat, and cast
 From her his dearest one,
 Sweet Imogen?

SICI. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
 Slight thing of Italy,
 To taint his nobler heart and brain
 With needless jealousy;
 And to become the geck⁷ and scorn
 O'the other's villainy?

2. BRO. For this, from stiller seats we came,
 Our parents, and us twain,
 That, striking in our country's cause,
 Fell bravely, and were slain;
 Our fealty, and Tenantius'⁸ right,
 With honour to maintain.

1. BRO. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
 To Cymbeline perform'd:
 Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
 Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
 The graces for his merits due;
 Being all to dolours turn'd?

SICI. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
 No longer exercise,
 Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
 And potent injuries:

MOTH. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
 Take off his miseries.

⁶ With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,] The same phrase occurs in *Measure for Measure*:

"I hope you will not mock me with a husband." STEEVENS.

⁷ And to become the geck—] And permit *Posthumus* to become the geck, &c. MALONE.

A geck is a fool. See Vol. V. p. 385, n. 9. STEEVENS.

⁸ — Tenantius—] See p. 9, n. 7. STEEVENS.

SICI. Peep through thy marble mansion ; help !
 Or we poor ghosts will cry
 To the shining synod of the rest,
 Against thy deity.

2. BRO. Help, Jupiter ; or we appeal,
 And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER *descends⁹ in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghosts fall on their knees.*

JUP. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
 Offend our hearing ; hush !—How dare you ghosts,
 Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
 Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts ?
 Poor shadows of Elysium, hence ; and rest
 Upon your never-withering banks of flowers :
 Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd ;
 No care of yours it is ; you know, 'tis ours.
 Whom best I love, I cross ; to make my gift,
 The more delay'd, delighted.² Be content ;
 Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift ;
 His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.

⁹ *Jupiter descends* —] It appears from *Acolastus*, a comedy by T. Palsgrave, chaplain to K. Henry VIII. bl. l. 1540, that the descent of deities was common to our stage in its earliest state. "Of whyche the lyke thyng is used to be shewed now a days in stage-plaies, when some God or some Saynt is made to appere forth of a cloude, and succoureth the parties which seemed to be towardes some great danger, through the Soudan's crueltie." The author, for fear this description should not be supposed to extend itself to our theatres, adds in a marginal note, "the lyke maner used nowe at our day in stage playes." STEEVENS.

² *The more delay'd, delighted.*] That is, the more delightful for being delayed.—It is scarcely necessary to observe, in the nineteenth volume, that Shakspeare uses indiscriminately the active and passive participles. M. MASON.

Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
 Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
 He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
 And happier much by his affliction made,
 This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
 Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
 And so, away: no further with your din
 Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
 Mount, eagle, to my palace crySTALLINE. [*Ascends.*
 SICI. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
 Was sulphurous to smell:⁹ the holy eagle
 Stoop'd, as to foot us:² his ascension is
 More sweet than our bless'd fields: his royal bird
 Prunes the immortal wing,³ and cloy⁴ his beak,

Delighted is here either used for *delighted in*, or for *delighting*.
 So, in *Othello*:

“If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack —.” MALONE.

Though it be hardly worth while to waste a conjecture on the wretched stuff before us, perhaps the author of it, instead of *delighted* wrote *dilated*, i. e. expanded, rendered more copious. This participle occurs in *King Henry V.* and the verb in *Othello*.

STEEVENS.

⁹ *He came in thunder; his celestial breath*

Was sulphurous to smell:] A passage like this one may suppose to have been ridiculed by Ben Jonson, when in *Every Man in his Humour* he puts the following strain of poetry into the mouth of Justice Clement:

“————— testify,

“How Saturn sitting in an ebon cloud,

“Disrob'd his podex white as ivory,

“And through the welkin thunder'd all aloud.”

STEEVENS.

² ——— *to foot us:*] i. e. to grasp us in his pounces. So, Herbert:

“And till they *foot* and clutch their prey.” STEEVENS.

³ *Prunes the immortal wing,*] A bird is said to *prune* himself when he clears his feathers from superfluities. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song I:

“Some sitting on the beach, to *prune* their painted breasts.”

See Vol. VII. p. 284, n. 5; and Vol. XII. p. 180, n. 3. STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— *cloy⁴ his beak,*] Perhaps we should read:

———— *claws his beak.* TYRWHITT.

As when his god is pleas'd.

ALL.

Thanks, Jupiter!

SICI. The marble pavement closes,⁵ he is enter'd
His radiant roof:—Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[Ghosts vanish.

POST. [Waking.] Sleep, thou hast been a grand-
fire, and begot

A father to me: and thou hast created
A mother, and two brothers: But (O scorn!)
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born.
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare
one!

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment

A *cley* is the same with a *claw* in old language. FARMER.

So, in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. IV. fol. 69:

“ And as a catte wold ete fishes

“ Without wetyng of his *clees*.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Underwoods*:

“ ——— from the seize

“ Of vulture death and those relentless *cleys*.”

Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, speaks “ of a disease in cattell
betwixt the *clees* of their feete.” And in *The Book of Hawking*, &c.
bl. l. no date, under the article *Pounces*, it is said, “ The *cleis*
within the fote ye shall call aright her ‘pounces.’” To *claw* their
beaks, is an accustomed action with hawks and eagles.

STEEVENS.

⁵ *The marble pavement closes*,] So, in T. Heywood's *Troia Britannica*, Cant. xii. R. 77. 1609:

“ A general shout is given,

“ And strikes against the marble floors of heaven.”

HOLT WHITE.

Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not:⁵ either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie.⁶ Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

GAOL. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

POST. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

GAOL. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cook'd.

POST. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

⁵ *Tongue, and brain not:] To perfect the line we may read:
Do tongue, and brain not:—.* STEEVENS.

⁶ *'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie.]* The meaning, which is too thin to be easily caught, I take to be this: *This is a dream or madness, or both,—or nothing,—but whether it be a speech without consciousness, as in a dream, or a speech unintelligible, as in madness, be it as it is, it is like my course of life.* We might perhaps read:
Whether both, or nothing,—. JOHNSON.

GAOL. A heavy reckoning for you, fir: But the comfort is, you shall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much;⁷ purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness:⁸ O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.⁹—O the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor² but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—Your neck, fir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

POST. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

GAOL. Indeed, fir, he that sleeps feels not the

⁷ ——— *sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much;*] i. e. sorry that you *have paid* too much out of your pocket, and sorry that you *are paid*, or *subdued*, too much by the liquor. So, Falstaff: “—— seven of the eleven I *pay'd*.” Again, in the fifth scene of the fourth act of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

STEEVENS.

The word has already occurred in this sense, in a former scene:

“ And though he came our enemy, remember

“ He was *paid* for that.”

See also Vol. XIII. p. 411, n. 6. MALONE.

⁸ ——— *being drawn of heaviness:*] Drawn is *embowell'd*, *extenuated*.—So in common language as a fowl is said to be *drawn*, when its intestines are taken out. STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— *of this contradiction you shall now be quit.*] Thus, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ ———— Death,

“ That makes these odds all even.” STEEVENS.

² ——— *debtor and creditor*—] For an *accounting book*.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello*:

“ By *debtor and creditor*, this counter-caster;”——.

STEEVENS.

toot-ach: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, fir, you know not which way you shall go.

POST. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

GAOL. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know; or jump the after-enquiry^a on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think, you'll never return to tell one.

POST. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

GAOL. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

POST. Thou bring'st good news;—I am call'd to be made free.

GAOL. I'll be hang'd then.

^a ——— jump the after-enquiry—] That is, venture at it without thought. So, *Macbeth*:

“ We'd jump the life to come.” JOHNSON.

To jump is to hazard. So, in the passage quoted from *Macbeth* by Dr. Johnson. Again, in *Coriolanus*:

To jump a body with a dangerous physick——.”

MALONE.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler;
no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS and Messenger.]

GAOL. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and
beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone.³
Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves de-
sire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be
some of them too, that die against their wills; so
should I, if I were one. I would we were all of
one mind, and one mind good; O, there were de-
solation of gaolers, and gallowses! I speak against
my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment
in't. [Exit.]

³ — *I never saw one so prone.*] i. e. forward. In this sense the
word is used in Wilfride Holme's poem, entitled *The Fall and evil
Success of Rebellion*, &c. 1537:

"Thus lay they in Doncaster with curtol and serpentine,

"With bombard and basilisk, with men *prone* and vigorous."

Again, in Sir A. Gorges' translation of the sixth book of *Lucan*:

"—— Thessalian ferie fleeds

"For use of war so *prone* and fit." STEEVENS.

See Vol. VI. p. 27, n. 7. MALONE.

SCENE V.⁴

Cymbeline's Tent.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVI-
RAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.*

CYM. Stand by my side, you, whom the gods
have made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor foldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

BEL. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.⁵

CYM. No tidings of him?

⁴ *Scene V.]* Let those who talk so confidently about the skill of Shakspeare's contemporary, Jonson, point out the conclusion of any one of his plays which is wrought with more artifice, and yet a less degree of dramattick violence than this. In the scene before us, all the surviving characters are assembled; and at the expence of whatever incongruity the former events may have been produced, perhaps little can be discovered on this occasion to offend the most scrupulous advocate for regularity: and, I think, as little is found wanting to satisfy the spectator by a catastrophe which is intricate without confusion, and not more rich in ornament than in nature. STEEVENS.

⁵ — — *one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.]* To promise nothing but poor looks, may be, to give no promise of courageous behaviour. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Richard II*:

"To look so poorly, and to speak so fair." STEEVENS.

PIS. He hath been search'd among the dead and
living,
But no trace of him.

CYM. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.
By whom, I grant, she lives: 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

BEL. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

CYM. Bow your knees:
Arise, my knights o'the battle;⁶ I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

There's business in these faces:—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o'the court of Britain.

COR. Hail, great king!
To four your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

CYM. Whom worse than a physician?
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

⁶ — knight's o'the battle;] Thus, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 164, edit. 1615: "Philip of France made Arthur Plantagenet knight of the felde." STEEVENS.

⁷ Whom worse than a physician —] Old copy—Who. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

COR. With horror, madly dying, like her life ;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you : These her women
Can trip me, if I err ; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

CYM. Pr'ythee, say.

COR. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you ; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you :
Married your royalty, was wise to your place ;
Abhorr'd your person.

CYM. She alone knew this :
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

COR. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to
love⁵

With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight ; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

CYM. O most delicate fiend !
Who is't can read a woman ?—Is there more ?

COR. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she
had

For you a mortal mineral ; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waste you : In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show : yes, and in time,⁶
(When she had fitted you with her craft,) to work

⁵ — *bore in hand to love* —] i. e. insidiously taught to depend on her love. See Vol. VI. p. 38, n. 6. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *yes, and in time,*] Thus the second folio. The first, injuriously to the metre, omits—*yes*. STEEVENS.

Her son into the adoption of the crown.
 But failing of her end by his strange absence,
 Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
 Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
 The evils she hatch'd were not affected; so,
 Despairing, died.

CYM. Heard you all this, her women?

LADY. We did, so please your highness.

CYM. Mine eyes⁷

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
 Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
 That thought her like her seeming; it had been
 vicious,

To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
 That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
 And prove it in thy feeling, Heaven mend all!

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other
 Roman prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS behind,
 and IMOGEN.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
 The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
 Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,
 That their goodsouls may be appeas'd with slaughter
 Of you their captives, which our self have granted:
 So, think of your estate.

LUC. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
 Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
 We should not, when the blood was cool, have
 threaten'd

⁷ *Mine eyes—*] Sir Thomas Hanmer, very adroitly, in my opinion, supplies the syllable here wanting to the metre, by reading:

Yet, mine eyes &c, STEEVENS.

And yet, I know, thou wilt.

IMO. No, no ; alack,
There's other work in hand ; I see a thing
Bitter to me as death : your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

LUC. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me : Briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd ?

CYM. What would'st thou, boy ?
I love thee more and more ; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on ?
speak,

Wilt have him live ? Is he thy kin ? thy friend ?

IMO. He is a Roman ; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness ; who, being born your
vassal,

Am something nearer.

CYM. Wherefore ey'st him so ?

IMO. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

CYM. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name ?

IMO. Fidele, sir.

CYM. Thou art my good youth, my page ;
I'll be thy master : Walk with me ; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.]

BEL. Is not this boy reviv'd from death ?³

ARV. One and another
Not more resembles : That sweet rosy lad,

³ ——— *reviv'd from death?*] The words—*from death*, which
spoil the measure, are an undoubted interpolation. From what else
but death could Imogen, in the opinion of Belarius, have *reviv'd*?

Who died, and was Fidele:—What think you?

GUI. The same dead thing alive.

BEL. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not;
forbear;

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

GUI. But we saw him dead.

BEL. Be silent; let's see further.

PIS. It is my mistress:
[*Aside.*]

Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

[CYMBELINE, and IMOGEN come forward.]

CYM. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [to IACH.] step you
forth;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to
him.

IMO. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

POST. What's that to him?
[*Aside.*]

CYM. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?

IACH. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

CYM. How! me?

IACH. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
which⁹

⁹ — which —] Mr. Ritson (and I perfectly agree with him) thinks this pronoun should be omitted, as in elliptical language, on

Torments me to conceal. By villainy
 I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel:
 Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may
 grieve thee,
 As it doth me,) a nobler fir ne'er liv'd
 'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my
 lord?²

CYM. All that belongs to this.

IACH. That paragon, thy daughter,—
 For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
 Quail to remember,³—Give me leave; I faint.

CYM. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy
 strength:

I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,
 Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

IACH. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
 That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
 The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O 'would
 Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,

similar occasions, is often known to have been the case. How inju-
 rious this syllable is to the present measure, I think no reader of
 judgement can fail to perceive. STEEVENS.

² ——— *Wilt thou hear more, my lord? &c.]* The metre will be-
 come perfectly regular, if we read:

“ ‘*Twixt sky and ground. Wilt more, my lord?*”

Cym.

All that

Belongs to this.

Iach.

That paragon, thy daughter,—.

In elliptical language, such words as—*thou hear*, are frequently
 omitted; but the players, or transcribers, as in former instances,
 were unsatisfied till the metre was destroyed by the insertion of
 whatever had been purposely left out. STEEVENS.

³ *Quail to remember,]* To *quail* is to sink into dejection. The
 word is common to many authors. So, in *The Three Ladies of*
London, 1584: “She cannot *quail* me if she come in likeness of the
 great Devil.” See Vol. VIII. p. 211, n. 7; and Vol. XII. p. 352,
 n. 6. STEEVENS.

Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Post-
 humus,
 (What should I say? he was too good, to be
 Where ill men were; and was the best of all
 Amongst the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,
 Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
 For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
 Of him that best could speak: for feature, laming
 The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
 Postures beyond brief nature;⁴ for condition,
 A shop of all the qualities that man
 Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,

⁴ ——— for feature, laming

The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,

Postures beyond brief nature;] *Feature* for proportion of parts,
 which Mr. Theobald not understanding, would alter to *stature*.

—— for feature, laming

The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,

Postures beyond brief nature;——

i. e. the ancient statues of Venus and Minerva, which exceeded, in beauty of exact proportion, any living bodies, the work of *brief nature*; i. e. of hasty, unelaborate nature. He gives the same character of the beauty of the antique in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ O'er picturing *that Venus* where we see

“ *The fancy outwork nature.*”

It appears, from a number of such passages as these, that our author was not ignorant of the fine arts. WARBURTON.

I cannot help adding, that passages of this kind are but weak proofs that our poet was conversant with what we at present call *the fine arts*. The pantheons of his own age (several of which I have seen) afford a most minute and particular account of the different degrees of beauty imputed to the different deities; and as Shakspeare had at least an opportunity of reading Chapman's translation of *Homer*, the first part of which was published in 1596, with additions in 1598, and entire in 1611, he might have taken these ideas from thence, without being at all indebted to his own particular observation, or acquaintance with statuary and painting. It is surely more for his honour to remark how well he has employed the little knowledge he appears to have had of sculpture or mythology, than from his frequent allusions to them to suppose he was intimately acquainted with either. STEEVENS.

Fairness, which strikes the eye:——

CYM. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.

IACH. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This Post-
humus,

(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover,) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue,) he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being
made,

And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking fots.

CYM. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

IACH. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her, as Dian⁵ had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel;⁶ and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain

⁵ —— as *Dian* ——] i. e. as if *Dian*. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:
“ —— he utters them as he had eaten ballads.” See also Vol. XIII,
p. 191, n. 2. MALONE.

⁶ —— a carbuncle &c.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
“ He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
“ Like *Phœbus'* car.” STEEVENS.

Post I in this design: Well may you, fir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus
 quench'd

Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes⁷
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
(O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks, I see him now,—

POST.

Ay, so thou dost,
[*Coming forward.*]

Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer!⁸ Thou, king, send out

⁷ ——— *averring notes* —] Such marks of the chamber and pictures, as *averred* or confirmed my report. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Some upright justicer!*] I meet with this antiquated word in *The Tragedy of Darius*, 1603:

“ ——— this day,

“ Th'eternal *justicer* sees through the stars.”

Again, in *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608:

“ No: we must have an upright *justicer*.”

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, Book X. ch. liv:

“ Precelling his progenitors, a *justicer* upright.”

For tortures ingenious : it is I
 That all the abhorred things o'the earth amend,
 By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
 That kill'd thy daughter :—villain-like, I lie ;
 That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't :—the temple
 Of virtue was she ; yea, and she herself.⁹
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
 The dogs o'the street to bay me : every villain
 Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus ; and
 Be villainy less than 'twas !—O Imogen !
 My queen, my life, my wife ! O Imogen,
 Imogen, Imogen !

IMO. Peace, my lord ; hear, hear—

POST. Shall's have a play of this ? Thou scornful
 page,

There lie thy part. *[Striking her : she falls.]*

PIS. O, gentlemen, help, help
 Mine, and your mistress :—O, my lord Posthumus !
 You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now :—Help, help !—
 Mine honour'd lady !

CYM. Does the world go round ?

POST. How come these staggers² on me ?

PIS. Wake, my mistress !

CYM. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
 To death with mortal joy.

PIS. How fares my mistress ?

Justicer is used by Shakspeare thrice in *King Lear*. HENLEY.

The most ancient law books have *justicers* of the peace, as frequently as *justices* of the peace. REED.

⁹ — and *she herself*.] That is,—She was not only the temple of virtue, but *virtue herself*. JOHNSON.

² — these *staggers* —] This wild and delirious perturbation. *Staggers* is the horse's apoplexy. JOHNSON.

IMO. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

CYM. The tune of Imogen!

PIS. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

CYM. New matter still?

IMO. It poison'd me.

COR. O Gods!—

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that consecration
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

CYM. What's this, Cornelius?

COR. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

IMO. Most like I did, for I was dead.

BEL. My boys,
There was our error.

GUI. This is sure, Fidele.

IMO. Why did you throw your wedded lady from
you?

Think, that you are upon a rock;³ and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*

POST. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

CYM. How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard⁴ in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

IMO. Your blessing, sir.

[*Kneeling.*

BEL. Though you did love this youth, I blame
ye not;
You had a motive for't.

[*To GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*

CYM. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

IMO. I am sorry for't, my lord.

³ *Think, that you are upon a rock;*] In this speech, or in the answer, there is little meaning. I suppose, he would say,— Consider such another act as equally fatal to me with precipitation from a rock, and now let me see whether you will repeat it.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps only a stage direction is wanting to clear this passage from obscurity. Imogen first upbraids her husband for the violent treatment she had just experienced; then confident of the return of passion which she knew must succeed to the discovery of her innocence, the poet might have meant her to rush into his arms, and while she clung about him fast, to dare him to throw her off a second time, lest that precipitation should prove as fatal to them both, as if the place where they stood had been a rock. To which he replies, *hang there*, i. e. round my neck, till the frame that now supports you shall decay. STEEVENS.

⁴ — a dullard —] In this place means a person stupidly unconcerned. So, in *Misriomastix, or the Player whipt*, 1610:

“What dullard! would'st thou doat in rusty art?”

Again, Staunhull in his version of the first book of Virgil, 1582:

“We Moores, lyke dullards, are not so wytles abyding.”

STEEVENS.

CYM. O, she was naught; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely: But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

PIS. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and
swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death: By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him ⁵
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

GUI. Let me end the story:
I flew him there.

CYM. Marry, the gods forbend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

GUI. I have spoke it, and I did it.

CYM. He was a prince.

GUI. A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did
me

Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here

⁵ ——— which directed him —] Which led or induced him.

To tell this tale of mine.

CYM. I am sorry for thee:⁶
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: Thou art dead.

IMO. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

CYM. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

BEL. Stay, fir king:
This man is better than the man he flew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;

[To the Guard.

They were not born for bondage.

CYM. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath?⁷ How of descent
As good as we?

ARV. In that he spake too far.

CYM. And thou shalt die for't.

BEL. We will die all three:
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

⁶ *I am sorry for thee:*] The old copy has—

I am sorrow for thee.

This obvious error of the press was corrected in the second folio.

MALONE.

⁷ *By tasting of our wrath?*] The consequence is taken for the
whole action; *by tasting* is *by forcing us to make thee taste.*

JOHNSON.

ARV. Your danger is
Ours.

GUI. And our good is his.

BEL. Have at it then.—
By leave;—Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who
Was call'd Belarius.

CYM. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

BEL. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age:⁸ indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.

CYM. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.

BEL. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

CYM. Nursing of my sons?

BEL. I am too blunt, and faucy: Here's my
knee;
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,

⁸ Assum'd *this age*:] I believe is the same as *reach'd* or *attain'd* *this age*. STEEVENS.

As there is no reason to imagine that Belarius had assumed the appearance of being older than he really was, I suspect that, instead of *age*, we should read *gage*; so that he may be understood to refer to *the engagement*, which he had entered into, a few lines before, in these words:

“ We will die all three,

“ But I will prove two of us are as good

“ As I have given out him.” TYRWHITT.

Assum'd *this age*, has a reference to the different appearance which Belarius now makes, in comparison with that when Cymbeline last saw him. HENLEY.

And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

CYM. How! my issue?

BEL. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offence,⁹ my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are,) these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose

⁹ *Your pleasure was my mere offence, &c.* [Modern editors —
near.] I think this passage may better be read thus:

*Your pleasure was my dear offence, my punishment
Itself, was all my treason; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. —*

The offence which cost me so dear was only your caprice. My sufferings have been all my crime. JOHNSON.

The reading of the old copies, though corrupt, is generally nearer to the truth than that of the later editions, which, for the most part, adopt the orthography of their respective ages.

Dr. Johnson would read — *dear* offence. In the folio it is *neere*; which plainly points out to us the true reading — *meere*, as the word was then spelt. TYRWHITT.

My crime, my punishment, and all the treason that I committed, originated in, and were founded on, your caprice only. MALONE.

I have adopted Mr. Tyrwhitt's very judicious emendation; which is also commended by Mr. Malone. STEEVENS.

Two of the sweet'st companions in the world :—
 The benediction of these covering heavens
 Fall on their heads like dew ! for they are worthy
 To inlay heaven with stars.²

CYM. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.³
 The service, that you three have done, is more
 Unlike than this thou tell'st : I lost my children ;
 If these be they, I know not how to wish
 A pair of worthier sons.

BEL. Be pleas'd a while.—
 This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
 Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius :
 'This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
 Your younger princely son ; he, sir, was lapp'd
 In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
 Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
 I can with ease produce.

CYM. Guiderius had
 Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star ;
 It was a mark of wonder.

BEL. This is he ;
 Who hath upon him still that natural stamp :
 It was wise nature's end in the donation,
 To be his evidence now.

CYM. O, what am I
 A mother to the birth of three ? Ne'er mother

² *To inlay heaven with stars.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ Take him and cut him into little stars,

“ And he will make the face of heaven so fine,” &c.

STEEVENS.

³ *Thou weep'st, and speak'st.*] “ Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation ; and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate.” The king reasons very justly. JOHNSON.

Rejoic'd deliverance more:—Bless'd may you be,⁴
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

IMO. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.⁵

CYM. Did you e'er meet?

ARV. Ay, my good lord.

GUI. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

COR. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

CYM. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridge-
ment⁶

⁴ — may you be,] The old copy reads—*pray* you be.

STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁵ *When you were so indeed.*] The folio gives:

When we were so, indeed.

If this be right, we must read:

Imo. I, you brothers.

Arv. *When we were so, indeed.* JOHNSON.

The emendation which has been adopted, was made by Mr. Rowe. I am not sure that it is necessary. Shakspeare in his licentious manner might have meant,—“when we did really stand in the relation of brother and sister to each other.” MALONE.

⁶ — fierce *abridgement* —] *Fierce*, is *vehement*, *rapid*.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Timon of Athens*:

“O, the *fierce* wretchedness that glory brings!”

STEEVENS.

See also Vol. VII. p. 372, n. 9. MALONE.

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.⁶—Where? how liv'd
you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met
them?

Why fled you from the court? and whither?⁷ These,
And your three motives to the battle,⁸ with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependancies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor
place,

Will serve our long intergatories.⁹ See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,

⁶ ——— which

Distinction should be rich in.] i. e. which ought to be rendered distinct by a liberal amplitude of narrative. STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— and whither?] Old copy — *whether*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald, who likewise reformed the pointing.

MALONE.

⁸ *And your three motives to the battle,*] That is, though strangely expressed, the motives of you three for engaging in the battle. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, “both our remedies,” means *the remedy for us both*. M. MASON.

⁹ *Will serve our long intergatories.*] So the first folio. Later editors have omitted *our*, for the sake of the metre, I suppose; but unnecessarily; as *interrogatory* is used by Shakspeare as a word of five syllables. See *The Merchant of Venice* near the end, where in the old edition it is written *intergatory*. TYRWHITT.

See also Vol. IX. p. 146, n. 6. I believe this word was generally used as one of five syllables in our author's time. To the proofs already adduced may be added the following from *Novella*, by Brome, Act II. sc. i:

“ ——— Then you must answer
“ To these intergatories.” REED.

And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother; So we'll hold thee ever.

[To BELARIUS.

IMO. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

CYM. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

IMO. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

LUC. Happy be you!

CYM. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

POST. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd;—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

IACH. I am down again :
[Kneeling.

But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech
you,

Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

POST. Kneel not to me;
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.

CYM. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

ARV. You help us, fir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome

Call forth your soothfayer: As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows²
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whole containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it:³ let him show
His skill in the construction.

LUC. Philarmonus, —

SOOTH. Here, my good lord.

LUC. Read, and declare the meaning.

SOOTH. [Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

² — spritely *shows* —] Are groups of sprites, ghostly appearances. STEEVENS.

³ *Make no collection of it:*] A collection is a corollary, a consequence deduced from premises. So, in Sir John Davies's poem on *The Immortality of the Soul*:

“ When she, from fundry arts, one skill doth draw ;

"Gath'ring from divers lights, one act of war;

“ From many cases like, one rule of law :

"These her *collections*, not the senses are." STEEVENS.

So, the Queen says to Hamlet:

" — Her speech is nothing,

" Yet the unshaped use of it doth move

“ The hearers to *collection* ”

[*Whose containing*, means, the contents of which. M. MASON.

SOOTH. The fingers of the powers above do tune
 The harmony of this peace. The vision
 Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
 Of this yet scarce-cold battle,⁶ at this instant
 Is full accomplished: For the Roman eagle,
 From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
 Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o'the sun
 So vanish'd: which fore-show'd our princely eagle,
 'The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
 His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
 Which shines here in the west.

CYM. Laud we the gods;
 And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
 From our bless'd altars! Publish we this peace

such elliptical expressions being found in his works. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,

"And dotes on *whom* he looks [*on*], 'gainst law and duty."

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"Men shall deal *unadvisedly* sometimes,

"Which after hours give leisure to repent [*of*]."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"—— even as bad as those,

"That vulgars give boldest titles [*to*]."

Again, *ibidem*:

"—— The queen is spotless

"In that *which* you accuse her [*of*]."

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

"—— *whoever* the king removes,

"The cardinal instantly will find employment [*for*]."

Again, in *Othello*:

"What conjurations and what mighty magick

"I won his daughter [*with*]."

Mr. Pope, instead of the lines in the text, substituted—

On whom heaven's justice (both on her and hers)

Hath lay'd most heavy hand.

and this capricious alteration was adopted by all the subsequent editors. MALONE,

⁶ —— this yet *scarce-cold battle*,] Old copy—yet this &c. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

To all our subjects. Set we forward : Let
 A Roman and a British ensign wave
 Friendly together : so through Lud's town march :
 And in the temple of great Jupiter
 Our peace we'll ratify ; seal it with feasts.—
 Set on there :—Never was a war did cease,
 Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.
 [*Exeunt.*]

⁷ This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expence of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names, and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation.

JOHNSON.

A book entitled *Westward for Smelts, or the Waterman's Fare of mad Merry Western Wenches, whose Tongues albeit, like Bell-clappers, they never leave ringing, yet their Tales are sweet, and will much content you: Written by kinde Kitt of Kingstone*,—was published at London in 1603; and again, in 1620. To the second tale in that volume Shakspeare seems to have been indebted for two or three of the circumstances of *Cymbeline*. [See p. 3.] It is told by the Fish-wife of *Stand on the Green*, and is as follows:

“ In the troublesome raigne of king Henry the Sixt, there dwelt in Waltam (not farre from London) a gentleman, which had to wife a creature most beautifull, so that in her time there were few found that matched her, none at all that excelled her; so excellent were the gifts that nature had bestowed on her. In body was she not onely so rare and unparaleled, but also in her gifts of minde, so that in this creature it seemed that Grace and Nature strove who should excell each other in their gifts toward her. The gentleman, her husband, thought himselfe so happy in his choise, that he believed, in choosing her, he had tooke holde of that blessing which Heaven proffereth every man once in his life. Long did not this opinion hold for curiant; for in his height of love he began so to hate her, that he sought her death: the cause I will tell you.

“ Having businesse one day to London, he tooke his leave very kindly of his wife, and, accompanied with one man, he rode to London: being toward night, he tooke up his inne, and to be briefe, he went to supper amongst other gentlemen. Amongst other talke at table, one tooke occasion to speake of women, and what excellent creatures they were, so long as they continued loyal to man. To whom answered one, saying, This is truth, sir; so is the divell good so long as he doth no harme, which is meaner: his goodnes and women's loyaltie will come both in one yeere; but it is so farre off, that none in this age shall live to see it.

“ This gentleman loving his wife dearly, and knowing her to be free from this uncivill generall taxation of women, in her behalfe, said, Sir, you are too bitter against the sexe of women, and doe ill, for some one's sake that hath proved false to you, to taxe the generalitie of women-kinde with lightnesse; and but I would not be counted uncivill amongst these gentlemen, I would give you the reply that approved untruth deserveth: — you know my meaning, sir; construe my words as you please. Excuse me, gentlemen, if I be uncivil; I answer in the behalfe of one who is as free from disloyaltie as is the sunne from darknes, or the fire from cold. Pray, sir, said the other, since wee are opposite in opinions, let us rather talke like lawyers, that wee may be quickly friends againe, than like souldiers, which end their words with blowes. Perhaps this woman that you answer for, is chaste, but yet against her will; for many women are honest, 'cause they have not the meanes and opportunitie to be dishonest; so is a thief true in prison, because he hath nothing to steale. Had I but opportunitie and knew this same saint you so adore, I would pawne my life and whole estate, in a short while to bring you some manifest token of her disloyaltie. Sir, you are yong in the knowledge of women's flights; your want of experience makes you too credulous: therefore be not abused. This speech of his made the gentleman more out of patience than before, so that with much adoe he held himselfe from offering violence, but his anger being a little over, he said, — Sir, I doe verily beleve that this vaine speech of yours proceedeth rather from a loose and ill-manner'd minde, than of any experience you have had of women's looseness: and since you think yourselfe so cunning in that divelish art of corrupting women's chastitie, I will lay down heere a hundred pounds, against which you shall lay fifty pounds, and before these gentlemen I promise you, if that within a month's space you bring me any token of this gentlewoman's disloyaltie, (for whose sake I have spoken in the behalfe of all women,) I doe freely give you leave to enjoy the same; conditionally, you not performing it, I may enjoy your money. If that it be a match, speake, and I will acquaint you where she dwelleth: and besides I vow, as I am a gentleman, not to give her notice of any such intent that is toward her. Sir, quoth the man, your proffer is faire, and I accept the same. So the money was delivered

In the east of the house his hands, and the fitters by were witnesses; so drinking together like friends, they went every man to his chamber. The next day this man, having knowledge of the place, rid thither, leaving the gentleman at the inne, who being assured of his wife's chastitie, made no other account but to winne the wager; but it fell out otherwise: for the other vowed either by force, policie, or free will, to get some jewell or other toy from her, which was enough to persuade the gentleman that he was a cuckold, and win the wager he had laid. This villaine (for hee deserved no better stile) lay at Waltam a whole day before he came to the sight of her; at last he espied her in the fields, to whom he went, and kissed her (a thing no modest woman can deny); after his salutation, he said, Gentlewoman, I pray, pardon me, if I have beene too bold: I was intreated by your husband, which is at London, (I riding this way) to come and see you; by me he hath sent his commends to you, with a kind intreat that you would not be discontented for his long absence, it being serious business that keepes him from your sight. The gentlewoman very modestlie bade him welcome, thanking him for his kindnes; withall telling him that her husband might command her patience so long as he pleased. Then intreated shee him to walke homeward, where she gave him such entertainment as was fit for a gentleman, and her husband's friend.

" In the time of his abiding at her house, he oft would have singled her in private talke, but she perceiving the same, (knowing it to be a thing not fitting a modest woman,) would never come in his sight but at meales, and then were there so many at boord, that it was no time for to talke of love-matters: therefore he saw he must accomplish his desire some other way; which he did in this manner. He having laine two nights at her house, and perceiving her to bee free from lustful desires, the third night he fained himselfe to bee something ill, and so went to bed timelier than he was wont. When he was alone in his chamber, he began to thinke with himselfe that it was now time to do that which he determined: for if he tarried any longer, they might have cause to think that he came for some ill intent, and waited opportunity to execute the same: therefore he resolved to doe something that night, that might win him the wager, or utterly bring him in despaire of the same. With this resolution he went to her chamber, which was but a paire of staires from his, and finding the doore open, he went in, placing himself under the bed. Long had he not lyne there, but in came the gentlewoman with her maiden; who, having been at prayers with her household, was going to bed. She preparing herselfe to bedward, laid her head-tyre and those jewels she wore, on a little table thereby: at length he perceived her to put off a little crucifix of gold, which daily she wore next to her heart; this jewell he thought fittest for his turne, and there he observed where she did lay the same.

“ At length the gentlewoman, having untired her selfe, went to bed; her maid then bolting of the doore, tooke the candle, and went to bed in a withdrawing roome, onely separated with arras. This villaine lay still under the bed, listening if hee could heare that the gentlewoman slept: at length he might hear her draw her breath long; then thought he all sure, and like a cunning villaine rose without noyse, going straight to the table, where finding of the crucifix, he lightly went to the doore, which he cunningly unbolted: all this performed he with so little noyse, that neither the mistress nor the maid heard him. Having gotten into his chamber, he wished for day that he might carry this jewell to her husband, as signe of his wife's disloyaltie; but seeing his wishes but in vaine, he laid him downe to sleepe: happy had she beene, had his bed proved his grave.

“ In the morning so soone as the folkes were stirring, he rose and went to the horse-keeper, praying him to helpe him to his horse, telling him that he had tooke his leave of his mistress the last night. Mounting his horse, away rode he to London, leaving the gentlewoman in bed; who, when she rose, attiring herselfe hastily, ('cause one tarried to speake with her,) missed not her crucifix. So, passed she the time away, as she was wont other dayes to doe, no whit troubled in minde, though much sorrow was toward her; onely she seemed a little discontented that her ghest went away so unmannerly, she using him so kindly. So leaving her, I will speake of him, who the next morning was betimes at London; and coming to the inne, hee asked for the gentleman who was then in bed, but he quickly came downe to him; who seeing him returned so suddenly, hee thought hee came to have leave to release himselfe of his wager; but this chanced otherwise, for having saluted him, he said in this manner:—Sir, did not I tell you that you were too yong in experience of woman's subtilties, and that no woman was longer good than till she had cause, or time to do ill? This you believed not; and thought it a thing so unlikely, that you have given me a hundred pounds for the knowledge of it. In brief, know, your wife is a woman, and therefore a wanton, a changeling:—to confirm that I speake, see heere (shewing him the crucifix); know you this? If this be not sufficient prooffe, I will fetch you more.

“ At the sight of this, his bloud left his face, running to comfort his faint heart, which was ready to breake at the sight of this crucifix, which he knew she alwayes wore next her heart; and therefore he must (as he thought) goe something neere, which stole so private a jewell. But remembering himselfe, he cheeres his spirits, seeing that was sufficient prooffe, and he had wonne the wager, which he commanded should be given to him. Thus was the poore gentleman abused, who went into his chamber, and being weary of this world, (seeing where he had put onely his trust he

was deceived,) he was minded to fall upon his sword, and so end all his miseries at once: but his better genius persuaded him contrary, and not so, by laying violent hand on himselfe, to leap into the divel's mouth. Thus being in many mindes, but resolving no one thing, at last he concluded to punish her with death, which had deceived his trust, and himselfe utterly to forsake his house and lands, and follow the fortunes of king Henry. To this intent, he called his man, to whom he said, — George, thou knowest I have ever held thee deare, making more account of thee than thy other fellowes; and thou hast often told me that thou diddest owe thy life to me, which at any time thou wouldest be ready to render up to doe me good. True, sir, answered his man, I said no more then, than I will now at any time, whensoever you please, performe. I believe thee, George, replied he; but there is no such need: I onely would have thee doe a thing for me, in which is no great danger; yet the profit which thou shalt have thereby shall amount to my wealth. For the love that thou bearest to me, and for thy own good, wilt thou do this? Sir, answered George, more for your love than any reward, I will doe it, (and yet money makes men valiant,) pray tell me what it is? George, said his master, this it is; thou must goe home, praying thy mistress to meet me halfe the way to London; but having her by the way, in some private place kill her: I mean as I speake, kill her, I say; this is my command, which thou hast promised to performe; which if thou performest not, I vow to kill thee next time thou comest in my sight. Now for thy reward, it shall be this: Take my ring, and when thou hast done my command, by virtue of it, doe thou assume my place till my returne, at which time thou shalt know what my reward is; till then govern my whole estate, and for thy mistress' absence and my own, make what excuse thou please; so be gone. Well, sir, said George, since it is your will, though unwilling I am to do it, yet I will performe it. So went he his way toward Waltam; and his master presently rid to the court, where hee abode with king Henry, who a little before was enlarged by the earle of Warwicke, and placed in the throne againe.

“ George being come to Waltam, did his dutie to his mistress, who wondered to see him, and not her husband, for whom she demanded of George; he answered her, that he was at Enfield, and did request her to meet him there. To which shee willingly agreed, and presently rode with him toward Enfield. At length, they being come into a by-way, George began to speake to her in this manner: Mistress, I pray you tell me, what that wife deserves, who through some lewd behaviour of hers hath made her husband to neglect his estates, and meanes of life, seeking by all meanes to dye, that he might be free from the shame which her wickednesse hath purchased him? George, quoth shee, hast thou met with some

such creature? Be it whomsoever, might I be her judge, I thinke her worthy of death. How thinkest thou? 'Faith mistress, said he, I think so too, and am so fully perswaded that her offence deserves that punishment, that I purpose to be executioner to such a one myselfe: Mistress, you are this woman; you have so offended my master, (you know best, how, yourselfe,) that he hath left his house, vowing never to see the same till you be dead, and I am the man appointed by him to kill you. Therefore those words which you meane to utter, speake them presently, for I cannot stay. Poor gentlewoman, at the report of these unkinde words (ill deserved at her hands) she looked as one dead, and uttering abundance of teares, she at last spake these words: And can it be, that my kindness and loving obedience hath merited no other reward at his hands than death? It cannot be. I know thou only tryest me, how patiently I would endure such an unjust command. I'll tell thee heere, thus with body prostrate on the earth, and hands lift up to heaven, I would pray for his preservation; those should be my worst words: for death's fearful visage shewes pleasant to that soule that is innocent. Why then prepare yourselfe, said George, for by heaven I doe not jest. With that she prayed him stay, saying,—And is it so? Then what should I desire to live, having lost his favour (and without offence) whom I so dearly loved, and in whose sight my happinesse did consist? Come, let me die. Yet George, let me have so much favour at thy hands, as to commend me in these few words to him: Tell him, my death I willingly imbrace, for I have owed him my life (yet no otherwise but by a wife's obedience) ever since I called him husband; but that I am guilty of the least fault toward him, I utterly deny; and doe, at this hour of my death, desire that Heaven would pour down vengeance upon me, if ever I offended him in thought. Intreat him that he would not speake aught that were ill on mee, when I am dead, for in good troth I have deserved none. 'Pray Heaven blesse him; I am prepared now, strike pr'ythee home, and kill me and my griefes at once.

“ George, seeing this, could not with-hold himselfe from shedding teares, and with pitie he let fall his sword, saying,—Mistress, that I have used you so roughly, pray pardon me, for I was commanded so by my master, who hath vowed, if I let you live, to kill me. But I being perswaded that you are innocent, I will rather undergoe the danger of his wrath than to staine my hands with the blood of your cleere and spotlesse brest: yet let me intreat you so much, that you would not come in his sight, lest in his rage he turne your butcher, but live in some disguise, till time have opened the cause of his mistrust, and shewed you guiltlesse; which, I hope, will not be long.

“ To this she willingly granted, being loth to die causelesse, and thanked him for his kindnesse; so parted they both, having

teares in their eyes. George went home, where he shewed his master's ring, for the government of the house till his master and mistress returne, which he said lived a while at London, 'cause the time was so troublesome, and that was a place where they were more secure than in the country. This his fellowes believed, and were obedient to his will; amongst whom he used himselfe so kindly that he had all their loves. This poore gentlewoman (mistress of the house) in short time got man's apparell for her disguise; so wandered she up and downe the countrey, for she could get no service, because the time was so dangerous that no man knew whom he might trust: onely she maintained herselfe with the price of those jewels which she had, all which she sold. At the last, being quite out of money, and having nothing left (which she could well spare) to make money of, she resolved rather to starve than so much to debase herselfe to become a beggar. With this resolution she went to a solitary place beside Yorke, where she lived the space of two dayes on hearbs, and such things as she could there finde.

" In this time it chanced that king Edward, beeing come out of France, and lying thereabout with the small forces hee had, came that way with some two or three noblemen, with an intent to discover if any ambushes were laid to take him at an advantage. He seeing there this gentlewoman, whom he supposed to be a boy, asked her what she was, and what she made there in that private place? To whom shee very wisely and modestly withall, answered; that she was a poore boy, whose bringing up had bin better than her outward parts then shewed, but at that time she was both friendlesse and comfortlesse, by reason of the late warre. He beeing moved to see one so well featured as she was, to want, entertained her for one of his pages; to whom she shewed herselfe so dutifull and loving, that in short time she had his love above all her fellowes; Still followed she the fortunes of K. Edward, hoping at last (as not long after it did fall out) to be reconciled to her husband.

" After the battell at Barnet, where K. Edward got the best, she going up and downe amongst the slaine men, to know whether her husband, which was on K. Henrie's side, was dead or escaped, happened to see the other who had been her ghest, lying there for dead. She remembering him, and thinking him to be one whom her husband loved, went to him, and finding him not dead, she caused one to helpe her with him to a house there-by; where opening his brest to dresse his wounds, she espied her crucifix, at sight of which her heart was joyfull, hoping by this to find him that was the original of her disgrace: for she remembering herselfe, found that she had lost that crucifix ever since that morning he departed from her house so suddenly. But saying nothing of it at that time, she caused him to be carefully looked unto, and brought up to London after her, whither she went with the king, carrying the crucifix with her.

“ On a time, when he was a little recovered, she went to him, giving him the crucifix which she had taken from about his necke: to whom he said, ‘ Good gentle youth, keep the same; for now in my misery of sicknes, when the sight of that picture should be most comfortable, it is to me most uncomfortable; and breedeth such horroure in my conscience, when I think how wrongfully I got the same, that so long as I see it I shall never be in rest.’ Now knew she that he was the man that caused the separation ’twixt her husband and her selfe; yet said she nothing, using him as respectfully as she had before: onely she caused the man in whose house he lay, to remember the words he had spoken concerning the crucifix. Not long after, she being alone, attending on the king, beseeched his grace to do her justice on a villain that had bin the cause of all the misery she had suffered. He loving her above all his other pages, most dearly, said, ‘ Edmund, (for so had she named herselfe,) thou shalt have what right thou wilt on thy enemy; cause him to be sent for, and I will be thy judge my selfe.’ She being glad of this, with the king’s authority sent for her husband, whom she heard was one of the prisoners that was taken at the battel of Barnet; she appointing the other, now recovered, to be at the court at the same time. They being both come, but not one seeing of the other, the king sent for the wounded man into the presence; before whom the page asked him how he came by the crucifix. He fearing that his villainy would come forth, denied the words he had said before his oast, affirming he bought it. With that, she called in the oast of the house where he lay, bidding him boldly speake what he had heard this man say concerning the crucifix. The oast then told the king, that in the presence of this page he heard him intreat that the crucifix might be taken from his sight, for it did wound his conscience, to thinke how wrongfully he had gotten the same. These words did the page averre; yet he utterly denied the same, affirming that he bought it, and if that he did speake such words in his sicknesse, they proceeded from the lightnesse of his braine, and were untruthes.

“ She seeing this villain’s impudency, sent for her husband in, to whom she shewed the crucifix, saying, Sir, doe you know this? Yes, answered hee, but would God I ne’re had knowne the owner of it! It was my wife’s, a woman virtuous till this divell (speaking to the other) did corrupt her purity,—who brought me this crucifix as a token of her inconstancie.

“ With that the king said, Sirra, now are you found to be a knave. Did you not, even now, affirme you bought it? To whom he answered with fearfull countenance, And it like your grace, I said so to preserve this gentleman’s honour, and his wife’s, which by my telling of the truth would have been much indamaged; for indeed she, being a secret friend of mine, gave me this as a testimony of her love.

“ The gentlewoman, not being able longer to cover her selfe in that disguise, said, ‘ And it like your majesty, give mee leave to speake, and you shall see me make this villain confesse how he hath abused that good gentleman.’ The king having given her leave, she said, ‘ First, sir, you confessed before your oast and my selfe, that you had wrongfully got this jewell; then before his majestie you affirmed you bought it; so denying your former words: Now you have denyed that which you so boldly affirmed before, and said it was this gentleman’s wife’s gift. With his majestie’s leave I say, thou art a villaine, and this is likewise false.’ With that she discovered her selfe to be a woman, saying—‘ Hadst thou, villaine, ever any strumpet’s favour at my hands? Did I, for any sinfull pleasure I received from thee, bestow this on thee? Speake, and if thou have any goodnes left in thee, speak the truth.’

“ With that, he being daunted at her sudden sight, fell on his knees before the king, beseeching his grace to be mercifull unto him, for he had wronged that gentlewoman. Therewith told he the king of the match betweene the gentleman and him selfe, and how he stole the crucifix from her, and by that meanes perswaded her husband that she was a whore. The king wondered how he durst, knowing God to be just, commit so great a villainy; but much more admired he to see his page to turn a gentlewoman. But ceasing to admire, he said—‘ Sir, (speaking to her husband,) you did the part of an unwise man to lay so foolish a wager, for which offence the remembrance of your folly is punishment inough; but seeing it concernes me not, your wife shall be your judge.’ With that Mrs. *Dorrill*, thanking his majestie, went to her husband, saying, ‘ Sir, all my anger to you I lay down with this kisse.’ He wondering all this while to see this strange and unlooked-for change, wept for joy, desiring her to tell him how she was preserved; wherein she satisfied him at full. The king was likewise glad that he had preserved this gentlewoman from wilfull famine, and gave judgment on the other in this manner:—That he should restore the money treble which he had wrongfully got from him; and so was to have a yeere’s imprisonment. So this gentleman and his wife went, with the king’s leave, lovingly home, where they were kindly welcomed by George, to whom for recompence he gave the money which he received: so lived they ever after in great content.” MALONE.

A SONG sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over Fidele,
supposed to be dead.

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rife all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or midst the chace on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed:
Belov'd, till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead,

TITUS ANDRONICUS.*

R 4

* *TITUS ANDRONICUS.*] It is observable, that this play is printed in the quarto of 1611, with exactness equal to that of the other books of those times. The first edition was probably corrected by the author, so that here is very little room for conjecture or emendation; and accordingly none of the editors have much molested this piece with officious criticism. JOHNSON.

There is an authority for ascribing this play to Shakspeare, which I think a very strong one, though not made use of, as I remember, by any of his commentators. It is given to him, among other plays, which are undoubtedly his, in a little book, called *Palladis Tamia, or the Second Part of Wit's Commonwealth*, written by Francis Meres, Maister of arts, and printed at London in 1598. The other tragedies, enumerated as his in that book, are *King John*, *Richard the Second*, *Henry the Fourth*, *Richard the Third*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. The comedies are, the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the *Gentlemen of Verona*, the *Comedie of Errors*, the *Love's Labour's Lost*, the *Love's Labour Won*, and the *Merchant of Venice*. I have given this list, as it serves so far to ascertain the date of these plays; and also, as it contains a notice of a comedy of Shakspeare, the *Love's Labour Won*, not included in any collection of his works; nor, as far as I know, attributed to him by any other authority. If there should be a play in being with that title, though without Shakspeare's name, I should be glad to see it; and I think the editor would be sure of the publick thanks, even if it should prove no better than the *Love's Labour's Lost*. TYRWHITT.

The work of criticism on the plays of our author, is, I believe, generally found to extend or contract itself in proportion to the value of the piece under consideration; and we shall always do little where we desire but little should be done. I know not that this piece stands in need of much emendation; though it might be treated as condemned criminals are in some countries,—any experiments might be justifiably made on it.

The author, whoever he was, might have borrowed the story, the names, the characters, &c. from an old ballad, which is entered in the books of the Stationers' Company immediately after the play on the same subject. "John Danter] Feb. 6, 1593. A book entituled *A Noble Roman Historie of Titus Andronicus*."

"Enter'd unto him also the ballad thereof."

Entered again April 19, 1602, by Tho. Pavyer.

The reader will find it in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*, Vol. 1. Dr. Percy adds, that "there is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakspeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally writ by him; for not to mention that the style is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedie is mentioned with discredit in the induction to Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* in 1614, as one that had then been ex-

hibited 'five-and-twenty or thirty years:' which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakspeare was but 25: an earlier date than can be found for any other of his pieces, and if it does not clear him entirely of it, shews at least it was a first attempt."

Though we are obliged to Dr. Percy for his attempt to clear our great dramattick writer from the imputation of having produced this sanguinary performance, yet I cannot admit that the circumstance of its being discreditably mentioned by Ben Jonson, ought to have any weight; for Ben has not very sparingly censured *The Tempest*, and other pieces which are undoubtedly among the most finished works of Shakspeare. The whole of Ben's Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, is a malicious sneer on him.

Painter, in his *Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. II. speaks of the story of *Titus* as well known, and particularly mentions the cruelty of *Tamora*: And in *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594, is the following allusion to it:

" ————— as welcome shall you be
" To me, my daughters, and my son in law,
" As *Titus* was unto the Roman senators,
" When he had made a conquest on the *Goths*."

Whatever were the motives of Heming and Condell for admitting this tragedy among those of Shakspeare, all it has gained by their favour is, to be delivered down to posterity with repeated remarks of contempt, — a *Thersites* babbling among heroes, and introduced only to be derided.

See the notes at the conclusion of this piece. STEEVENS.

On what principle the editors of the first complete edition of our poet's plays admitted this into their volume, cannot now be ascertained. The most probable reason that can be assigned, is, that he wrote a few lines in it, or gave some assistance to the author, in revising it, or in some other way aided him in bringing it forward on the stage. The tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft in the time of King James II. warrants us in making one or other of these suppositions. "I have been told" (says he in his preface to an alteration of this play published in 1687,) "by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters."

"A booke entitled *A noble Roman Historie of Titus Andronicus*" was entered at Stationers-Hall, Feb. 6, 1593-4. This was undoubtedly the play, as it was printed in that year (according to Langbaine, who alone appears to have seen the first edition,) and acted by the servants of the Earls of Pembroke, Derby, and Suffex. It is observable that in the entry no author's name is mentioned, and that the play was originally performed by the same company

of comedians who exhibited the old drama, entitled *The Contention of the Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, *The old Taming of a Shrew*, and Marlowe's *King Edward II.* by whom not one of Shakspeare's plays is said to have been performed. See the *Dissertation on King Henry VI.* Vol. XV. p. 222.

From Ben Jonson's *Induction to Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, we learn that *Andronicus* had been exhibited twenty-five or thirty years before; that is, according to the lowest computation in 1589; or taking a middle period, which is perhaps more just, in 1587.

To enter into a long disquisition to prove this piece not to have been written by Shakspeare, would be an idle waste of time. To those who are not conversant with his writings, if particular passages were examined, more words would be necessary than the subject is worth; those who are well acquainted with his works, cannot entertain a doubt on the question. — I will however mention one mode by which it may be easily ascertained. Let the reader only peruse a few lines of *Appius and Virginia*, *Tancred and Gismund*, *The Battle of Alcazar*, *Jeronimo*, *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, *The Wounds of Civil War*, *The Wars of Cyrus*, *Lochrine*, *Arden of Feversham*, *King Edward I.* *The Spanish Tragedy*, *Solyman and Perseda*, *King Leir*, the old *King John*, or any other of the pieces that were exhibited before the time of Shakspeare, and he will at once perceive that *Titus Andronicus* was coined in the same mint.

The testimony of Meres, mentioned in a preceding note, alone remains to be considered. His enumerating this among Shakspeare's plays may be accounted for in the same way in which we may account for its being printed by his fellow-comedians in the first folio edition of his works. Meres was in 1598, when his book appeared, intimately connected with Drayton, and probably acquainted with some of the dramatick poets of the time, from some or other of whom he might have heard that Shakspeare interested himself about this tragedy, or had written a few lines for the author. The internal evidence furnished by the piece itself, and proving it not to have been the production of Shakspeare, greatly outweighs any single testimony on the other side. Meres might have been misinformed, or inconsiderately have given credit to the rumour of the day. For six of the plays which he has mentioned, (exclusive of the evidence which the representation of the pieces themselves might have furnished,) he had perhaps no better authority than the whisper of the theatre; for they were not then printed. He could not have been deceived by a title-page, as Dr. Johnson supposes: for Shakspeare's name is not in the title-page of the edition printed in quarto in 1611, and therefore we may conclude, was not in the title-page of that in 1594, of which the other was undoubtedly a re-impression. Had this mean performance been the work of Shakspeare, can it be supposed that the booksellers would not have endeavoured to procure a sale for it by stamping his name upon it?

In short, the high antiquity of the piece, its entry on the Stationers' books, and being afterwards printed without the name of our author, its being performed by the servants of Lord Pembroke, &c. the stately march of the versification, the whole colour of the composition, its resemblance to several of our most ancient dramas; the dissimilitude of the style from our author's undoubted compositions, and the tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft, when some of his contemporaries had not been long dead, (for Lowin and Taylor, two of his fellow-comedians, were alive a few years before the Restoration; and Sir William D'Avenant, who had himself written for the stage in 1629, did not die till April 1668;) all these circumstances combined, prove with irresistible force that the play of *Titus Andronicus* has been erroneously ascribed to Shakspeare.

MALONE.

PERSONS represented.

Saturninus, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.*

Bassianus, *Brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.*

Titus Andronicus, *a noble Roman, General against the Goths.*

Marcus Andronicus, *Tribune of the People; and Brother to Titus.*

Lucius, }
Quintus, } *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*
Martius, }
Mutius, }

Young Lucius, *a Boy, Son to Lucius.*

Publius, *Son to Marcus the Tribune.*

Æmilius, *a noble Roman.*

Alarbus, }
Chiron, } *Sons to Tamora.*
Demetrius, }

Aaron, *a Moor beloved by Tamora.*

*A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans.
Goths, and Romans.*

Tamora, *Queen of the Goths.*

Lavinia, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

A Nurse, and a black Child.

*Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE, *Rome; and the Country near it.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. *Before the Capitol.*

The tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his followers, on one side; and BASSIANUS and his followers, on the other; with drum and colours.

SAT. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title² with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

BAS. Romans, — friends, followers, favourers of
my right, —
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility:

² — my successive title —] i. e. my title to the succession.

MALONE.

Thus also Raleigh: "The empire being elective, and not successive, the emperors, in being, made profit of their own times."

STEEVENS.

254 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS aloft, with the crown.

MAR. Princes, — that strive by factions, and by
friends,

Ambitiously for rule and empery, —
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome;
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat, — By honour of his name,
Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore, —
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

SAT. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my
thoughts!

BAS. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons,
And her, to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[Exeunt the followers of BASSIANUS.]

SAT. Friends, that have been thus forward in my
right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[Exeunt the followers of SATURNINUS.]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee. —
Open the gates, and let me in.

BAS. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

*[SAT. and BAS. go into the Capitol, and exeunt
with Senators, MARCUS, &c.]*

S C E N E II.

The same.

Enter a Captain, and Others.

CAP. Romans, make way; The good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,

From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

*Flourish of trumpets, &c. enter MUTIUS and MARTIUS:
after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with
black; then QUINTUS and LUCIUS. After them,
TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, with
ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, and
other Goths, prisoners; soldiers and people, fol-
lowing. The bearers set down the coffin, and TITUS
speaks.*

TIT. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning
weeds! ³

Lo, as the bark, that hath discharg'd her fraught,⁴
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome. —
Thou great defender of this Capitol,⁵

³ *Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!*] I suspect that
the poet wrote:

———— in my mourning weeds!

i. e. Titus would say: Thou, Rome, art victorious, though I am
a mourner for those sons which I have lost in obtaining that victory.

WARBURTON.

Thy is as well as *my*. We may suppose the Romans in a grateful
ceremony, meeting the dead sons of Andronicus with mournful
habits. JOHNSON.

Or that they were in mourning for their emperor who was just
dead. STEEVENS.

⁴ — her *fraught*,] Old copies — *his* *fraught*. Corrected in the
fourth folio. MALONE.

⁵ *Thou great defender of this Capitol,*] Jupiter, to whom the
Capitol was sacred. JOHNSON.

Stand gracious to the rites that we intend! —
 Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
 Half of the number that king Priam had,
 Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
 These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;
 These, that I bring unto their latest home,
 With burial amongst their ancestors:
 Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.
 Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
 Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
 To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?⁶ —
 Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*The tomb is opened.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
 And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
 O sacred receptacle of my joys,
 Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
 How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
 That thou wilt never render to me more!

LUC. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
 That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
 Before this earthly prison of their bones;
 That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
 Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.⁷

TIT. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
 The eldest son of this distressed queen.

TAM. Stay, Roman brethren; — Gracious conqueror,

⁶ *To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?*] Here we have one of the numerous classical notions that are scattered with a pedantick profusion through this piece. MALONE.

⁷ *Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.*] It was supposed by the ancients, that the ghosts of unburied people appeared to their friends and relations, to solicit the rites of funeral. STEEVENS.

Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
 A mother's tears in passion for her son:
 And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
 O, think my son to be as dear to me.
 Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
 To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
 Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
 But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
 For valiant doings in their country's cause?
 O! if to fight for king and common weal
 Were piety in thine, it is in these.
 Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
 Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
 Draw near them then in being merciful:⁸
 Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;
 Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

TIT. Patient yourself,⁹ madam, and pardon me.
 These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
 Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
 Religiously they ask a sacrifice:

⁸ *Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?*

Draw near them then in being merciful:] "Homines enim ad deos nulla re propius accedunt, quam salutem hominibus dando." *Cicero pro Ligario.*

Mr. Whalley infers the learning of Shakspeare from this passage: but our present author, whoever he was, might have found a translation of it in several places, provided he was not acquainted with the original. STEEVENS.

The same sentiment is in *Edward III.* 1596:

"—— kings approach the nearest unto God,

"By giving life and safety unto men." REED.

⁹ *Patient yourself, &c.*] This verb is used by other dramatick writers. So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

"Patient yourself, we cannot help it now."

Again, in *King Edward I.* 1599:

"Patient your highness, 'tis but mother's love."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England.* 1602, B. XII. ch. lxxv:

"Her, weeping ripe, he laughing, bids to patient her awhile." STEEVENS.

To this your son is mark'd and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

LUC. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and
MUTIUS, with ALARBUS.

TAM. O cruel, irreligious piety!

CHI. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

DEM. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,^a

^a *The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge*

Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent, &c.] I read, against the
authority of all the copies:

_____ *in her tent,*

i. e. in the tent where she and the other Trojan captive women
were kept: for thither Hecuba by a wile had decoyed Polymnestor,
in order to perpetrate her revenge. This we may learn from Eu-
ripides's *Hecuba*; the only author, that I can at present remember,
from whom our writer must have gleaned this circumstance.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald should first have proved to us that our author
understood Greek, or else that this play of Euripides had been
translated. In the mean time, because neither of these particulars
are verified, we may as well suppose he took it from the old story-
book of the *Trojan War*, or the old translation of Ovid. See
Metam. XIII. The writer of the play, whoever he was, might have
been misled by the passage in Ovid: "*vadit ad artificem,*" and
therefore took it for granted that she found him in his tent.

STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that the writer of this play had read Euripides
in the original. Mr. Steevens justly observes in a subsequent note

May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
 (When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,)
 To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS,
 with their swords bloody.*

LUC. See, lord and father, how we have per-
 form'd

Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
 And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
 Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
 Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
 And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

TIT. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
 Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[Trumpets sounded, and the coffins laid in the tomb.]
 In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
 Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,²
 Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
 Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
 Here grow no damned grudges; here, are no storms,
 No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honour rest you here my sons!

LAV. In peace and honour live lord Titus long;
 My noble lord and father, live in fame!
 Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears

near the end of this scene, that there is "a plain allusion to the
Ajax of Sophocles, of which no translation was extant in the time
 of Shakspeare." MALORE.

² ——— *repose you here,*] Old copies, redundantly in respect both
 to sense and metre:

————— *repose you here in rest.* STEEVENS.

I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
 And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
 Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
 O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
 Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

TIT. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly re-
 serv'd

The cordial of mine age to glad my heart! —
 Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
 And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!³

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSI-
 ANUS, and Others.

MAR. Long live lord Titus, my beloved bro-
 ther,
 Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

TIT. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Mar-
 cus.

MAR. And welcome, nephews, from successful
 wars,
 You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
 Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
 That in your country's service drew your swords:
 But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
 That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,⁴

³ And *fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!*] This absurd with
 is made sense of, by changing *and* into *in*. WARBURTON.

To *live in fame's date* is, if an allowable, yet a harsh expression.

To *outlive an eternal date*, is though not philosophical, yet poetical
 sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her
 praise longer than fame. JOHNSON.

⁴ *That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,*] The maxim of Solon
 here alluded to is, that no man can be pronounced to be happy
 before his death:

And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—
 Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
 Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
 Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,
 This palliament of white and spotless hue;
 And name thee in election for the empire,
 With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:
 Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
 And help to set a head on headless Rome.

TIT. A better head her glorious body fits,
 Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:
 What! should I don this robe,⁵ and trouble you?
 Be chosen with proclamations to-day;
 To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
 And set abroad new business for you all?
 Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
 And led my country's strength successfully;
 And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
 In right and service of their noble country:
 Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
 But not a scepter to control the world:
 Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

MAR. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the em-
 pery.⁶

SAT. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou
 tell? —

“ ——— ultima semper

“ *Expetanda dies homini; dicique beatus*

“ *Ante obitum nemo, supremaque funera, debet.*” *Ovid.*

MALONE.

⁵ — don *this robe*,] i. e. *do on* this robe, put it on. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ Then up he rose, and *don'd* his clothes.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.*] Here is rather too much of the *ὑπερὸν ἀπότηρον*. STEEVENS.

TIT. Patience, prince Saturnine.

SAT. Romans, do me right;—

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:—

Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

LUC. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

TIT. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from them-
selves.

BAS. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die;
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,⁷
I will most thankful be: and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

TIT. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your suffrages;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

TRIB. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

TIT. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal:
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say, — *Long live our emperor!*

MAR. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor;

⁷ — *thy* friends,] Old copies — *friend*. Corrected in the
fourth folio. MALONE.

And say, — *Long live our emperor Saturnine!*

[*A long flourish.*

SAT. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness;
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my emperess,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon⁷ her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

TIT. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine, —
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's emperor, — do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

SAT. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

TIT. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
[*To TAMORA.*
To him, that for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

SAT. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew, —

⁷ — *Pantheon* —] The quarto 1611, and the first folio —
Pathan; the second folio — *Pantheon*. STEEVENS.

Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change
of cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes; Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

LAV. Not I, my lord;^s fith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

SAT. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go:
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

BAS. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is
mine. [Seizing LAVINIA.

TIT. How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my lord?

BAS. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.

[The Emperor courts TAMORA in dumb show.

MAR. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

LUC. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

TIT. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's
guard?

Treason, my lord; Lavinia is surpriz'd.

^s Lav. *Not I, my lord;*] It was pity to part a couple who seem to have corresponded in disposition so exactly as Saturninus and Lavinia. Saturninus, who has just promised to espouse her, already wishes he were to choose again; and she who was engaged to Bassianus (whom she afterwards marries) expresses no reluctance when her father gives her to Saturninus. Her subsequent raillery to Tamora is of so coarse a nature, that if her tongue had been all she was condemned to lose, perhaps the author (whoever he was) might have escaped censure on the score of poetick justice.

SAT. Surpriz'd! By whom?

BAS. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt* MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with LAVINIA.

MUT. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

TIT. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her
back.

MUT. My lord, you pass not here.

TIT. What, villain boy!
Barr'st me my way in Rome?

[*TITUS kills MUTIUS.*

MUT. Help, Lucius, help!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

LUC. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than
so,

In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

TIT. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;
My sons would never so dishonour me:
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

LUC. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*

SAT. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Not her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of,⁹

⁹ *Was there &c.*] The words, *there, else, and of*, are not found in the old copies. This conjectural emendation was made by the editor of the second folio.

But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
 Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
 That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

TIT. O monstrous! what reproachful words are
 these?

SAT. But go thy ways; go, give that changing
 piece²

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
 A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
 One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
 To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.³

TIT. These words are razors to my wounded
 heart.

SAT. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of
 Goths,—

That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,

Dele the word *of*, which was inserted by the editor of the second folio, from ignorance of ancient phraseology. See Vol. VII. p. 10, n. 8; and above, p. 235, n. 5. MALONE.

I must excuse myself from ejection any one of these monosyllables, being convinced that they were all inserted from an authorized copy, and by a judicious hand. STEEVENS.

² ——— changing piece — } Spoken of Lavinia. *Piece* was then, as it is now, used personally as a word of contempt. JOHNSON.

So, in *Britannia's Pastorals*, by Brown, 1613:

“ ——— her husband, weaken'd piece,
 “ Must have his cullis mix'd with ambergrease;
 “ Pheasant and partridge into jelly turn'd,
 “ Grated with gold.” STEEVENS.

³ *To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.*] A *ruffler* was a kind of cheating bully; and is so called in a statute made for the punishment of vagabonds in the 27th year of King Henry VIII. See Greene's *Groundwork of Coneycatching*, 1592. Hence, I suppose, this sense of the verb, to *ruffle*. *Rufflers* are likewise enumerated among other vagabonds, by Holinshed, Vol. I. p. 183.

STEEVENS.

To *ruffle* meant, to be noisy, disorderly, turbulent. A *ruffler* was a boisterous swaggerer. MALONE.

Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,⁴ —
 If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
 Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
 And will create thee emperess of Rome.
 Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my
 choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman Gods, —
 Sith priest and holy water are so near,
 And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
 In readiness for Hymeneus stand, —
 I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
 Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
 I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

TAM. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I
 swear,

If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
 She will a handmaid be to his desires,
 A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

SAT. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon: — Lords, ac-
 company

Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
 Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
 Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
 There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SATURNINUS, and his followers; TA-
 MORA, and her Sons; AARON and Goths.*

⁴ *That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
 Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,]*

—— *Micat inter omnes*

Julium sidus, velut inter ignes

Luna minores. HOR. MALONE.

From Phaer's *Virgil*, 1573: [*Æneid*, B. I.]

“Most like unto Diana bright when she to hunt goth out, —

“Whom thousands of the ladie nymphes awaite to do her
 will;

“She on her armes her quiuer beres, and al them ouershynes.”

RITSON.

TIT. I am not bid⁵ to wait upon this bride;—
 Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
 Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

MAR. O, Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done!
 In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

TIT. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—
 Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
 That hath dishonour'd all our family;
 Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

LUC. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
 Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

TIT. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.
 This monument five hundred years hath stood,
 Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
 Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
 Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—
 Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

MAR. My lord, this is impiety in you:
 My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
 He must be buried with his brethren.

QUIN. MART. And shall, or him we will accom-
 pany.

TIT. And shall? What villain was it spoke that
 word?

QUIN. He that would vouch't in any place but
 here.

TIT. What, would you bury him in my despite?

⁵ *I am not bid* —] i. e. invited. See Vol. VIII. p. 51, n. 2.

MAR. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

TIT. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast
wounded:

My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

MART. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.⁶

QUIN. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[MARCUS and the sons of TITUS kneel.

MAR. Brother, for in that name doth nature
plead.

QUIN. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

TIT. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

MAR. Renowned Titus, more than half my
soul, ——

LUC. Dear father, soul and substance of us all, ——

MAR. Suffer thy brother Marcus to interr
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.⁷

⁶ *He is not with himself; let us withdraw.*] Read:
He is not now himself; ——. RITSON.

Perhaps the old reading is a mere affected imitation of Roman phraseology. See *Æneid* XI. 409, though the words there are otherwise applied:

—— habilet tecum, & sit pectore in isto. STEEVENS.

⁷ *The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.*]

This passage alone would sufficiently convince me, that the play before us was the work of one who was conversant with the Greek tragedies in their original

Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

TIT. Rife, Marcus, rife:—
The difmall'ft day is this, that e'er I faw,
To be difhonour'd by my fons in Rome!—
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[MUTIUS is put into the tomb.]

LUC. There lie thy bones, fweet Mutius, with
thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—

ALL. No man fhed tears for noble Mutius;⁸
He lives in fame that died in virtue's caufe.

MAR. My lord,—to ftep out of thefe dreary
dumps,—

How comes it, that the fubtle queen of Goths
Is of a fudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

TIT. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell:
Is fhe not then beholden to the man
That brought her for this high good turn fo far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.⁹

language. We have here a plain allufion to the *Ajax* of Sophocles, of which no tranflation was extant in the time of Shakspeare. In that piece, Agamemnon confents at laft to allow Ajax the rites of fepulture, and Ulyffes is the pleader, whole arguments prevail in favour of his remains. STEEVENS.

⁸ *No man fhed tears &c.*] This is evidently a tranflation of the diftich of Ennius:

“ Nemo me lacrumis decoret: nec fanera fletu

“ Facit. quur? voluto vivu' per ora virum.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *Yes, &c.*] This line is not in the quarto. I fufpect, when it was added by the editor of the folio, he inadvertently omitted to prefix the name of the fpeaker, and that it belongs to Marcus. In the fecond line of this fpeech the modern editors read—*If by device, &c.* MALONE.

Flourish. Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS, attended; TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and AARON: At the other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and Others.

SAT. So Bassianus, you have play'd your prize;²
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

BAS. And you of yours, my lord: I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

SAT. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

BAS. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

SAT. 'Tis good, sir: You are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

BAS. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know,—
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
'This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be control'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

TIT. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:

² —— *play'd your prize;*] A technical term in the ancient fencing-school. See Vol. V. p. 31, n. 3. STEEVENS.

Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

TAM. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

SAT. What! madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

TAM. Not so, my lord; The gods of Rome fore-
fend,

I should be author to dishonour you!
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—

My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant us for ingratitude,
(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,)
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone:

I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know, what 'tis to let a
queen

Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in
vain.—

Aside.

Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus!

Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

SAT. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevailed.

TIT. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

TAM. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

LUC. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his
highness,

That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

MAR. That on mine honour here I do protest.

SAT. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

TAM. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be
friends:

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

SAT. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's
here,

And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,

I found a friend ; and sure as death I swore,
 I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
 Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
 You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends :
 This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

TIT. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
 To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
 With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon-*
jour.

SET. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.²

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter AARON.

AAR. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
 Safe out of fortune's shot ; and sits aloft,
 Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash ;
 Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
 As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
 And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
 Gallops the zodiack in his glistering coach,
 And overlooks the highest-peering hills ;
 So Tamora.—
 Upon her wit³ doth earthly honour wait,

² In the quarto, the direction is, *Manet Aaron*, and he is before made to enter with Tamora, though he says nothing. This scene ought to continue the first act. JOHNSON.

³ *Upon her wit—*] We should read—*Upon her will.*

And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph
long

Haft prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
 And fafter bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
 Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus,
 Away with flavish weeds, and idle thoughts!
 I will be bright, and fhine in pearl and gold,
 To wait upon this new-made emperess.
 To wait, faid I? to wanton with this queen,
 This goddeſs, this Semiramis;—this queen,⁴
 This tyren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
 And ſee his ſhipwreck, and his commonweal's.
 Holla! what ſtorm is this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.

DEM. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants
edge,

And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd ;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

CHI. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;
And so in this to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,

I think *wit*, for which she is eminent in the drama, is right.

JOHNSON.

The *wit* of Tamora is again mentioned in this scene:

"Come, come, our empress with her sacred wit," &c.

MALONF.

4 — — *this queen,*] The compositor probably repeated the word *queen* inadvertently; [see the preceding line:] what was the poet's word, it is hardly worth while to conjecture. MALONE.

To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

AAR. Clubs, clubs! ⁵ these lovers will not keep
the peace.

DEM. Why, boy, although our mother, unad-
vis'd,

Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side, ⁶
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

CHI. Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

DEM. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*]

AAR. Why, how now, lords?

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns:
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

⁵ *Clubs, clubs!*] So, in *King Henry VIII*: "—— and hit that woman, who cried out, *clubs!*"

This was the usual outcry for assistance, when any riot in the street happened. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VIII. p. 319, n. 2; and Vol. XIV. p. 33, n. 9.

REED.

⁶ —— a dancing-rapier by your side,] So, in Greene's *Quip for an upstart Courtier*: "—— one of them carrying his cutting-sword of choller, the other his *dancing-rapier* of delight." Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

"—— no sword worn,

"But one to dance with." STEEVENS.

See Vol. IX. p. 54, n. 4. MALONE.

DEM. Not I; till I have sheath'd⁷
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

CHI. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—
Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy
tongue,

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

AAR. Away, I say.—

Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—

Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jut upon a prince's right?

What, is Lavinia than become so loose,

Or Bassianus so degenerate,

That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?

Young lords, beware!—an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the musick would not please.

CHI. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

DEM. Youngling, learn thou to make some
meaner choice :

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

AAR. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in
Rome

How furious and impatient they be,

And cannot brook competitors in love?

I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

⁷ *Not I; till I have sheath'd &c.*] This speech, which has been all along given to Demetrius, as the next to Chiron, were both given to the wrong speaker; for it was Demetrius that had thrown out the reproachful speeches on the other. WARBURTON.

CHI. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose,⁸ to achieve her whom I love.

AAR. To achieve her!—How?

DEM. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;⁹

⁸ ——— *a thousand deaths*

Would I propose,] Whether Chiron means he would contrive a thousand deaths for others, or imagine as many cruel ones for himself, I am unable to determine. STEEVENS.

Aaron's words, to which these are an answer, seems to lead to the latter interpretation. MALONE.

⁹ *She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;*

She is a woman, therefore may be won;] These two lines occur, with very little variation, in the First Part of *King Henry VI*:

“ *She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;*

“ *She is a woman, therefore to be won.*”

This coincidence may lead one to suspect that the author of the present play was also author of the original *Henry VI*. I do not, indeed, conceive either to be the production of Shakspeare; for, though his hand is sufficiently visible in some parts of the other play, particularly in the second scene of the fourth act, there does not appear a single line in this, which can have any pretensions to that honour: and therefore the testimony of Meres and the publication of the players must necessarily yield to the force of intrinsic and circumstantial evidence. It is much to be regretted that the dramatick works of our earliest tragick writers, as Greene and Peele, for instance, and “*sporting Kyd*,” and “*Marlowe's mighty line*,” are not collected and published together, if it were only to enable the readers of Shakspeare to discriminate between his style and that of which he found the stage, and has left some of his dramas, in possession; and of which I consider this play, and at least four fifths of the First Part of *King Henry VI*. (including the whole of the first act) the performances, no doubt, of one or other of the writers already named, as a genuine and not unfavourable specimen. Indeed, I should take *Kyd* to have been the author of *Titus Andronicus*, because he seems to delight in murders and scraps of Latin; though I must confess that, in the first of those good qualities, Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* may fairly dispute precedence with the *Spanish Tragedy*. Some few of the obsolete dramas I allude to, are, it is true, to be found in the collections of Doddsley and Hawkins: though I could wish that each of those gentlemen had confined his researches to the further side of the year 1600.

She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
 What, man ! more water glideth by the mill²
 Than wots the miller of ; and easy it is
 Of a cut loaf to steal a shive,³ we know :
 Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
 Better than he have yet worn⁴ Vulcan's badge.

AAR. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

[*Aside.*

DEM. Then why should he despair, that knows
 to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?
 What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,⁵
 And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Future editors will, doubtless, agree in ejection a performance by which their author's name is dishonoured, and his works are disgraced. RITSON.

² — — *more water glideth by the mill &c.*] A Scots proverb :
 " Mickle water goes by the miller when he sleeps." STEEVENS.

³ — — *to steal a shive,*] A *shive* is a *slice*. So, in the *Tale of Argentile and Curan*, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602 :

" A *sheeve* of bread as browne as nut."

Demetrius is again indebted to a Scots proverb :

" It is safe taking a *shive* of a cut loaf." STEEVENS.

⁴ — — *have yet worn* —] *Worn* is here used as a dissyllable. The modern editors, however, after the second folio, read—*have yet worn*. MALONE.

Let him who can read *worn* as a dissyllable, read it so. As I am not of that description, I must continue to follow the second folio. STEEVENS.

⁵ — — *struck a doe,*] Mr. Holt is willing to infer from this passage that *Titus Andronicus* was not only the work of Shakspeare, but one of his earliest performances, because the stratagems of his former profession seem to have been yet fresh in his mind. I had made the same observation in *King Henry VI.* before I had seen his ; but when we consider how many phrases are borrowed from the sports of the field, which were more followed in our author's time than any other amusement, I do not think there is much in either his remark or my own. — Let me add, that we have here Demetrius, the son of a queen, demanding of his brother prince if he

AAR. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch
or so

Would serve your turns.

CHI. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

DEM. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

AAR. 'Would you had hit it too ;
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools,
To square for this ? Would it offend you then
That both should speed ?

CHI. I'faith, not me.

DEM. Nor me,
So I were one.

AAR. For shame, be friends ; and join for that
you jar.

'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect ; and so must you resolve ;
That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

has not often been reduced to practise the common artifices of a
deer-stealer :—an absurdity right worthy the rest of the piece.

STEEVENS.

Demetrius surely here addresses Aaron, not his brother.

MALONE.

⁶ 'Would you had hit it too ;] The same pleasant allusion occurreth
also in *Love's Labour's Lost*. See Vol. VII. p. 254. AMNER.

⁷ To square for this ? To square is to quarrel. So, in *A Mid-
summer Night's Dream* :

" ————— they never meet,

" But they do square."

Again, in Drant's translation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, 1567 :

" Let them not sing twixt act and act,

" What squareth from the rest."

But to square, which in both these instances signifies to differ, is now
used only in the very opposite sense, and means to agree.

STEEVENS.

A speedier course than lingering languishment⁷
 Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
 My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
 There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
 The forest walks are wide and spacious;
 And many unfrequented plots there are,
 Fitted by kind⁸ for rape and villainy:
 Single you thither then this dainty doe,
 And strike her home by force, if not by words:
 This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
 Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit,⁹
 To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
 Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
 And she shall file our engines with advice,²
 That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
 But to your wishes' height advance you both.
 The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
 The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your
 turns:

⁷ *A speedier course than lingering languishment* —] The old copies read:

———— this *lingering* &c.

which may mean, we must pursue by a speedier course *this coy languishing dame*, *this piece of reluctant softness*. STEEVENS.

The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁸ — by kind —] That is, by *nature*, which is the old signification of *kind*. JOHNSON.

⁹ — with her sacred wit,] *Sacred* here signifies *accursed*; a Latinism:

“ — — Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,

“ Auri sacra fames?” *Virg.* MALONE.

² — file our engines with advice,] i. e. remove all impediments from our designs by advice. The allusion is to the operation of the file, which, by conferring smoothness, facilitates the motion of the wheels which compose an engine or piece of machinery.

STEEVENS.

There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

CHI. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

DEM. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
To cool this heat,³ a charm to calm these fits,
*Per Styga, per manes vehor.*⁴ [Excunt.]

SCENE II.⁵

*A Forest near Rome. A Lodge seen at a distance.
Horns, and cry of hounds, heard.*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with* Hunters, &c.
MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

TIT. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,⁶
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:

³ — till I find the stream

To cool this heat,] Thus likewise the festive Strumbo in the tragedy of *Lochrine*: " — except you with the pleasant water of your secret fountain quench the furious heat of the same." AMNER.

⁴ *Per Styga, &c.*] These scraps of Latin are, I believe, taken, though not exactly, from some of Seneca's tragedies. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Scene II.*] The division of this play into acts, which was first made by the editors in 1623, is improper. There is here an interval of action, and here the second act ought to have begun. JOHNSON.

⁶ — the morn is bright and grey,] i. e. bright and yet not red, which was a sign of storms and rain, but *gray*, which foretold fair weather. Yet the Oxford editor alters *gray* to *gay*.

WARBURTON.

Surely the Oxford editor is in the right; unless we reason like the Witches in *Macbeth*, and say,

"Fair is foul, and foul is fair." STEEVENS.

The old copy is, I think, right, nor did *gray* anciently denote any thing of an uncheerful hue. It signified *blue*, "of heaven's own tint." So, in Shakspeare's 132d Sonnet;

"And truly not the morning sun of heaven

"Better becomes the *gray* cheeks of the east,—."

Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
 And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
 And rouse the prince; and ring a hunter's peal,
 That all the court may echo with the noise.
 Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
 To tend the emperor's person carefully:
 I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
 But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Horns wind a peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and Attendants.

TIT. Many good morrows to your majesty;—
 Madam, to you as many and as good!—
 I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

SAT. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
 Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

BAS. Lavinia, how say you?

LAV. I say, no;
 I have been broad awake two hours and more.

SAT. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
 And to our sport:—Madam, now shall ye see
 Our Roman hunting. [To TAMORA.

Again, in *King Henry VI. Part II*:

“—— it fluck upon him as the sun

“In the grey vault of heaven.”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night—.”

Again, *ibidem*:

“I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye.”

Again, more appositely in *Venus and Adonis*, which decisively supports the reading of the old copy:

“Mine eyes are grey and bright, and quick in turning.”

MALONE.

A lady's eye of any colour may be bright; but still grey cannot mean aerial blue, nor a grey morning a bright one. Mr. Malone says grey is blue. Is a grey coat then a blue one? STEEVENS.

MAR. I have dogs, my lord.
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

TIT. And I have horse will follow where the
game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.
DEM. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor
hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A desert part of the Forest.

Enter AARON, with a bag of gold.

AAR. He, that had wit, would think that I had
none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.⁶
Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,⁷

[*Hides the gold.*]

That have their alms out of the empress' chest.⁸

⁶ ——— *to inherit it,*] *To inherit* formerly signified to possess.
See Vol. IV. p. 127, n. 6; and Vol. XII. p. 8, n. 5.

MALONE.

⁷ ——— *for their unrest,*] *Unrest*, for *disquiet*, is a word frequently
used by the old writers. So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1603:

“ Thus therefore will I rest me in *unrest*.”

Again, in *Elioſto Libidinoſo*, an ancient novel, by John Hinde,
1606:

“ For the ease of whose *unrest*,

“ Thus his furie was exprest.”

Enter TAMORA.

TAM. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou
sad,⁸

When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,

Again, in *An excellent pastorall Dittie*, by Shep. Tonie; published in *England's Helicon*, 1600:

"With lute in hand did paint out her unrest."

STEEVENS.

⁸ *That have their alms &c.*] This is obscure. It seems to mean only, that they who are to come at this gold of the empress are to suffer by it. JOHNSON.

⁹ *My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,*] In the course of the following notes several examples of the savage genius of Ravenscroft, who altered this play in the reign of King James II. are set down for the entertainment of the reader. The following is a specimen of his descriptive talents. Instead of the line with which this speech of Tamora begins, she is made to say:

"The emperor, with wine and luxury o'ercome,
"Is fallen asleep; in's pendant couch he's laid,
"That hangs in yonder grotto rock'd by winds,
"Which rais'd by art do give it gentle motion:
"And troops of slaves stand round with fans perfum'd,
"Made of the feathers pluck'd from Indian birds,
"And cool him into golden slumbers:
"This time I chose to come to thee, my Moor.
"My lovely Aaron, wherefore," &c.—

An emperor who has had too large a dose of love and wine, and in consequence of satiety in both, falls asleep on a bed which partakes of the nature of a sailor's hammock and a child's cradle, is a curiosity which only Ravenscroft could have ventured to describe on the stage. I hope I may be excused for transplanting a few of his flowers into the barren desert of our comments on this tragedy. STEEVENS.

My lovely Aaron, &c.] There is much poetical beauty in this speech of Tamora. It appears to me to be the only one in the play that is in the style of Shakspeare. M. MASON.

And make a checquer'd shadow² on the ground :
 Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
 And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
 Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
 As if a double hunt were heart at once,³—
 Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise :
 And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
 The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
 When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
 And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,
 We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
 Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber ;
 Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious
 birds,
 Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
 Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.⁴

AAR. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
 Saturn is dominator over mine :⁵

² — a checquer'd shadow —] Milton has the same expression :

“ ——— many a maid

“ Dancing in the *checquer'd* shade.”

The same epithet occurs again in *Lochrine*. STEEVENS.

³ *As if a double hunt were heard at once,*] Hence, perhaps, a line in a well known song by Dryden :

“ And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ — as is a nurse's song

Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.] Dr. Johnson in his Dictionary says “ it is observable that the nurses call sleep *by*, *by*; *lullaby* is therefore *lull to sleep*.” But to *lull* originally signified to sleep. To compose to sleep by a pleasing sound is a secondary sense retained after its primitive import became obsolete. The verbs to *loll* and *lollop* evidently spring from the same root. And *by* meant house; go to *by* is go to house or cradle. The common compliment at parting, good *by* is good house, may your house prosper; and Selby, the Archbishop of York's palace, is great house. So that *lullaby* implies literally sleep in house, i. e. the cradle.

HOLT WHITE.

⁵ — though Venus govern your desires.

Saturn is dominator over mine :] The meaning of this passage may

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
 My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?
 My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
 Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
 To do some fatal execution?
 No, madam, these are no venereal signs;
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
 Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,—
 This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
 His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day:⁵
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
 And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
 Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
 And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll:
 Now question me no more, we are espied;
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
 Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

TAM. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than
 life!

AAR. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes:
 Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
 To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [Exit.

be illustrated by the astronomical description of *Saturn*, which *Venus* gives in Greene's *Planetomachia*, 1585: "The star of *Saturn* is especially cooling, and somewhat drie," &c.

Again, in *The Sea Voyage*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" ——— for your aspect
 " You're much inclin'd to melancholy, and that
 " Tells me the *sullen Saturn* had predominance
 " At your nativity, a malignant planet!
 " And if not qualified by a sweet conjunction
 " Of a soft ruddy wench, born under *Venus*,
 " It may prove fatal." COLLINS.

⁵ *His Philomel &c.* See p. 69, n. 3. STEEVENS.

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

BAS. Who have we here? Rome's royal emperess,
Unfurnish'd of her⁶ well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

TAM. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,⁷
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

LAV. Under your patience, gentle emperess,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

BAS. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian⁸
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.

⁶ — of her—] Old copies—of our. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

⁷ Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,] Mr. Heath suspects that the poet wrote:

Should thrive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
as the former is an expression that suggests no image to the fancy:
But *drive*, I think, may stand, with this meaning: *the hounds should*
pass with impetuous haste, &c. So, in *Hamlet*:

"Pyrrhus at Priam *drives*," &c.

i. e. flies with impetuosity at him. STEEVENS.

The old copies have—upon his new-transformed limbs: The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁸ — swarth Cimmerian—] *Swarth* is black. The Moor is called Cimmerian, from the affinity of blackness to darkness. JOHNSON.

Why are you séquester'd from all your train?
 Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
 And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
 Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
 If foul desire had not conducted you?

LAV. And, being intercepted in your sport,
 Great reason that my noble lord be rated
 For fauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
 And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
 This valley fits the purpose passing well.

BAS. The king, my brother, shall have note of this.⁷

LAV. Ay, for these slips have made him noted
 long:⁸

Good king! to be so mightily abus'd!

TAM. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

DEM. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

TAM. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
 These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
 A barren detested vale,⁹ you see, it is:
 The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
 O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe.
 Here never shines the sun;² here nothing breeds,

⁷ — have note of this.] Old copies—notice. STEEVENS.

⁸ — made him noted long:] He had yet been married but one night. JOHNSON.

The true reading may be—made her, i. e. *Tamora*. STEEVENS.

⁹ A barren detested vale,] As the versification of this play is by no means inharmonious, I am willing to suppose the author wrote:

A bare detested vale, —. STEEVENS.

² Here never shines the sun; &c.] Mr. Rowe seems to have thought on this passage in his *Jane Shore*:

Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
 And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
 They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins.³
 Would make such fearful and confused cries,
 As any mortal body, hearing it,
 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.⁴
 No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
 But straight they told me, they would bind me
 here

Unto the body of a dismal yew;
 And leave me to this miserable death.
 And then they call'd me, foul adulterers,
 Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
 That ever ear did hear to such effect.
 And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 This vengeance on me had they executed:
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
 Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

DEM. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs* BASSIANUS.

CHI. And this for me, struck home to show my
 strength. [*Stabbing him likewise.*

" This is the house where the sun never dawns,
 " The bird of night sits screaming o'er its roof,
 " Grim spectres sweep along the horrid gloom,
 " And nought is heard but wailings and lamentings."

STEEVENS.

³ — — urchins,] i. e. hedgehogs. See Vol. IV. p. 36, n. 3.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.*] This is said in fabulous physiology, of those that hear the groan of the mandrake torn up. JOHNSON.

The same thought and almost the same expression occur in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

LAV. Ay come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!

For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

TAM. Give me thy poniard; you shall know,
my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's
wrong.

DEM. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to
her;

First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope braves your mighti-
ness:⁴

And shall she carry this unto her grave?

CHI. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

TAM. But when you have the honey you desire,⁵
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

CHI. I warrant you, madam; we will make that
sure.—

Come mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

LAV. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

TAM. I will not hear her speak; away with her.

⁴ *And with that painted hope braves your mightiness:] Painted hope is only specious hope, or ground of confidence more plausible than solid. JOHNSON.*

The ruggedness of this line persuades me that the word—*hope* is an interpolation, the sense being complete without it;

And with that painted, braves your mightiness.

So, in *King Richard III*: “Poor painted queen,” &c.

Painted with is, speciously coloured with. STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— you desire,] Old copies—we desire. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

LAV. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

DEM. Listen, fair madam: Let it be your glory,
To see her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

LAV. When did the tiger's young ones teach
the dam?

O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee:
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to
marble;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

[To CHIRON.

CHI. What! would'st thou have me prove my-
self a bastard?

LAV. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet I have heard, (O could I find it now!)
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

TAM. I know not what it means; away with her.

LAV. O, let me teach thee: for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain
thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

TAM. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless:—
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent;

Therefore away with her,⁶ and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

LAV. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.

TAM. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let
me go.

LAV. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing
more,

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit;
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

TAM. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

LAV. No grace? no womanhood? Ah beastly
creature!

DEM. Away; for thou hast staid us here too long.
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall ——

CHI. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth:—Bring thou
her husband; [*Dragging off LAVINIA.*]
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Exeunt.*]

TAM. Farewell, my sons: see, that you make her
sure:

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull devour. [*Exit.*]

⁶ —— with her.] These useless syllables, which hurt the metre, might well be omitted. STEEVENS.

S C E N E IV.

*The same.**Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.*

AAR. Come on, my lords; the better foot before:

Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espy'd the panther fast asleep.

QUIN. My fight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

MART. And mine, I promise you; wer't not for shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[MARTIUS falls into the pit.]

QUIN. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole
is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars;
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-fled blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?

A very fatal place it seems to me:—

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

MART. O, brother, with the dismallest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

AAR. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find
them here;

That he thereby may give a likely guess,

How these were they, that made away his brother.

[Exit AARON.]

MART. Why dost not comfort me, and help me
out

From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

QUIN. I am surprized with an uncouth fear:
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

MART. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful fight of blood and death.

QUIN. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate
heart

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

MART. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

QUIN. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

MART. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring,⁶ that lightens all the hole,

⁶ *A precious ring.*] There is supposed to be a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Mr. Boyle believes the reality of its existence. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Gesta Romanorum*, history the sixth: "He farther beheld and saw a carbuncle in the hall that lighted all the house." Again, in Lydgate's *Description of king Priam's Palace*, l. 2:

"And for most chere all dirkeness to confound;
"A carbuncle was set as kyng of stoness all,
"To recomforte and gladden all the hall.
"And it to enlumine in the black night
"With the freshtnes of his ruddy light."

Again, in *The Muse's Elysium*, by Drayton:

"Is that admired, mighty stone,
"The carbuncle that's named,
"Which from it such a flaming light
"And radiancy ejeteth,
"That in the very darkest night
"The eye to it directeth."

Chaucer, in *The Romaunt of the Rose*, attributes the same properties to the carbuncle:

"Soche light ysprang out of the stone." STEEVENS.

Which, like a taper in some monument,
 Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
 And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:
 So pale did shine the moon⁷ on Pyramus,
 When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
 O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
 If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
 Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
 As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

QUIN. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee
 out;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
 I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
 Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
 I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

MART. Nor I no strength to climb without thy
 help,

QUIN. Thy hand once more; I will not loose
 again,

Till thou art here aloft, or I below:

Tou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

[Falls in.

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

SAT. Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here,
 And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.—
 Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
 Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

So, in *King Henry VIII*:

“ ————— a gem,
 “ To lighten all this ill.”

So also, Spenser's *Faery Queene*, Book VI. c. xi:

“ ——— like diamond of rich regard,
 “ In doubtful shadow of the darksome night.” MALONE.

⁷ *So pale did shine the moon &c.*] Lee appears to have been indebted to this image in his *Massacre of Paris*:

“ Looks like a midnight moon upon a murder.” STEEVENS.

MART. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

SAT. My brother dead? I know, thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

MART. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, with Attendants; TITUS ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.

TAM. Where is my lord, the king?

SAT. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing
grief.

TAM. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

SAT. Now to the bottom dost thou search my
wound;

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

TAM. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[Giving a letter.

The complot of this timeless³ tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

SAT. [Reads.] *An if we miss to meet him hand-
somerly,—*

*Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;
Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit.*

³ ——— *timeless* —] i. e. untimely. So, in *King Richard II.*
“The bloody office of his *timeless* end.” STEEVENS.

Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.

Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.

O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,

That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

AAR. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

[Showing it.]

SAT. Two of thy whelps, *[To TIT.]* fell curs of
bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life:—

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;

There let them bide, until we have devis'd

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

TAM. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous
thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

TIT. High emperor, upon my feeble knee

I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,

That this fell fault of my accursed sons,

Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,——

SAT. If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.—

Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

TAM. Andronicus himself did take it up.

TIT. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:

For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,

They shall be ready at your highness' will,

To answer their suspicion with their lives.

SAT. Thou shalt not bail them; see, thou follow
me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the mur-
derers:

Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain:

For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,

That end upon them should be executed.

300 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

TAM. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

TIT. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with
them. [*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E V.

The same.

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravish'd; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

DEM. So, now go tell, and if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

CHI. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;

And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

DEM. See, how with signs and tokens she can
scowl.

CHI. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy
hands.

DEM. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to
wash;

And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

CHI. An'twere my case, I should go hang my-
self.

DEM. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the
cord. [*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*]

Enter MARCUS.

MAR. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so
fast?

Cousin, a word; Where is your husband?—

If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake
me !⁷

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep !—

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches ? those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in ;
And might not gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love ? Why dost not speak to me ?—
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflowered thee ;
And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.⁸
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame !
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,⁹—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee ? shall I say, 'tis so ?
O, that I knew thy heart ; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind !
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,

⁷ *If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me !*] If this be a dream, I would give all my possessions to be delivered from it by waking. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *lest thou should'st detect him, &c.*] Old copies—*detect them*. The same mistake has happened in many other old plays. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe.

Tereus having ravished Philomela, his wife's sister, cut out her tongue, to prevent a discovery. MALONE.

⁹ — *three issuing spouts,*] Old copies—*their issuing &c.* Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. STEEVENS.

And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind !
 But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee ;
 A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
 That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
 O, had the monster seen those lily hands
 Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss them ;
 He would not then have touch'd them for his life :
 Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
 Which that sweet tongue hath made,
 He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's ⁸ feet.
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind ;
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye :
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads ;
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes ?
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee ;
 O, could our mourning ease thy misery ! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Rome. *A Street.*

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the place of execution; TITUS going before, pleading.

TIT. Hear me, grave fathers ! noble tribunes,
 stay !

For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept ;

⁸ — — *Thracian poet's* —] Orpheus. STEEVENS.

For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed ;
 For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd ;
 And for these bitter tears, which now you see
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks ;
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
 Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought !
 For two and twenty sons I never wept,
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
 For these, these, tribunes,⁹ in the dust I write

[Throwing himself on the ground.]

My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite ;
 My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c. with the prisoners.]

O earth ! I will befriend thee more with rain,
 That shall distil from these two ancient urns,²
 Than youthful April shall with all his showers :
 In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still ;
 In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes ! gentle aged men !
 Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death ;
 And let me say, that never wept before,
 My tears are now prevailing orators.

LUC. O, noble father, you lament in vain ;
 The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
 And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

⁹ For these, these, tribunes,] The latter *these* was added for the sake of the metre, by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

² — two ancient urns,] Oxford editor. — Vulg. two ancient ruins. JOHNSON.

TIT. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead :
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

LUC. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you
speak.

TIT. Why, 'tis no matter, man : if they did hear,
They would not mark me ; or, if they did mark,
All bootless to them, they'd not pity me.
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones ;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale :
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me !
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than
stones :^a

A stone is silent, and offendeth not ;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to
death.

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn ?

LUC. To rescue my two brothers from their
death :

For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

TIT. O happy man ! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers ?
Tigers must prey ; and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine : How happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished ?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here ?

^a A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones :] The
author, we may suppose, originally wrote :

Stone's soft as wax, &c. STEEVENS.

Enter MARCUS *and* LAVINIA.

MAR. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break;
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

TIT. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

MAR. This was thy daughter.

TIT. Why, Marcus, so she is.

LUC. Ah me! this object kills me!

TIT. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon
her: —

Speak, my Lavinia,³ what accursed hand
Hath made thee helpless in thy father's fight?⁴
What fool hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height, before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds. —
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;⁵
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
Now, all the service I require of them

³ *Speak, my Lavinia,*] *My*, which is wanting in the first folio, was supplied by the second. STEEVENS.

⁴ — in thy father's fight?] We should read — *spight*.

WARBURTON.

⁵ — I'll chop off my hands too;] Perhaps we should read:
— or chop off, &c.

It is not easy to discover how Titus, when he had chopp'd off one of his hands, would have been able to have chopp'd off the other.

STEEVENS.

I have no doubt but the text is as the author wrote it. Let him answer for the blunder. In a subsequent line Titus supposes himself his own executioner: "Now all the service I require of *them*" &c. MALONE.

Is, that the one will help to cut the other. —
 'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
 For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

LUC. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

MAR. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,⁵
 That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;
 Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
 Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

LUC. O, say thou for her, who hath done this
 deed?

MAR. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
 Seeking to hide herself; as doth the deer,
 That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

TIT. It was my deer;⁶ and he, that wounded her,
 Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:
 For now I stand as one upon a rock,
 Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
 Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
 Expecting ever when some envious surge
 Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
 This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
 Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
 And here my brother, weeping at my woes;
 But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
 Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul. —
 Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,

⁵ O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,] This piece furnishes scarce any resemblances to Shakspeare's works; this one expression however is found in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Once more the engine of her thoughts began."

MALONE.

⁶ It was my deer;] The play upon *deer* and *dear* has been used by Waller, who calls a lady's girdle,

"The pale that held my lovely deer." JOHNSON.

It would have madded me; What shall I do
 Now I behold thy lively body so?
 Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
 Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
 Thy husband he is dead; and, for his death,
 Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this:—
 Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
 When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
 Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
 Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

MER. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd
 her husband:

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

TIT. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,

Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them. —

No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;

Witness the sorrow that their sister makes. —

Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;

Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:

Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,

And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain;

Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks

How they are stain'd; like meadows,⁷ yet not dry

With miry slime left on them by a flood?

And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,

Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,

And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?

Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?

Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows

Pass the remainder of our hateful days?

What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,

⁷ — like meadows,] Old copies — in meadows. Corrected
 by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

308 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

LUC. Sweet father, cease your tears ; for, at your
grief,

See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

MAR. Patience, dear niece : — good Titus, dry
thine eyes.

TIT. Ah, Marcus, Marcus ! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine
own.

LUC. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

TIT. Mark, Marcus, mark ! I understand her
signs :

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee ;
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this !
As far from help as limbo is from blifs.*

Enter AARON.

AAR. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word, — That, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king : he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive ;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

* — as limbo is from blifs.] The *Limbus patrum*, as it was
called, is a place that the schoolmen supposed to be in the neighbour-
hood of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs were detained, and
those good men who died before our Saviour's resurrection. Milton
gives the name of *Limbo* to his Paradise of Fools. REED.

TIT. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor
My hand;

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

LUC. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent; my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

MAR. Which of your hands hath not defended
Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?⁹
O, none of both but are of high desert:

⁹ *Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?*] Thus all the editions. But Mr. Theobald, after ridiculing the sagacity of the former editors at the expence of a great deal of awkward mirth, corrects it to *casque*; and this, he says, he'll stand by: And the Oxford editor taking his security, will stand by it too. But what a slippery ground is critical confidence! Nothing could bid fairer for a right conjecture; yet 'tis all imaginary. A close helmet, which covered the whole head, was called a *castle*, and, I suppose, for that very reason. Don Quixote's barber, at least as good a critick as these editors, says, (in Shelton's translation, 1612): "I know what is a helmet, and what a morrion, and what a close *castle*, and other things touching warfare." Lib. IV. cap. xviii. And the original, *celada de encaxe*, has something of the same signification. Shakspeare uses the word again in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" ——— and, Diomedes,
" Stand fast, and wear a *castle* on thy head."

WARBURTON.

" Dr. Warburton's proof (says Mr. Heath) rests wholly on two mistakes, one of a printer, the other of his own. In Shelton's *Don Quixote* the word *close castle* is an error of the press for a *close casque*, which is the exact interpretation of the Spanish original, *celada de encaxe*; this Dr. Warburton must have seen, if he had understood Spanish as well as he pretends to do. For the primitive *caxa*, from whence the word *encaxe*, is derived, signifies a *box*, or

310 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

AAR. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go
along,

For fear they die before their pardon come.

MAR. My hand shall go.

LUC. By heaven, it shall not go.

TIT. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs
as these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

LUC. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

coffer; but never a *castle*. His other proof is taken from this
passage in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ ——— and Diomedes,

“ Stand fast, and wear a *castle* on thy head.”

Wherein Troilus doth not advise Diomedes to wear a helmet on his
head, for that would be poor indeed, as he always wore one in
battle; but to guard his head with the most impenetrable armour,
to shut it up even in a *castle*, if it were possible, or else his sword
should reach it.”

After all this reasoning, however, it appears, that a *castle* did
actually signify a *close helmet*. See Grose's *Treatise of ancient Armour*,
p. 12, from whence it appears, that *castle* may only be a corrup-
tion of the old French word — *casquetel*. Thus also, in *Holinshed*,
Vol. II. p. 815: “ ——— Then suddenlie with great noise of trum-
pets entered sir Thomas Knevet in a *castell* of cole blacke, and
over the *castell* was written, The dolorous *castell*, and so he and
the earle of Essex, &c. ran their courses with the king,” &c.

A remark, however, of my late friend Mr. Tyrwhitt, has taught
me to suspect the validity of my quotation from Holinshed; for
one of the knights in the tournament described, made his entry in a
fountain, and another in a *horse-litter*. Sir Thomas Knevet there-
fore might have appeared in a building formed in imitation of a
castle. STEEVENS.

The instance quoted does not appear to me to prove what it
was adduced for; wooden castles having been sometimes introduced
in ancient tournaments. The passage in the text is itself much
more decisive. MALONE.

TITUS ANDRONICUS. 311

MAR. And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,

Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

TIT. Agree between you! I will spare my hand.

LUC. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

MAR. But I will use the axe.²

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS and MARCUS.]

TIT. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both;

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

AAR. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest, And never, whilst I live, deceive men so: —

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say, ere half an hour can pass. [*Aside.*

[*He cuts off* TITUS's hand.]

Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

TIT. Now, stay your strife; what shall be, is despatch'd. —

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:

Tell him, it was a hand that warded him

From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;

More hath it merited, that let it have.

As for my sons, say, I account of them

As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;

And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

AAR. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand,

Look by and by to have thy sons with thee: —

Their heads, I mean. — O, how this villainy [*Aside.*

Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,

Aaron will have his foul black like his face. [*Exit.*

² *But I will use the axe.*] Metre requires us to read:

But I will use it. STEEVENS.

TIT. O, here, I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth :

If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call: — What, wilt thou kneel with me?

[To LAVINIA.

Do then, dear heart: for heaven shall hear our
prayers ;

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

MAR. O! brother speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

TIT. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

MAR. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

TIT. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes :
When heaven doth weep doth not the earth o'er-
flow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea ; hark, how her sighs do blow !^a
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth :
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs ;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd :
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave ; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

^a — — do blow!] Old copies — do flow. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

MESS. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repay'd,
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.

[Exit.]

MAR. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

LUC. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a
wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[LAVINIA kisses him.]

MAR. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

TIT. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

MAR. Now, farewell, flattery: Die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads;
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs:^s
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand

^s — thy griefs: } The old copies—*my* griefs. The correction
was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Gnawing with thy teeth ; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes !
Now is a time to storm ; why art thou still ?

TIT. Ha, ha, ha !

MAR. Why dost thou laugh ! it fits not with this
hour.

TIT. Why, I have not another tear to shed :
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears ;
Then which way shall I find revenge's cave ?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me ;
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them,
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about ;
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head ;
And in this hand the other will I bear :
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things ;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy
teeth.

As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight ;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay :
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there :

⁴ *Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things ;*] Thus the folio,
1623. The quarto, 1611, thus:

And Lavinia thou shalt be employ'd in these arms.

Perhaps we ought to read :

Lavinia,

Thou too shalt be employed in these things ;—.

STEEVENS.

The folio also reads—*And Lavinia ;* the rest as above. The
compositor probably caught the word—*And* from the preceding
line. MALONE.

And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.

LUC. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
The woeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome!
Farewell, proud Rome! till Lucius come again,
He leaves⁵ his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturninus and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*

S C E N E II.⁶

A Room in Titus's House. A banquet set out.

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young LUCIUS,
a boy.

TIT. So, so; now sit: and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.

⁵ *He leaves &c.*] Old copies—*He loves*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.
MALONE.

⁶ *Scene II.*] This scene, which does not contribute any thing
to the action, yet seems to have the same author with the rest, is
omitted in the quarto of 1611, but found in the folio of 1623.
JOHNSON.

Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;⁷
 Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands
 And cannot passionate⁸ our tenfold grief
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
 Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
 And when⁹ my heart, all mad with misery,
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
 Then thus I thump it down.—
 Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!

[To LAVINIA.

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
 Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
 Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
 And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
 That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
 May run into that sink, and soaking in,
 Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

MAR. Fye, brother, fye! teach her not thus to lay

Such violent hands upon her tender life.

TIT. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
 What violent hands can she lay on her life?

⁷ Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;] So, in *The Tempest*:

“ ———— sitting

“ His arms in this *fat knot*.” MALONE.

⁸ And cannot passionate &c.] This obsolete verb is likewise found in Spenser:

“ Great pleasure mix’d with pitiful regard,

“ That godly king and queen did *passionate*.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ And when &c.] Old copies — *Who when* —. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—
 To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
 How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
 O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;²
 Lest we remember still, that we have none.—
 Fye, fye, how frantickly I square my talk!
 As if we should forget we had no hands,
 If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
 Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—
 Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;—
 I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—
 She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,³
 Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks:⁴—
 Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
 But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
 And, by still practice,⁵ learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandfire, leave these bitter deep laments:

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

² O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" ——— thou ———"

" Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand—."

MALONE.

³ ——— she drinks no other drink but tears,] So, in *King Henry VI.* Part III:

" Ye see, I drink the water of my eyes."

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

" Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?"

MALONE.

⁴ ——— mesh'd upon her cheeks:] A very coarse allusion to brewing. STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— by still practice,] By constant or continual practice.

JOHNSON.

MAR. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandfire's heaviness.

TIT. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of
tears,⁵

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

MAR. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a
fly.

TIT. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my
heart;⁶

Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother; Get thee gone;
I see, thou art not for my company.

MAR. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

TIT. But how, if that fly had a father and mo-
ther?⁷

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,

⁵ *Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,*] So, in *Coriolanus*:
“ ———— thou boy of tears.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;*] So, in *King Henry V*:

“ The king hath kill'd his heart.”

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“ That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine.”

MALONE.

⁷ ——— a father and mother?] *Mother* perhaps should be omitted, as the following line speaks only in the singular number, and Titus most probably confines his thoughts to the sufferings of a father.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens judiciously conjectures that the words—*and mother*, should be omitted. We might read:

But!—How if that fly had a father, brother?

The note of exclamation seems necessary after—*But*, from what Marcus says, in the preceding line:

“ Alas! my lord I have but kill'd a fly.” RITSON.

And buz lamenting doings in the air?⁸
 Poor harmless fly!
 That with his pretty buzzing melody,
 Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd
 him.

MAR. Pardon me, sir; 'twas a black ill-favour'd
 fly,
 Like to the emprefs' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

TIT. O, O, O,
 Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
 For thou hast done a charitable deed.
 Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
 Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
 Come hither purposely to poison me.—
 There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—
 Ah, firrah!⁹—

Yet I do think we are not brought so low,²
 But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
 That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

MAR. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on
 him,
 He takes false shadows for true substances.

⁸ *And buz lamenting doings in the air?*] *Lamenting doings* is a very idle expression, and conveys no idea. I read — *dolings*. The alteration which I have made, though it is but the addition of a single letter, is a great increase to the sense; and though, indeed, there is somewhat of a tautology in the epithet and substantive annexed to it, yet that's no new thing with our author.

THEOBALD.

There is no need of change. *Sad doings* for any unfortunate event, is a common though not an elegant expression.

STEEVENS.

⁹ *Ah, firrah!*] This was formerly not a disrespectful expression. Poins uses the same address to the Prince of Wales. See Vol. XII. p. 199, n. 6. MALONE.

² *Yet I do think &c.*] *Do* was inserted by me for the sake of metre. STEEVENS.

TIT. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
 I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
 Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
 Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
 And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.
[*Exeunt.*

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

The same. Before Titus's House.

*Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter young LUCIUS,
 LAVINIA running after him.*

Boy. Help, grandfire, help! my aunt Lavinia
 Follows me every where, I know not why:—
 Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
 Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

MAR. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine
 aunt.

TIT. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee
 harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she
 did.

MAR. What means my niece Lavinia by these
 signs?

TIT. Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth she
 mean:

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:
 Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
 Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care



Painted by Th. Kirk

Engraved in Basel by Ober Kogler.

SHAKSPEARE.

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follow me every where, I know not why:—

Titus Andronicus,

Alas sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

ACT. IV. SCENE I.

Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!

Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.²

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandfire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow: That made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books, and
fly;

Causeless, perhaps: But pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

MAR. Lucius, I will.

[LAVINIA turns over the books which LUCIUS
has let fall.

TIT. How now, Lavinia? — Marcus, what means
this?

Some book there is that she desires to see: —
Which is it, girl, of these? — Open them, boy. —
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;
Come, and take choice of all my library,

² — Tully's orator.] The moderns — oratory. The old copies
read — Tully's oratour; meaning, perhaps, Tully De oratore.

STEEVENS.

— Tully's Orator.] Tully's *Treatise on Eloquence*, addressed to
Brutus, and entitled *Orator*. The quantity of Latin words was
formerly little attended to. Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent
editors read — Tully's oratory. MALONE.

And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed. —
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

MAR. I think, she means, that there was more
than one

Confederate in the fact; — Ay, more there was: —
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

TIT. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

BOY. Grandfire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphosis;
My mother gave't me.

MAR. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

TIT. Soft! see, how busily she turns the leaves!³
Help her: —

What would she find? — Lavinia, shall I read?

This is the tragick tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

MAR. See, brother, see; note, how she quotes
the leaves.⁴

TIT. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpriz'd, sweet
girl,

Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods? —
See, see! —

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)

³ *Soft! see how busily &c.]* Old copies — *Soft, so busily, &c.*
Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁴ — *how she quotes the leaves.]* To quote is to observe. See
a note on *Hamlet*, Act II. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VII. p. 277, n. 3; and Vol. IX. p. 187, n. 2.

MALONE.

Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

MAR. O, why should nature build so foul a
den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

TIT. Give signs, sweet girl, — for here are none
but friends, —

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

MAR. Sit down, sweet niece; — brother, sit down
by me. —

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find! —
My lord, look here; — look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.

*[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it
with his feet and mouth.]*

Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift! —
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

*[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it
with her stumps, and writes.]*

TIT. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath
writ?

Stuprum — Chiron — Demetrius.

MAR. What, what! — the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

TIT. *Magne Dominator poli,*⁵
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

MAR. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I
 know,

There is enough written upon this earth,
 To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
 And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
 My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
 And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
 And swear with me, — as with the woful feere,⁶

⁵ *Magne Dominator poli, &c.*] *Magne Regnator Deum &c.* is the exclamation of Hippolytus when Phædra discovers the secret of her incestuous passion in Seneca's tragedy. STEEVENS.

⁶ *And swear with me, — as with the woful feere,*] The old copies do not only assist us to find the true reading by conjecture. I will give an instance, from the first folio, of a reading (incontestably the true one) which has escaped the laborious researches of the many most diligent criticks, who have favoured the world with editions of Shakspeare:

*My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
 And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
 And swear with me, as with the woeful peer,
 And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
 Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape —.*

What meaning has hitherto been annexed to the word *peer*, in this passage, I know not. The reading of the first folio is *feere*, which signifies a *companion*, and here metaphorically a *husband*. The proceeding of Brutus, which is alluded to, is described at length in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, as putting an end to the lamentations of Collatinus and Lucretius, the husband and father of Lucretia. So, in *Sir Eglamour of Artoys*, sig. A 4:

“ Cristabell, your daughter free,

“ When shall she have a *feere*?” i. e. a husband.

Sir Thomas More's *Lamentation on the Death of Q. Elizabeth, Wife of Henry VII*:

“ Was I not a king's *feere* in marriage?”

And again:

“ Farewell my daughter Katherine, late the *feere*

“ To prince Arthur.” TYRWHITT.

The word *feere* or *pheere* very frequently occurs among the ol

And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape, —
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

TIT. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how,
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel⁷ will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,⁸
And where's your lesson then? — Boy, what say you?

BOY. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad-bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

MAR. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full
oft

For this ungrateful country done the like.

BOY. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

dramatick writers and others. So, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*,
Morose says:

" — her that I mean to chuse for my *bed-phere*."

And many other places. STEEVENS.

⁷ And with a gad of steel —] A *gad*, from the Saxon *god*, i. e.
the point of a spear, is used here for some similar pointed instru-
ment. MALONE.

⁸ — the angry northern wind

Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,]

" — Foliiis tantum ne carmina manda,

" Ne turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis." *Æn.* VI. 75.

STEEVENS.

TIT. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
 Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
 Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
 Presents that I intend to send them both:
 Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou
 not?

BOY. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms,
 grandfire.

TIT. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another
 course.

Lavinia, come: — Marcus, look to my house;
 Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
 Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.
 [Exeunt TITUS, LAVINIA, and BOY.]

MAR. O heavens, can you hear a good man
 groan,

And not relent, or not compassion him?
 Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy;
 That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
 Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield:
 But yet so just, that he will not revenge: —
 Revenge the heavens⁹ for old Andronicus! [Exit.]

⁹ *Revenge the heavens* —] We should read:

Revenge thee, heavens! ——. WARBURTON.

It should be:

Revenge, ye heavens! ——.

Ye was by the transcriber taken for *ye*, *the*. JOHNSON.

I believe the old reading is right, and signifies — *may the heavens*
revenge, &c. STEEVENS.

I believe we should read:

Revenge then heavens. TYRWHITT.

S C E N E II.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, at one door; at another door, young LUCIUS, and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.

CHI. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver to us.

AAR. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus; —
And pray the Roman gods, confound you both.

[*Aside.*
DEM. Gramercy,^a lovely Lucius: What's the news?

Boy. That you are both decypher'd, that's the news,

For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aside.*] May it please you,

My grandfire, well-advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,

^a Gramercy,] i. e. grand merci; great thanks. STEEVENS.

328 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

You may be armed and appointed well:
And so I leave you both, [*Aside.*] like bloody vil-
lains. [*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*]

DEM. What's here? A scroll; and written round
about?

Let's see;

*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu.*

CHI. O, 'tis a verse in Horace, I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

AAR. Ay, just! — a verse in Horace; — right,
you have it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no found jest!² the old man hath
found their guilt;

And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with
lines,

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the
quick.

But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.
But let her rest in her unrest awhile. —

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and, more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Aside.

² *Here's no found jest!*] Thus the old copies. This mode of expression was common formerly; so, in *King Henry IV.* Part I: "Here's no fine villainy!" — We yet talk of giving a *found* drubbing. Mr. Theobald, however, and the modern editors, read — *Here's no fond jest.* MALONE.

The old reading is undoubtedly the true one, So, in *King Richard III.*

"Good Catesby, go, effect this business *soundly.*"
See also *Romeo and Juliet*, A& IV. sc. v. STEEVENS.

DEM. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

AAR. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

DEM. I would, we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

CHI. A charitable wish, and full of love.

AAR. Here lacks but your mother for to say
amen.

CHI. And that would she for twenty thousand
more.

DEM. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

AAR. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us
o'er. [Aside. Flourish.

DEM. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish
thus?

CHI. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

DEM. Soft; who comes here?

*Enter a Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child in her
arms.*

NUR. Good morrow, lords:
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

AAR. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

NUR. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

AAR. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

NUR. O, that which I would hide from heaven's
eye,

Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace ;—
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

AAR. To whom ?

NUR. I mean, she's brought to bed.

AAR. Well, God
Give her good rest ! What hath he sent her ?

NUR. A devil.

AAR. Why, then she's the devil's dam ; a joyful
issue.

NUR. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue :
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

AAR. Out, out,⁹ you whore ! is black so base a
hue ?—

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

DEM. Villain, what hast thou done ?

AAR. Done ! that which thou²
Canst not undo.

CHI. Thou hast undone our mother.

AAR. Villain, I have done thy mother.³

DEM. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast un-
done.

⁹ *Out, out,*] The second interjection, which is wanting in the old copies, I have inserted for the sake of metre. STEEVENS.

² *Done ! that which thou—*] *Done !* which is wanting in the old copies, was very properly added, for the sake of measure, by Mr. Capell. STEEVENS.

³ *Villain, I have done thy mother.*] *To do* is here used obscenely. So, in Taylor the water poet's character of a *Prostitute* :

“ She's *facile fieri*, (quickly wonne,)

“ Or, construing truly, easy to be *done*.” COLLINS.

See Vol. VI. p. 19, n. 8. REED.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

CHI. It shall not live.

AAR. It shall not die.⁷

NUR. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

AAR. What, must it, nurse? then let no man, but I,
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

DEM. I'll broach the tadpole⁴ on my rapier's
point:

Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.

AAR. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels
up.

[*Takes the child from the Nurse, and draws.*

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scymitar's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what; ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!

⁷ *It shall not die*] We may suppose that the measure here was originally perfect, and stood thus:

I say, it shall not die. STEEVENS.

⁴ *I'll broach the tadpole* —] A broach is a spit. I'll spit the tadpole. JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

"I'll broach thee on my steel."

Again, in Greene's *Pleasant Discovery of the Cosenage of Colliers*, 1592: "—— with that she caught a spit in her hand, and swore if he offered to stirre, she should therewith broach him."

COLLINS.

Ye white-lim'd walls!⁵ ye alehouse painted signs!
 Coal-black is better than another hue,
 In that it scorns to bear another hue:⁶
 For all the water in the ocean
 Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,
 Although she lave them hourly in the flood.—
 Tell the emperess from me, I am of age
 To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

DEM. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

AAR. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
 The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
 This, before all the world, do I prefer;
 This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
 Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

DEM. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

CHI. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.⁷

NUR. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her
 death.

⁵ *Ye white lim'd walls!*] The old copies have—white *limb'd*. The word intended, I think, was—white *limn'd*. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—white *lim'd*. MALONE.

I read—*lim'd*, because I never found the term—*limn'd*, employed to describe *white-washing*, and because in *The Midsummer Night's Dream* we have—

“ This man, with *lime* and rough-cast, doth present
 “ *Wall*.”

A layer-on of *whitewash* is not a *limner*. *Limning* comprehends the idea of *delineation*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *In that it scorns to bear another hue:*] Thus both the quarto and the folio. Some modern editions had *seems* instead of *scorns*, which was restored by Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

Scorns should undoubtedly be inserted in the text.

TYRWHITT.

⁷ ~~—~~ *for this foul escape.*] This foul illegitimate child.

MALONE.

So, in *King John*:

“ No *scape* of nature.” STEEVENS.

CHI. I blush to think upon this ignomy.⁸

AAR. Why there's the privilege your beauty bears:

Fye, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!⁹

Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer:²

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;
As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*

He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed

Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;

And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,

He is enfranchis'd and come to light:

Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,

Although my seal be stamped in his face.

NUR. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

DEM. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice;

Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

AAR. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:

Keep there: Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the ground.*

DEM. How many women saw this child of his?

⁸ — ignomy.] i. e. ignominy. See Vol. XII. p. 402, n. 7.

MALONE.

⁹ *The close enacts and counsels of the heart!*] So, in *Othello*:

“They are close denotements working from the heart,—”

MALONE.

² — another leer:] *Leer* is complexion, or hue. So, in *As you like it*: “—a Rosalind of a better leer than you.” See Mr. Tollet's note on Act IV. sc. i. In the notes on the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. Vol. IV. p. 320, *lere* is supposed to mean *skin*. So, in *Isumbras*, MS. Cott. Cal. 11. fol. 129:

“His lady is white as wales bone,

“Here *lere* brygte to se upon,

“So faire as blosme on tre.” STEEVENS.

AAR. Why, so, brave lords; When we all join in league,

I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lions,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But, say again, how many saw the child?

NUR. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

AAR. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away:²
Go to the empress; tell her, this I said:—

[*Stabbing her.*

Weke, weke!—so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.

DEM. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore
didst thou this?

AAR. O, lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one *Muliteus* lives,³ my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him,⁴ and give the mother gold,

² *Two may keep counsel, when the third's away:*] This proverb is introduced likewise in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. STEEVENS.

³ — *one Muliteus lives.*] The word *lives*, which is wanting in the old copies, was supplied by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

— *Muliteus* —] This line being too long by a foot, *Muliteus*, no Moorish name, (or indeed any name at all,) and the verb—*lives* wanting to the sense in the old copy, I suspect the designation of Aaron's friend to be a corruption, and that our author wrote:

Not far, one Muley lives, my countryman.

Muley lives was easily changed by a blundering transcriber, or printer, into—*Muliteus*. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Go pack with him,*] *Pack* here seems to have the meaning of

And tell them both the circumstance of all ;
 And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
 And be received for the emperor's heir,
 And substituted in the place of mine,
 To calm this tempest whirling in the court ;
 And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
 Hark ye, lords ; ye see, that I have given her
 phylick, [*Pointing to the Nurse.*
 And you must needs bestow her funeral ;
 The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms :
 This done, see that you take no longer days,
 But send the midwife presently to me.
 The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
 Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

CHI. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
 With secrets.

DEM. For this care of Tamora,
 Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEM. and CHI. bearing off the Nurse.*

AAR. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow
 flies ;

There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
 And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
 Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you
 hence ;

For it is you that puts us to our shifts :
 I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,

make a bargain. Or it may mean, as in the phrase of modern
 gamblers, to act collusively :

“ And mighty dukes pack knaves for half a crown.”

POPE.

To *pack* is to contrive insidiously. So, in *King Lear* :

“ — snuffs and packings of the dukes.” STEEVENS.

To *PACK* a jury, is an expression still used ; though the practice,
 I trust, is obsolete. HENLEY.

And feed³ on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
 And cabin in a cave ; and bring you up
 To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

The same. A publick Place.

*Enter TITUS, bearing arrows, with letters at the ends
 of them ; with him MARCUS, young LUCIUS, and
 other Gentlemen, with bows.*

TIT. Come, Marcus, come ;—Kinsmen, this is
 the way :—

Sir boy, now⁴ let me see your archery ;
 Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight :
Terras Astræa reliquit:—

Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.
 Sir, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
 Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets ;
 Happily you may find her in the sea ;
 Yet there's as little justice as at land :—
 No ; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it ;
 'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
 And pierce the inmost center of the earth :
 Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
 I pray you, deliver him this petition :
 Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid ;

³ *And feed —*] This verb having occurred in the line immediately preceding, Sir T. Hanmer, with great probability, reads :

And feast on curds &c. STEEVENS.

⁴ *— now —*] This syllable which is necessary to the metre, but wanting in the first folio, is supplied by the second.

STEEVENS.

And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone: and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

MAR. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

PUB. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

MAR. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy:
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

TIT. Publius, how now? how now, my masters?
What,
Have you met with her?

PUB. No my good lord; but Pluto sends you word
If you will have revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

TIT. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size;
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;

Yet wrung with wrongs,⁵ more than our backs can
bear:—

And, sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven; and move the gods,
To send down justice for to wreak⁶ our wrongs:
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you:—Here, *ad Apollinem*:—

Ad Martem, that's for myself;—

Here, boy, to Pallas:—Here, to Mercury:

To Saturn, Caius,⁷ not to Saturnine,—

You were as good to shoot against the wind.—

To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid:

O' my word, I have written to effect;

There's not a god left unsolicited.

MAR. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the
court:⁸

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

* *Yet wrung with wrongs,*] To wring a horse is to press or strag his back. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet*:

“Our withers are unwrung.” STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— to wreak —] i. e. revenge. So, in p. 342:

“Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks?” STEEVENS.

⁷ *To Saturn, Caius, &c.*] Old copies:

To Saturnine, to Caius, not to Saturnine.

For Caius Mr. Rowe substituted—*Cælus*. STEEVENS.

Saturnine was corrected by Mr. Rowe. *To* was inadvertently repeated by the compositor. *Caius* appears to have been one of the kinsmen of Titus. Publius and Sempronius have been already mentioned. Publius and *Caius*, are again introduced in *Act V. sc. ii*:

“*Tit. Publius*, come hither; *Caius*, and Valentine.

The modern editors read—*To Saturn, to Cælus, &c.*

MALONE.

I have always read—*Cælus*, i. e. the Roman deity of that name.

STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— *shoot all your shafts into the court:*] In the ancient ballad of *Titus Andronicus's Complaint*, is the following passage:

TIT. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said, Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

MAR. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;⁹
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

TIT. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done!
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

MAR. This was the sport, my lord; when Publius shot,

The bull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not
choose

But give them to his master for a present.

TIT. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship
joy.

"Then past reliefe I upp and downe did goe,

"And with my tears wrote in the dust my woe:

"*I shot my arrowes towards heaven he,*

"And for revenge to hell did often crye."

On this Dr. Percy has the following observation: "If the ballad was written before the play, I should suppose this to be only a metaphorical expression, taken from the Psalms: "They shoot out their arrows, even bitter words, *Psalms* lxiv. 3." *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 228, third edit. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *I aim a mile beyond the moon;*] To "cast beyond the moon," is an expression used in Hinde's *Eliosfo Libidinoso*, 1606. Again, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594: "Rifio hath gone beyond himself in casting beyond the moon." Again, in *A Woman Kill'd with Kindness*, 1617:

"—— I talk of things impossible,

"And cast beyond the moon" STEEVENS.

—— *I aim a mile beyond the moon;*] Thus the quarto and folio. Mr. Rowe for *aim* substituted *am*, which has been adopted by all the modern editors. MALONE.

Enter a Clown, with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

CLO. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he
hath taken them down again, for the man must not
be hang'd till the next week.

TIT. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

CLO. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank
with him in all my life.⁸

TIT. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

CLO. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

TIT. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

CLO. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there:
God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven
in my young days. Why, I am going with my
pigeons to the tribunal plebs,⁹ to take up a matter
of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the em-
perial's men.

MAR. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve
for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons
to the emperor from you.

⁸ — *I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.*]
Perhaps, in this instance also, the Clown was designed to blunder,
by saying, (as does the Dairy-maid in a modern farce) *Jew Peter*,
instead of *Jupiter*. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *the tribunal plebs,*] I suppose the Clown means to say,
Plebeian tribune, i. e. tribune of the people; for none could fill
this office but such as were descended from *Plebeian* ancestors.

STEEVENS.

Sir T. Hanmer supposes that he means—*tribunus plebis*.

MALONE.

TIT. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

CLO. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

TIT. Sirrah, come hither; make no more ado, But give your pigeons to the emperor:

By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.

Hold, hold;—mean while, here's money for thy charges.

Give me a pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

CLO. Ay, sir,

TIT. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons! and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

CLO. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

TIT. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;

For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:—

And when thou hast given it to the emperor,

Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

CLO. God be with you, sir, I will.

TIT. Come, Marcus, let's go:—Publius, follow me. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, Lords and Others: SATURNINUS with the arrows in his hand, that TITUS shot.

SAT. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen

An emperor of Rome thus overborne,
 Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
 Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?
 My lords, you know, as do² the mighty gods,
 However these disturbers of our peace
 Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd;
 But even with law,³ against the wilful sons
 Of old Andronicus. And what an if
 His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
 His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
 And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
 See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
 This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
 Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
 What's this, but libelling against the senate,
 And blazoning our injustice every where?
 A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
 As who would say, in Rome no justice were.

² — as do—] These two words were supplied by Mr. Rowe; who also in the concluding lines of this speech substituted—if *she* sleep, &c. for, if *he* sleep, and—as *she*, for, as *he*. MALONE.

³ — even with law,] Thus the second folio. The first, unmetrically,—even with *the* law. STEEVENS.

But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
 But he and his shall know, that justice lives
 In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
 He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

TAM. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
 Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
 The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons;
 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his
 heart;

And rather comfort his distressed plight,
 Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
 For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become
 High-witted Tamora to gloze with all: [*Aside.*
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
 Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow? would'st thou speak with us?

CLO. Yes, forsooth, an your miftership be em-
 perial.

TAM. Empress I am, but yonder sits the em-
 peror.

CLO. 'Tis he.—God, and saint Stephen, give you
 good den: I have brought you a letter, and a couple
 of pigeons here. [*SATURNINUS reads the letter.*

SAT. Go, take him away, and hang him pre-
 sently.

CLO. How much money must I have?

TAM. Come, firrah, you must be hang'd.

CLO. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought
up a neck to a fair end. *[Exit, guarded.]*

SAT. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?
I know from whence this same device proceeds;
May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.—
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:—
For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter man;
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

*Enter ÆMILIUS.*⁴

What news with thee, Æmilius?

ÆMIL. Arm, arm, my lords;⁵ Rome never had
more cause!

⁴ *Enter Æmilius.* [Old copy—*Nuntius Æmilius.*] In the author's manuscript, I presume, it was writ, *Enter Nuntius*; and they observing, that he is immediately called Æmilius, thought proper to give him his whole title, and so clapped in—*Enter Nuntius Æmilius.*—Mr. Pope has very critically followed them; and ought, methinks, to have given this new-adopted citizen Nuntius, a place in the *Dramatis Personæ*. THEOBALD.

⁵ *Arm, arm, my lords;*] The second *arm* is wanting in the old copies. STEEVENS.

Arm is here used as a disyllable. MALONE.

i. e. to those who can so pronounce it. I continue, for the sake of metre, to repeat the word—*arm*. May I add, that having seen very correct and harmonious lines of Mr. Malone's composition, I cannot suppose, if he had written a tale of persecuted love, he would have ended it with such a couplet as follows?—and yet, according to his present position, if *arms* be a disyllable, it must certainly be allowed to rhyme with any word of corresponding sound;—for instance;

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power
Of high-resolved man, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

SAT. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with
storms.

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
'Tis he, the common people love so much;
Myself hath often over-heard⁶ them say,
(When I have walked like a private man,
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their em-
peror.

TAM. Why should you fear? is not your city
strong?

SAT. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius?
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

TAM. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy
name.⁷

"Escaping thus aunt Tabby's *larum's*,

"They triumph'd in each other's *arms*."

i. e. arms. But let the reader determine on the pretension of
arms to rank as a dissyllable. STEEVENS.

⁶ Myself hath often over-heard —] *Self* was used formerly as
a substantive, and written separately from the pronominal adjective:
my self. The late editors, not attending to this, read, after Sir
T Haumer, — *have often*. — *Over*, which is not in the old copies,
was supplied by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁷ — imperious, like thy name.] *Imperious* was formerly used
for *imperial*. See *Cymbeline*, A& IV. sc. ii:

"The imperious seas" &c. MALONE.

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon." STEEVENS.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
 The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
 And is not careful what they mean thereby;
 Knowing, that with the shadow of his wings,
 He can at pleasure flint their melody:⁸
 Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
 Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,
 I will enchant the old Andronicus,
 With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
 Then baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;⁹
 When as the one is wounded with the bait,
 The other rotted with delicious feed.

SAT. But he will not entreat his son for us.

TAM. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
 For I can smoothe, and fill his aged ear
 With golden promises; that were his heart
 Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
 Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
 Go thou before, be our ambassador:²

[To ÆMILIUS.

Say, that the emperor requests a parley
 Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

⁸ — flint *their melody*:] i. e. *stop* their melody. MALONE.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*: “ — it *flinted*, and cried—ay.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ — honey-stalks to sheep:] *Honey-stalks* are clover-flowers, which contain a sweet juice. It is common for cattle to overcharge themselves with clover, and die. JOHNSON.

Clover has the effect that Johnson mentions, on black cattle, but not on sheep. Besides, these *honey-stalks*, whatever they may be, are described as rotting the sheep, not as bursting them; whereas clover is the wholesomest food you can give them. M. MASON.

Perhaps, the author was not so skilful a farmer as the commentator. MALONE.

² — be our ambassador:] The old copies read—to be &c. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

SAT. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on hostage² for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

ÆMIL. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[Exit ÆMILIUS.]

TAM. Now will I to that old Andronicus;
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

SAT. Then go successfully,⁴ and plead to him.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Plains near Rome.

Enter LUCIUS, and Goths, with drum and colours.

LUC. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our fight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;

² — on *hostage*—] Old copies—in *hostage*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁴ — successfully,] The old copies read—*successantly*; a mere blunder of the press. STEEVENS.

Whether the author of this play had any authority for this word, I know not; but I suspect he had not. In the next act he with equal licence uses *rapine* for *rape*. By *successantly* I suppose he meant *successfully*. MALONE.

And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath,⁴
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1. GOTH. Brave flip, sprung from the great Andronicus,

Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;

Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

GOTHS. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

LUC. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his child in his arms.

2. GOTH. Renowned Lucius, from our troops
I stray'd,

To gazd upon a ruinous monastery;⁵
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall:

⁴ ——— *scath,*] i. e. harm. See Vol. XI. p. 322, n. 6.

STEEVENS.

⁵ *To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;*] Shakspeare has so perpetually offended against chronology in all his plays, that no very conclusive argument can be deduced from the particular absurdity of these anachronisms, relative to the authenticity of *Titus Andronicus*. And yet the *ruined monastery*, the *popish tricks*, &c. that Aaron talks of, and especially the French salutation from the mouth of Titus, are altogether so very much out of place, that I cannot persuade myself even our hasty poet could have been guilty of their insertion, or would have permitted them to remain, had he corrected the performance for another. STEEVENS.

I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
 The crying babe controll^d with this discourse:
Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam?
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he rates the
babe,—

For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.
 With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
 Surpriz'd him suddenly; and brought him hither,
 To use as you think needful of the man.

LUC. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil,
 That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:
 This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye!⁶
 And here's the base fruit of his burning lust,—
 Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey
 This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
 Why dost not speak? What! deaf? No;⁷ not a
 word?

A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
 And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

AAR. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

LUC. Too like the fire for ever being good.—
 First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
 A sight to vex the father's soul withal.

⁶ *This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye;*] Alluding to the proverb, "A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye."

MALONE.

⁷ — *No;*] This necessary syllable, though wanting in the first folio, is found in the second. STEEVENS.

Get me a ladder.

[*A ladder brought, which AARON is obliged to ascend.*

AAR.

Lucius, save the child;⁷

And bear it from me to the emperess.

If thou do this, I'll show thee wond'rous things,

That highly may advantage thee to hear:

If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,

I'll speak no more; But vengeance rot you all!

LUC. Say on; and, if it please me which thou speak'st,

Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

AAR. An if it please thee? why, assure thee, Lucius,

'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;

For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,

Acts of black night, abominable deeds,

Complots of mischief, treason; villainies

Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:⁸

And this shall all be buried by my death,

Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live:

LUC. Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall live.

AAR. Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.

⁷ *Get me a ladder.*

Aar.

Lucius, save the child;]

All the printed editions have given this whole verse to Aaron. But why should the Moor ask for a ladder, who earnestly wanted to have his child saved?

THEOBALD.

Get me a ladder, may mean, hang me. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:]* I suppose we should read—*pitilessly*, not *piteously*. M. MASON.

Is there such a word as that recommended? *Piteously* means, in a manner exciting pity. STEEVENS.

LUC. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god;

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

AAR. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not: Yet,—for I know thou art religious, And hast a thing within thee, called conscience; With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies, Which I have seen thee careful to observe,— Therefore I urge thy oath;—For that, I know, An idiot holds his bauble¹ for a god, And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears;² To that I'll urge him:—Therefore, thou shalt vow By that same god, what god so'er it be, That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,— To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up; Or else I will discover nought to thee.

LUC. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

AAR. First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.

LUC. O most insatiate, luxurious woman!³

AAR. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,

To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'Twas her two sons, that murder'd Bassianus: They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her, And cut her hands; and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

LUC. O, detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

¹ — his bauble —] See a note on *All's well that ends well*, Vol. IX. p. 162, n. 6. STEEVENS.

² And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears;] Alluding perhaps to a custom mentioned in *Genesis* xxiv. 9: "And the servant put his hand under the thigh of Abraham his master, and swore to him concerning that matter." STEEVENS.

³ — luxurious woman!] i. e. lascivious woman. See Vol. XVI. p. 410, n. 2. MALONE.

AAR. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd;
and 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

LUC. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

AAR. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them;
That coddling spirit³ had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;

That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.⁴—

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.

I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,

Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:

I wrote the letter that thy father found,⁵

And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,

Confederate with the queen, and her two sons;

And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,

Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;

And, when I had it, drew myself apart,

And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.

I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,

³ *That coddling spirit*—] i. e. that love of *bed-sports*. *Cod* is a word still used in Yorkshire for a *pillow*. See Lloyd's catalogue of local words at the end of *Ray's Proverbs*. COLLINS.

⁴ *As true a dog as ever fought at head.*] An allusion to bulldogs, whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front, and seizing his nose. JOHNSON.

So, in *A Collection of Epigrams* by J. D. [John Davies] and C. M. [Christopher Marlowe,] printed at Middleburgh, no date:

“ ——— Amongst the dogs and beares he goes;

“ Where, while he skipping cries—*To head,—to head—*.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ *I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,*——

I wrote the letter &c.] Perhaps Young had this speech in his thoughts, when he made his Moor say:

“ I urg'd Don Carlos to resign his mistress;

“ I forg'd the letter; I dispos'd the picture;

“ I hated, I despis'd, and I destroy.” MALONE.

When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swoonded⁶ almost at my pleasing tale,
And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

GOth. What! canst thou say all this, and never
blush?

AAR. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.⁷

LUC. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

AAR. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more:
Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse,)
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself:
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;⁸
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,

⁶ *She swoonded* —] When this play was written, the verb to *swoond*, which we now write *swoon*, was in common use.

MALONE.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ All in gore blood; I *swoonded* at the fight.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ Goth. *What! canst thou say all this, and never blush?*

Aar. *Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.*] To *blush like a black dog* appears from Ray, p. 218, to have been proverbial. REED.

⁸ *Make poor men's cattle break their necks;*] Two syllables have been inadvertently omitted; perhaps — *and die*. MALONE.

In my opinion, some other syllables should be sought, to fill this chasm; for if the cattle *broke their necks*, it was rather unnecessary or us to be informed that — *they died*. STEEVENS.

Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
 And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
 Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
 Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
 As willingly as one would kill a fly;
 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,⁷
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

LUC. Bring down the devil;⁸ for he must not die
 So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

AAR. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
 To live and burn in everlasting fire;
 So I might have your company in hell,
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

LUC. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no
 more.

Enter a Goth.

GOTH. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
 Desires to be admitted to your presence.

LUC. Let him come near. —

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome?

ÆMIL. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the
 Goths,

The Roman emperor greets you all by me:
 And, for he understands you are in arms,

⁷ *And nothing grieves me &c.*] Marlowe has been supposed to be the author of this play, and whoever will read the conversation between Barabas and Ithimore in the *Jew of Malta*, A& II. and compare it with these sentiments of Aaron in the present scene, will perceive much reason for the opinion. REED.

⁸ *Bring down the devil;*] It appears from these words, that the audience were entertained with part of the apparatus of an execution, and that Aaron was mounted on a ladder, as ready to be turned off." STEEVENS.

He craves a parley at your father's house,
 Willing you to demand your hostages,
 And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

1. GOTH. What says our general?

LUC. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
 Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
 And we will come. — March⁹ away. [*Excunt*:

S C E N E II.

Rome. *Before Titus's House.*

Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, disguis'd.

TAM. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
 I will encounter with Andronicus;
 And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
 To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs:
 Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
 To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
 Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
 And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock*:

Enter TITUS, above.

TIT. Who doth molest my contemplation?
 Is it your trick, to make me ope the door;
 That so my sad decrees may fly away,
 And all my study be to no effect?
 You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do,
 See here, in bloody lines I have set down;
 And what is written shall be executed.

TAM. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.²

⁹ — *March* —] Perhaps this is a mere stage-direction which has crept into the text. STEEVENS.

² *Titus, &c.*] Perhaps this imperfect line was originally completed thus:

Titus, I am come to talk with thee awhile." STEEVENS:

TIT. No; not a word: How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?⁸

Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

TAM. If thou did'st know me, thou would'st talk
with me.

TIT. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines;⁹
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

TAM. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death:
There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

TIT. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

TAM. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

TIT. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands;
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,

⁸ ——— *action?*] Thus the folio. The quarto, perhaps unintelligibly, — *that accord*. STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— *stump, these crimson lines;*] The old copies derange the metre by reading, with useless repetition:

——— *stump, witness these crimson lines:* ———. STEEVENS.

Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
 And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
 And whirl along with thee about the globes.
 Provide thee proper palfries, black as jet,^a
 To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
 And find out murderers in their guilty caves:^b
 And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
 I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
 Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;
 Even from Hyperion's^c rising in the east,
 Until his very downfal in the sea.
 And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
 So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.^d

TAM. These are my ministers, and come with me.

TIT. Are they^e thy ministers? what are they
 call'd?

^a *Provide thee proper palfries, black as jet,*] The old copies, poorly and with disregard of metre, read:

Provide thee two proper palfries, as black as jet, — —.

The second folio indeed omits the useless and redundant — as.

STEEVENS.

^b *And find out murderers &c.*] The old copies read — *murder and cares*. The former emendation was made by Mr. Steevens; the latter by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

^c — — *Hyperion's* —] The folio reads — *Epton's*; the quarto — *Epeon's*; and so Ravenscroft. STEEVENS.

The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

^d *So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.*] I do not know of any instance that can be brought to prove that *rape* and *rapine* were ever used as synonymous terms. The word *rapine* has always been employed for a *less fatal kind of plunder*, and means the violent act of deprivation of any good, the honour here alluded to being always excepted.

I have indeed since discovered that Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. V. fol. 116. b. uses *ravine* in the same sense:

“ For if thou be of such covine,

“ To get of love by *ravyn*

“ Thy lust,” &c. STEEVENS.

^e *Are they* —] Thus the second folio. The first, contemning grammar, — *Are them*. STEEVENS.

TAM. Rapine, and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

TIT. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they
are!

And you, the empress! But we wordly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.

O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:

And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[Exit TITUS, from above.]

TAM. This closing with him fits his lunacy:

Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,

Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.

For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;

And, being credulous in this mad thought,

I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;

And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,

I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,

To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,

Or, at the least, make them his enemies.

See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

TIT. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:

Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house; —

Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too: —

How like the empress and her sons you are!

Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor: —

Could not all hell afford you such a devil? —

For, well I wot, the empress never wags,

But in her company there is a Moor;

And, would you represent our queen aright,

It were convenient you had such a devil;

But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

TAM. What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus?

DEM. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

CHI. Show me a villain, that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

TAM. Show me a thousand, that have done thee
wrong,

And I will be revenged on them all.

TIT. Look round about the wicked streets of
Rome;

And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer. —
Go thou with him; and, when it is thy hap,
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher. —
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee;
I pray thee, do on them some violent death,
They have been violent to me and mine.

TAM. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house:
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

TIT. Marcus, my brother! — 'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;

A a 4

Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
 Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
 Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
 Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
 Tell him, the emperor and the empress too
 Feast at my house; and he shall feast with them:
 This do thou for my love; and so let him,
 As he regards his aged father's life.

MAR. This will I do, and soon return again.
[*Exit.*

TAM. Now will I hence about thy business,
 And take my ministers along with me.

TIT. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with
 me;
 Or else I'll call my brother back again,
 And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

TAM. What say you, boys? will you abide with
 him,
 Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
 How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
 Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
[*Aside.*

And tarry with him, till I come again.

TIT. I know them all, though they suppose me
 mad;
 And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
 A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam.
[*Aside.*

DEM. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

TAM. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
 To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

[*Exit TAMORA.*

TIT. I know, thou dost; and, sweet Revenge,
 farewell.

CHI. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

TIT. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS, and Others.

PUB. What's your will?

TIT. Know you these two?

PUB. Th' emprefs' sons,
I take them, Chiron, and Demetrius.⁵

TIT. Fye, Publius, fye! thou art too much deceiv'd;

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them:
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it: therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit TITUS.—PUBLIUS, &c. lay hold on CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.*]

CHI. Villains, forbear; we are the emprefs' sons.

PUB. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word:
Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with LAVINIA; she bearing a basin; and he a knife.

TIT. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound;—

⁵ ——— and Demetrius.] And was inserted by Mr. Theobald.

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
 But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
 O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
 Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with
 mud;
 This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
 You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,
 Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death:
 My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:
 Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more
 dear
 Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
 Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
 What would you say, If I should let you speak?
 Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
 Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
 This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;
 Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
 The basin, that receives your guilty blood.
 You know, your mother means to feast with me,
 And calls herself, Revenge, and thinks me mad,—
 Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to dust,
 And with your blood and it, I'll make a paste;
 And of the paste a coffin⁶ I will rear,
 And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
 And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
 Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.⁷
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,

⁶ *And of the paste a coffin* —] A *coffin* is the term of art for the cavity of a raised pye. JOHNSON.

So, in the Seventh Book of Gawin Douglas's Translation of the *Æneid*, v. 50:

“ And with thare handis brek and chaftis gnaw

“ The crustis, and the *coffingis* all on raw.” STEEVENS.

⁷ — *her own increase.*] i. e. her own produce. See Vol. VII, p. 49, n. 6. MALONE.

And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
 For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
 And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd:
 And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come.

[*He cuts their throats.*

Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead,
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
 And with this hateful liquor temper it;
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
 Come, come, be every one officious
 To make this banquet; which I wish may prove
 More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
 So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
 And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes,
 [*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*

S C E N E III.

The same. A Pavilion, with tables, &c.

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with AARON, prisoner.

LUC. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,
 That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1. GOTH. And ours with thine,^s befall what fortune will.

LUC. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,

This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
 Let him receive no sustenance, fether him,

^s *And ours with thine,]* And our content runs parallel with thine, be the consequence of our coming to Rome what it may.

Till he be brought unto the empress' face,³
 For testimony of her foul proceedings :
 And see the ambush of our friends be strong :
 I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

AAR. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
 And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
 The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

LUC. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—
 Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[*Exeunt Goths, with AARON. Flourish.*
 The trumpets show, the emperor is at hand.

*Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes,
 Senators, and Others.*

SAT. What, hath the firmament more suns than
 one?

LUC. What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun?

MAR. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the
 parle;²

These quarrels must be quietly debated.
 The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
 Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
 For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome :
 Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your
 places.

SAT. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The company sit down at table.*

³ — the empress' face,] The quarto has — *emperours*; the folio *emperous*. For the emendation I am answerable. MALONE.

² — break the parle;] That is, *begin the parley*. We yet say, *he breaks his mind*. JOHNSON.

Enter TITUS, *dress'd like a cook*, LAVINIA, *veiled*,
young LUCIUS, and Others. TITUS *places the*
dishes on the table.

TIT. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome,
dread queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

SAT. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

TIT. Because I would be sure to have all well.
To entertain your highness, and your empress.

TAM. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

TIT. An if your highness knew my heart, you
were.

My lord the emperor, resolve me this;

Was it well done of rash Virginius,

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,³

Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflower'd?

SAT. It was,
Andronicus.

TIT. Your reason, mighty lord!

SAT. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

TIT. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,

³ *Was it well done of rash Virginius,*

To slay his daughter with his own right hand, &c.] Mr. Rowe
might have availed himself of this passage in The Fair Penitent, where
Sciolto asks Calista —

“Hast thou not heard what brave Virginius did?”

“With his own hand he slew his only daughter” &c.

Titus Andronicus, however, is incorrect in his statement of this
occurrence, for Virginia died unviolated. STEEVENS.

For me, most wretched, to perform the like:—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

[*He kills LAVINIA.*

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!

SAT. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind?

TIT. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was:

And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage;—and it is now done.

SAT. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed.

TIT. Will't please you eat? will't please your highness feed?

TAM. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

TIT. Not I; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

SAT. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

TIT. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.⁴

⁴ *Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.*] The additions made by Ravenscroft to this scene, are so much of a piece with it, that I cannot resist the temptation of showing the reader how he continues the speech before us:

“ Thus cramm'd, thou'rt bravely fatten'd up for hell,

“ And thus to Pluto I do serve thee up.”

[*Stabs the emperess.*

And then — “ *A curtain drawn discovers the heads and hands of Demetrius and Chiron hanging up against the wall; their bodies in chairs in bloody linen.*” STEEVENS.

'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.
[Killing TAMORA.

SAT. Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.
[Killing TITUS.

LUC. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[Kills SATURNINUS. A great tumult. The people
in confusion disperse. MARCUS, LUCIUS, and
their partisans ascend the steps before Titus's
house.

MAR. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of
Rome,

By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

SEN. Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself;⁵

⁵ Sen. Lest Rome &c.] This speech and the next, in the quarto 1611, are given to a *Roman lord*. In the folio they both belong to the Goth. I know not why they are separated. I believe the whole belongs to *Marcus*; who, when *Lucius* has gone through such a part of the narrative as concerns his own exile, claims his turn to speak again, and recommend *Lucius* to the empire. STEEVENS.

I have followed the quarto, where the words *Roman lord*, [i. e. *Senator*,] are prefixed to this speech. That copy, however, reads—*Let Rome &c.* which I have no doubt was an error of the press for *Lest*. The editor of the folio finding the sentiment as exhibited in the quarto, in consequence of this error, not proper in the mouth of a Roman, for *Roman lord* substituted *Goth*. In correcting the errors of the quartos, the editor of the folio appears often to have only looked on the surface, and to have consequently made several injudicious emendations beside the present.

Mr. Capell, I find, has made the same emendation.

The error here corrected has likewise happened in the quarto copies of *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. ii: "—let my extent to the players—should more appear like entertainment than yours:"—instead of—"Lest my extent," &c.

And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
 Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
 Do shameful execution on herself.
 But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
 Grave witnesses of true experience,
 Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
 Speak, Rome's dear friend; [*To LUCIUS.*] as erst
 our ancestor,
 When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
 To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
 The story of that baleful burning night,
 When subtle Greeks surpriz'd king Priam's Troy;
 Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
 Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
 That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound. —
 My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
 Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
 But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
 And break my very utterance; even i'the time
 When it should move you to attend me most,
 Lending your kind commiseration:
 Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
 Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

LUC. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
 That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
 Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
 And they it were that ravished our sister:
 For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
 Our father's tears despis'd; and basely cozen'd⁶
 Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,

As this speech proceeds in an uniform tenor with the foregoing,
 the whole (as Mr. Steevens has observed) probably belongs to
 Marcus. MALONE.

⁶ ——— and basely cozen'd —] i. e. and he basely cozened.

MALONE

And sent her enemies unto the grave.
 Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
 The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
 To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
 And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
 And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
 That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;
 And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
 Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body,
 Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
 That my report is just, and full of truth.
 But, soft, methinks, I do digress too much,
 Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
 For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

MAR. Now is my turn to speak; Behold this child,

[*Pointing to the child in the arms of an attendant.*
 Of this was Tamora delivered;
 The issue of an irreligious Moor,
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes;
 The villain is alive in Titus' house,
 Damn'd as he is,⁷ to witness this is true.
 Now judge, what cause⁸ had Titus to revenge
 These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,

⁷ Damn'd as he is,] The old copies read—*And as he is*. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. The same expression (as he observed,) is used in *Othello*:

“O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?”

“*Damn'd as thou art*, thou hast enchanted her.”

In the play before us the same epithet is applied to Aaron:

“See justice done on Aaron, that *damn'd Moor*.”

MALONE.

⁸ — what cause —] Old copies—*what course*. Corrected in the fourth folio. MALONE.

Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?

Have we done aught amiss? Show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,⁹
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak: and, if you say, we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

ÆMIL. Come, come, thou reverend man of
Rome,
And bring our emperor; gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

ROM. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail;² Rome's
royal emperor!

LUCIUS, &c. *descend.*

MAR. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house;
[*To an Attendant.*
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

ROM. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail; Rome's
gracious governor!

⁹ *The poor remainder of Andronici*
Will,——cast us down,] i. e. *We the poor remainder &c. will*
cast us down. MALONE.

² Rom. *Lucius, all hail; &c.*] This line here, and the same words below, are given in the old copy by mistake to *Marcus*. It is manifest, as Mr. Steevens has observed, that they both belong to the surrounding concourse of Romans, who with one voice hail Lucius as their emperor. MALONE.

LUC. Thanks, gentle Romans; May I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile, —
For nature puts me to a heavy task; —
Stand all aloof; — but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk: —
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[Kisses TITUS.

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,³
The last true duties of thy noble son!

MAR. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

LUC. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn
of us

To melt in showers: Thy grandfire lov'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:⁴
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

BOY. O grandfire, grandfire! even with all my
heart

³ ——— *thy blood-stain'd face,*] The old copies have — *thy blood-stain face*. Corrected in the fourth folio. MALONE.

⁴ *Shed yet some small drops ———*
Because kind nature doth require it so:] Thus in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ ——— fond nature bids us all lament —.” STEEVENS.

'Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with AARON.

1. ROM. You sad Andronici, have done with
woes;

Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

LUC. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish
him;

There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth.⁵

AAR. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury
dumb?

I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
I should repent the evils I have done;
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will;
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

LUC. Some loving friends convey the emperor
hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite nor man in mournful weeds,

⁵ ——— to see him fasten'd in the earth.] That justice and cookery
may go hand in hand to the conclusion of this play, in Ravenscroft's
alteration of it, Aaron is at once rack'd and roasted on the stage.

No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
 But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey:
 Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
 And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
 See justice done to Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
 By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
 Then, afterwards, to order well the state:⁶
 That like events may ne'er it ruin. [*Exeunt.*⁷

⁶ *Then, afterwards, to order &c.] Then will we apply ourselves to regulate the state. MALONE.*

⁷ This is one of those plays which I have always thought with the better judges, ought not to be acknowledged in the list of Shakspeare's genuine pieces. And, perhaps, I may give a proof to strengthen this opinion, that may put the matter out of question. Ben Jonson, in the introduction to his *Bartholomew-Fair*, which made its first appearance in the year 1614, couples *Jeronymo* and *Andronicus* together in reputation, and speaks of them as plays then of twenty-five or thirty years standing. Consequently *Andronicus* must have been on the stage before Shakspeare left Warwickshire, to come and reside in London: and I never heard it so much as intimated, that he had turned his genius to stage-writing before he associated with the players, and became one of their body. However, that he afterwards introduced it a-new on the stage, with the addition of his own masterly touches, is incontestible, and thence, I presume, grew his title to it. The diction in general, where he has not taken the pains to raise it, is even beneath that of the Three Parts of Henry VI. The story we are to suppose merely fictitious. *Andronicus* is a sur-name of pure Greek derivation. *Tamora* is neither mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus, nor any body else that I can find. Nor had Rome, in the time of her emperors, any wars with the Goths that I know of: not till after the translation of the empire, I mean to Byzantium. And yet the scene of our play is laid at Rome, and Saturninus is elected to the empire at the Capitol. THEOBALD.

All the editors and criticks agree with Mr. Theobald in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the colour of the stile is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre, which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience; yet

we are told by Jonson, that they were not only borne but praised. That Shakspeare wrote any part, though Theobald declares it *incontestible*, I see no reason for believing.

The testimony produced at the beginning of this play, by which it is ascribed to Shakspeare, is by no means equal to the argument against its authenticity, arising from the total difference of conduct, language, and sentiments, by which it stands apart from all the rest. Meres had probably no other evidence than that of a title-page, which, though in our time it be sufficient, was then of no great authority; for all the plays which were rejected by the first collectors of Shakspeare's works, and admitted in later editions, and again rejected by the critical editors, had Shakspeare's name on the title, as we must suppose, by the fraudulence of the printers, who, while there were yet no gazettes, nor advertisements, nor any means of circulating literary intelligence, could usurp at pleasure any celebrated name. Nor had Shakspeare any interest in detecting the imposture, as none of his fame or profit was produced by the press.

The chronology of this play does not prove it not to be Shakspeare's. If it had been written twenty-five years, in 1614, it might have been written when Shakspeare was twenty-five years old. When he left Warwickshire I know not, but at the age of twenty-five it was rather too late to fly for deer-stealing.

Ravenscroft, who in the reign of James II. revised this play, and restored it to the stage, tells us, in his preface, from a theatrical tradition, I suppose, which in his time might be of sufficient authority, that this play was touched in different parts by Shakspeare, but written by some other poet. I do not find Shakspeare's touches very discernible. JOHNSON.

There is every reason to believe, that Shakspeare was not the author of this play. I have already said enough upon the subject.

Mr. Upton declares peremptorily, that it ought to be flung out of the list of our author's works: yet Mr. Warner, with all his laudable zeal for the memory of his *school-fellow*, when it may seem to serve his purpose, *disables* his friend's judgement!

Indeed a *new argument* has been produced; it must have been written by Shakspeare, because at that time *other people* wrote in the *same manner*!

It is scarcely worth observing, that the original publisher* had nothing to do with any of the rest of Shakspeare's works. Dr. Johnson observes the copy to be as correct as other books of the time; and probably revised by the author himself; but surely

* The original owner of the copy was John Danter, who likewise printed the first edition of *Romeo and Juliet* in 1597, and is introduced as a character in *The Return from Parnassus*, &c. 1606. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare would not have taken the greatest care about *infinitely the worst* of his performances! Nothing more can be said, except that it is printed by Heminge and Condell in the *first folio*: but not to insist, that it had been contrary to their interest to have rejected any play, usually called Shakspeare's, though they might *know* it to be spurious; it does not appear, that their *knowledge* is at all to be depended on; for it is certain, that in the first copies they had entirely omitted the play of *Troilus and Cressida*.

It has been said, that this play was first printed for G. Eld, 1594, but the original publisher was Edward White. I have seen in an old catalogue of *tales*, &c. the history of *Titus Andronicus*.

FARMER.

I have already given the reader a specimen of the changes made in this play by Ravenscroft, who revived it with success in the year 1687; and may add, that when the empress stabs her child, he has supplied the Moor with the following lines:

“ She has outdone me, ev'n in mine own art,
 “ Outdone me in murder, kill'd her own child,
 “ Give it me, I'll eat it.”

It rarely happens that a dramatick piece is altered with the same spirit that it was written; but *Titus Andronicus* has undoubtedly fallen into the hands of one whose feelings and imagination were congenial with those of its original author.

In the course of the notes on this performance, I have pointed out a passage or two which, in my opinion, sufficiently prove it to have been the work of one who was acquainted both with Greek and Roman literature. It is likewise deficient in such internal marks as distinguish the tragedies of Shakspeare from those of other writers; I mean, that it presents no struggles to introduce the vein of humour so constantly interwoven with the business of his serious dramas. It can neither boast of his striking excellencies, nor his acknowledged defects; for it offers not a single interesting situation, a natural character, or a string of quibbles from first to last. That Shakspeare should have written without commanding our attention, moving our passions, or sporting with words, appears to me as improbable, as that he should have studiously avoided dissyllable and trissyllable terminations in this play, and in no other.

Let it likewise be remembered that this piece was not published with the name of Shakspeare till after his death. The quarto in 1611 is anonymous.

Could the use of particular terms employed in no other of his pieces be admitted as an argument that he was not its author, more than one of these might be found; among which is *palliamēt* for *robe*, a Latinism which I have not met with elsewhere in any English writer, whether ancient or modern; though it must have originated from the mint of a scholar. I may add, that *Titus Andronicus*

will be found on examination to contain a greater number of classical allusions, &c. than are scattered over all the rest of the performances on which the seal of Shakspeare is indubitably fixed.— Not to write any more *about and about* this suspected thing, let me observe that the glitter of a few passages in it has perhaps misled the judgement of those who ought to have known, that both sentiment and description are more easily produced than the interesting fabrick of a tragedy. Without these advantages, many plays have succeeded; and many have failed, in which they have been dealt about with the most lavish profusion. It does not follow, that he who can carve a frieze with minuteness, elegance, and ease, has a conception equal to the extent, propriety, and grandeur of a temple,
STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson is not quite accurate in what he has asserted concerning the seven spurious plays, which the printer of the folio in 1664 improperly admitted into his volume. The name of Shakspeare appears only in the title-pages of four of them; *Pericles*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *The London Prodigal*, and *The Yorkshire Tragedy*.

To the word *palliament* mentioned by Mr. Steevens in the preceding note, may be added the words *accite*, *candidatus*, and *sacred* in the sense of *accursed*; and the following allusions, and scraps of Latin, which are found in this lamentable tragedy:

“ As hateful as *Cocytus*’ misty mouth —.”

“ More stern and bloody than the *Centaur*’s feast.”

“ The self-same gods that arm’d the queen of Troy
“ With opportunity of sharp revenge
“ Upon the *Tracian* tyrant in his tent.”

“ — But safer is this funeral pomp,
“ That hath aspir’d to *Solon*’s happiness.”

“ Why suffer’st thou thy sons unbury’d yet
“ To hover on the dreadful shore of *Styx*?”

“ The Greeks upon advice did bury *Ajax*
“ That slew himself; and wife *Laertes*’ son
“ Did graciously plead for his funeral.”

“ He would have dropp’d his knife, and fallen asleep,
“ As *Cerberus* at the *Thracian* poet’s feet.”

“ To bid *Æneas* tell the tale twice o’er,
“ How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable.”

" Was it well done of rash *Virginus*,
 " To slay his daughter with his own right hand?"

" Believe me, queen, your swart *Cimmerian*
 " Doth make your honour of his body's hue."

" But sure some *Tereus* hath deflowred thee,
 " And, lest thou should detect him, cut thy tongue."

" That, like the stately *Phœbe* 'mong her nymphs,
 " Doth overshine the gallant dames of Rome."

" No man shed tears for noble *Mutius*,
 " He lives in fame, that died in virtue's cause."

" I tell you younglings, not *Enceladus*,
 " With all his threat'ning band of *Typhon's* brood,
 " Nor great *Alcides*," &c.

" I'll dive into the burning lake below,
 " And pull her out of *Acheron* by the heels."

" I come, *Semiramis*; nay, barbarous *Tamora*."

" And faster bound to *Aaron's* charming eyes,
 " Than is *Prometheus* ty'd to *Caucasus*."

" *Per Styga, per manes, vehor, —*
 " *Sit fas, aut nefas, —*
 " *Ad manes fratrum* sacrifice his flesh."
 " *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice."
 " — *Magne dominator poli,*
 " *Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?*"
 " *Integer vitæ,*" &c.
 " *Terras Astræa reliquit.*"

Similar scraps of Latin are found in the old play of *King John*, and in many other of the dramattick pieces written by our author's predecessors.

It must prove a circumstance of consummate mortification to the living criticks on Shakspeare, as well as a disgrace on the memory of those who have ceased to comment and collate, when it shall appear from the sentiments of one of their own fraternity (who cannot well be suspected of asinine tastelessness, or Gothick prepossessions,) that we have been all mistaken as to the merits and author of this play. It is scarce necessary to observe that the person exempted from these suspicions is Mr. Capel, who delivers

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his opinion concerning *Titus Andronicus* in the following words: "To the editor's eye, [i. e. his own,] *Shakspeare stands confess'd*: the *third act* in particular may be read *with admiration* even by the most delicate; who, if they are not without feelings, may chance to find themselves touch'd by it with such passions as tragedy should excite, that is,—terror and pity."—It were injustice not to remark, that the grand and pathetick circumstances in this *third act*, which we are told cannot fail to excite such vehement emotions, are as follows—Titus lies down in the dirt.—Aaron chops off his hand.—Saturninus sends him the heads of his two sons, and his own hand again, for a present.—His heroick brother Marcus kills a fly.

Mr. *Capell* may likewise claim the honour of having produced the *new argument* which Dr. Farmer mentions in a preceding note.

MALONE.

I agree with such of the commentators as think that Shakspeare had no hand in this abominable tragedy: and consider the correctness with which it is printed, as a kind of collateral proof that he had not. The genuine works of Shakspeare have been handed down to us in a more depraved state than those of any other contemporary writer: which was partly owing to the obscurity of his handwriting, which appears from the fac-simile prefixed to this edition, to have been scarcely legible, and partly to his total neglect of them when committed to the press. And it is not to be supposed, that he should have taken more pains about the publication of this horrid performance, than he did in that of his noblest productions.

M. MASON.

The reader may possibly express some surprize on being told that *Titus Andronicus* was revived at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 21st of Dec. 1720. The receipt of the house was only 35l. 16s. 6d.

It was acted again at the same theatre 19th of March, 1724, for the benefit of Mr. Quin. Receipt in money 80l. 6s. 6d. tickets 64l. 14s.—145l. os. 6d.

The characters as follow:—Aaron, Mr. Quin; Titus, Mr. Boheme; Saturninus, Mr. Leigh; Bassianus, Mr. Walker; Lucius, Mr. Ryan; Marcus, Mr. Ogden; Demetrius, Mr. Digges; Chiron, Mr. Ward; Tamora, Mrs. Eggleton; Lavinia, Mrs. Sterling.

Again, on the 25th of April, for the benefit of Mr. Hurst, a dramattick writer. Receipt in money 18l. 2s. tickets 17l. 3s.—35l. 5s. REED.

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